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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING,

The MOURNING BRIDE, *a Tragedy.*

The Judgment of PARIS, *a Maſque.*

SEMELE, *an Opera.*

POEMS *upon ſeveral* OCCASIONS.

BIRMINGHAM,
Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE;
For J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand, London.*
MDCCLXI.

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The Mourning Bride

THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.

——*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

Ovid. de Arte Am.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

To Her Royal Highneſs the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honors they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highneſs: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have raiſed You, above the Reſt of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praiſe, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Public Gratitude is ever founded on a Public Benefit; and what is univerſally bleſſed, is always an univerſal Bleſſing. Thus from Yourſelf we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incenſe which ariſes to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, conſtituted on a Moral, whoſe End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of Conſequence has Recourſe to Your Royal Highneſs's Patronage; aſpiring to caſt itſelf beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You ſhall condeſcend to own it, and vouchſafe to ſhine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Faſhion in the People, for even they who are averſe to Inſtruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of ſo near an Acceſs, as to partake of the Benefit of ſuch Examples. And to theſe, Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Uſe and Information. For they who are at that Diſtance from original Greatneſs, as to be deprived of the Happineſs of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highneſs's Perſon in Your Court, may yet behold ſome ſmall Sketches and Imagings

Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abſtracted and repreſented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are inſtructed, and inſtruct; not alone by Precepts which perſuade, but alſo by Examples which illuſtrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Inſtruction; when not only Virtue is preſcribed, but alſo repreſented.

But if we are delighted with the Livelineſs of a feigned Repreſentation of Great and Good Perſons and their Actions, how muſt we be charmed with beholding the Perſons themſelves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touched in the ſingle Action and ſmall Compaſs of a Play, can warm an Audience with a Concern and Regard even for the ſeeming Succeſs and Proſperity of the Actor; with what Zeal muſt the Hearts of all be filled, for the continued and increaſing Happineſs of thoſe, who are the true and living Inſtances of elevated and perſiſting Virtue? Even the Vicious themſelves muſt have a ſecret Veneration for thoſe peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily ſo eminently conſpicuous in Your Royal Highneſs; and though

 repining,

repining, feel a Pleaſure which in Spite of Envy they perforce approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offered to Your Royal Highneſs, there ſhall appear the Reſemblance of any of thoſe many Excellencies which You ſo promiſcuouſly poſſeſs, to be drawn ſo as to merit Your leaſt Approbation, it has the End and Accompliſhment of its Deſign. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is ſo much as to convince Your Royal Highneſs, that a Play may be with Induſtry ſo diſpos'd (in Spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become ſometimes an Innocent, and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and Recompenſe the Endeavours of,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt Obedient and

Moſt humbly Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Time has been when Plays were not ſo plenty,
And a leſs Number new would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacs appear;
And one was thought ſufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacs of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reaſon join'd together;
For juſt as one prognoſticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or ſcarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In ſuch like Prophecies were Poets ſkill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit they did ſo long preſage,
Is fall'n on us, and almoſt ſtarves the Stage.

Were

PROLOGUE.

Were you not griev'd, as often as you ſaw
Poor Actors thraſh ſuch empty Sheaves of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To ſtart a Jeſt, or force a little Senſe?
Hard Fate for us! ſtill harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worſe:
'Twere ſome Amends if they could reimburſe:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cauſe is loſt,
There's no recov'ring Damages or Coſt.
Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Cuſtom gives the Loſers leave to ſpeak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the Reſt we hope a better Fate.
To pleaſe and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candor too.

He

PROLOGUE.

He wou'd not loſe, thro' Prejudice, his Cauſe;
Nor wou'd obtain, precariouſly, Applauſe.
Impartial Cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd by juſt Decrees to ſtand or fall.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Gonſalez, his Favorite.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Garcia, Son to *Gonſalez*.	Mr. *Scudamour*.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonſalez*.	Mr. *Arnold*.
Oſmyn, a noble Priſoner.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Heli, a Priſoner, his Friend.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Selim, an Eunuch.	Mr. *Baily*.

W O M E N.

Almeria, the Princeſs of *Granada*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Zara, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princeſs.	Mrs. *Bowman*.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, *Guards*, &c.

The S C E N E, *G R A N A D A.*

T H E

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers ALMERIA *in Mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in Mourning*

After the Music, ALMERIA *rises from her Chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

MUSIC has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,

By magic Numbers and perſuaſive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O force of conſtant Woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.
Anſelmo ſleeps, and is at Peace; laſt Night
The ſilent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable Boſom.
Why am not I at Peace?

LEONORA.

Dear Madam, ceaſe,
Or moderate your Griefs; there is no Cauſe—

ALMERIA.

No Cauſe! Peace, Peace; there is Eternal Cauſe,
And Miſery Eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell—thou haſt indeed no Cauſe.

LEONORA.

Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anſelmo,*
And always did compaſſionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtol'n from Bed, and to his Priſon crept;
Where, while his Goaler ſlept, I thro' the Grate

Have

Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

ALMERIA.

Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle Nature,
That thus cou'dſt melt to ſee a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadſt thou known *Anſelmo*,
How wou'd thy Heart have bled to ſee his Suff'rings.
Thou hadſt no Cauſe, but general Compaſſion.

LEONORA.

Love of my Royal Miſtreſs gave me Cauſe,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bleſs'd *Anſelmo*'s Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Succeſs; that then, in ſpite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s Kings,
He did endear himſelf to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His moſt induſtrious Goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing by a Match between *Alphonſo*

His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Diſſention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

ALMERIA.

Alphonſo! O *Alphonſo!*
Thou too art quiet—long haſt been at Peace—
Both, both—Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when ſhall I have Reſt?
Why do I live to ſay you are no more?
Why are all theſe Things thus—Is it of Force?
Is there Neceſſity, I muſt be miſerable?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I ſhou'd be afflicted thus?——If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are Things laid
By ſome unſeen Hand, ſo, as of ſure Conſequence
They muſt to me bring Curſes, Grief of Heart,
The laſt Diſtreſs of Life, and ſure Deſpair?

LEONORA.

Alas, you ſearch too far, and think too deeply.

ALMERIA.

Why was I carry'd to *Anſelmo*'s Court?
Or there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For ſo my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonſo, Alphonſo!* Devouring

Devouring Seas have waſh'd thee from my Sight,
No Time ſhall raſe thee from my Memory,
No, I will live to be thy Monument;
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb;
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Reſemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Huſband ſtill, tho' loſt.

LEONORA.

Huſband! O Heav'ns!

ALMERIA.

Alas! what have I ſaid?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deſerve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretch's Comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall Reſerve of near and inward Woe,
Some unſuſpected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unſeen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

LEONORA.

Indeed
I knew not this.

ALMERIA.

O no, thou know'ſt not half,
Know'ſt nothing of my Sorrows—if thou didſt—
If I ſhou'd tell thee, wou'dſt thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dſt, thou art compaſſionate.

LEONORA.

Witneſs theſe Tears——

ALMERIA.

I thank thee——*Leonora*,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy ſad Miſtreſs:
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatneſs, to be wretched and unpitied—
But I did promiſe I wou'd tell thee—What?
My Miſeries? Thou doſt already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didſt nothing know,
It was becauſe thou didſt not know *Alphonſo*:
For to have known my Loſs, thou muſt have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tenderneſs of Love.

LEONORA.

The Memory of that brave Prince ſtands fair
In all Report——
And I have heard imperfectly his Loſs;

But

But fearful to renew your Troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to aſk the Story.

ALMERIA.

If for my ſwelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia,*
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel,* my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anſelmo*'s Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidſt his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge——Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid thoſe Flames—but 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to ſail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our Flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken; when a ſudden Storm
Drove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the Coaſt
Of *Afric:* There our Veſſel ſtruck the Shore,
And bulging 'gainſt a Rock was daſh'd in Pieces.
But Heav'n ſpar'd me for yet much more
Affliction!

Conducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
The Shoal, and ſave me floating on the Waves,
While the good Queen and my *Alphonſo* periſh'd.

LEONORA.

Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonſo?*

ALMERIA.

That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship purſuing,
And ſaw her Rate ſo far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
I wou'd conſent the Prieſt ſhou'd make us one;
That whether Death, or Victory enſu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Power of Fate:
The Queen too did aſſiſt his Suit—I granted,
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

LEONORA.

Indeed 'twas mournful——

ALMERIA.

'Twas—as I have told thee—
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal Robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoln and watry Eyes;
Or ever taſte Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonſo.*

LEO-

LEONORA.

Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant, that Time may bring her ſome Relief.

ALMERIA.

O no! Time gives Increaſe to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with th'oppreſſing Weight,
To me; with me, ſucceſſively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the reſtleſs Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
They ſhake their downy Wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me.

LEONORA.

Hark!
The diſtant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph; [*Shouts at a Diſtance.*
O ceaſe, for Heaven's ſake, aſſuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his Wrath, to ſee you drown'd in Tears,

When

When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

ALMERIA.

And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes—*Garcia,* to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonſo* baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die;
Firſt, die ten thouſand Deaths——Look down,
look down, [*Kneels.*
Alphonſo, hear the ſacred Vow I make;
One Moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect Bliſs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo,* if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Conſent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of Curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heaven's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Riſing.*
My Heart has ſome Relief; having ſo well
Diſcharg'd

Diſcharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one Thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

LEONORA.

My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

ALMERIA.

I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are rapt and buſied in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to viſit good *Anſelmo*'s Tomb.

LEONORA.

Alas! I fear ſome fatal Reſolution.

ALMERIA.

No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
Nor Violence.—I feel myſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this Vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy Thought,
Upon my Word no more.

LEONORA.

I will attend you.

SCENE

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE Lord *Gonſalez* comes to tell your Highneſs
The King is juſt arriv'd.

ALMERIA.

Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
To fill my Ears with *Garcia*'s valiant Deeds;
And gild and magnify his Son's Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

GONSALEZ.

BE ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conqueſt, and your brighter Eyes, Have

Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous Light,
And bleſs this Day with moſt unequal'd Luſtre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is ent'ring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his ſolemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Mooriſh*
Wealth.
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,
As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace.
Priſoners of War in ſhining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the nobleſt Blood of *Afric*
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnaſhing Teeth, the Duſt his Triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming Populace ſpread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clifted Stones, ſtretching and
ſtaring,
As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
While you alone retire, and ſhun this Sight;

This

This Sight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The Multitude ſhould gaze) in Abſence of your
Eyes.

ALMERIA.

My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honors.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with ſounding
Words,
Or pompous Phraſe; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

GONSALEZ.

Excellent Princeſs!
But 'tis a Taſk unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praiſe.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's loweſt Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchleſs
Charms.

ALMERIA.

I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia*'s Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

LEONORA.

Madam, the King. [*Floriſh.*

ALME-

ALMERIA.

My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in Mourning.*

SCENE IV.

Symphony of Warlike Muſic. Enter the King, attended by GARCIA *and ſeveral Officers. Files of Priſoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage.* ALMERIA *meets the King, and kneels; afterwards* GONSALEZ *kneels and kiſſes the King's Hand, while* GARCIA *does the ſame to the Princeſs.*

KING.

ALMERIA riſe—My beſt *Gonſalez* riſe.
What, Tears! my good old Friend!—

GONSALEZ.

But Tears of Joy.
Believe me, Sir, to ſee you thus has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

KING.

By Heav'n thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt:

Take

Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To ſee thee weep on this Occaſion—ſome
Here are, who ſeem to mourn at our Succeſs!
Why is't, *Almeria,* that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this ſolemn Day, in theſe ſad Weeds?
In Oppoſition to my Brightneſs, you
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

ALMERIA.

Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and ſtrict Life, for my Deliv'rance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expir'd.

KING.

Your Zeal to Heav'n is great; ſo is your Debt:
Yet Something too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preſerv'd. A Day beſtow'd
In Filial Duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A Diſpenſation to your Vow—No more.
'Twas weak and wilful—and a Woman's Error.
Yet—upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To ſee that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt Foe,
Hated *Anſelmo,* was interr'd—By Heav'n,

It

It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: Juſt ſo
Thy ſenſeleſs Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from the Hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! What? thou doſt not weep to think of that?

GONSALEZ.

Have Patience, Royal Sir, the Princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour ſhould be *Alphonſo*'s Loſs,
And her Deliverance; is ſhe to blame?

KING.

I tell thee, ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt Foe was laid in Earth, ſuch Enmity,
Such Deteſtation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter ſhould have revell'd at his Death,
She ſhould have made theſe Palace Walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep;
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a ſhackled Slave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that Hour, through all his Care,

And ſhook his Chains in Tranſport and rude
Harmony.

GONSALEZ.

What ſhe has done, was in Exceſs of Goodneſs;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended.—Sure, no more.

KING.

To ſeem is to commit, at this Conjuncture.
I wo'not have a ſeeming Sorrow ſeen
To Day—Retire, diveſt yourſelf with Speed
Of that Offenſive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It ſhall be your Excuſe, that I command it.

GARCIA *kneeling.*

Your Pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promiſe.

KING.

Riſe, *Garcia*—I forgot. Yet ſtay, *Almeria.*

ALMERIA.

My boding Heart!—What is your Pleaſure, Sir?

KING.

Draw near, and give your Hand; and *Garcia,*
yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy

Worthy to be your Huſband, and my Son.

GARCIA.

Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myſelf for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Miſtreſs.

GONSALEZ.

O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs Thanks—

KING.

No more; my Promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy Services,
And *Garcia*'s well-try'd Valor, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but to Morrow's Sun,
Garcia, ſhall ſhine to grace thy Nuptials——

ALMERIA.

Oh! [*Faints.*

GARCIA.

She faints! help to ſupport her.

GONSALEZ.

She recovers.

KING.

A Fit of Bridal Fear: How is't, *Almeria?*

ALMERIA.

A ſudden Chilneſs ſeizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

KING.

Garcia, conduct her.

[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the Door, and returns.*
This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Prieſt ſhall preach her from her Faith,
And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo?*

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA,
ALONZO, *Attendants.*

ALONZO.

YOUR beauteous Captive, *Zara,* is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if ſhe ſtill were Wife
To *Albucacim,* and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

KING.

It is our Will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended.
Bear hence theſe Priſoners. *Garcia,* which is he,
Of whoſe mute Valor you relate ſuch Wonders?
[*Priſoners led off.*

GARCIA.

Oſmyn, who led the *Mooriſh* Horſe; but he,
Great

Great Sir, at her Requeſt, attends on *Zara.*

KING.

He is your Priſoner, as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.

GARCIA.

I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my Kindneſs;
And with a haughty Mien, and ſtern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he ſpeak,
'Tis ſcarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt, to talk where he muſt not command.

KING.

Such Sullenneſs, and in a Man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other Cauſe than his Captivity.
Did *Zara,* then, requeſt he might attend her?

GARCIA.

My Lord, ſhe did.

KING.

That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a Guard, and attended by* SELIM *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.*

KING.

WHAT Welcome, and what Honors, beauteous *Zara,*
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch Luſtre ſtrike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your Preſence grac'd,
Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and ſeen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In pleaſing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.

ZARA.

If I on any Terms could condeſcend
To like Captivity, or think thoſe Honors,
Which Conquerors in Courteſy beſtow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,

And

And native Right to Arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With uſual Homage wait. But when I feel
Theſe Bonds, I look with Loathing on myſelf;
And ſcorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praiſes, and diſſembled State.

KING.

Thoſe Bonds! 'Twas my Command you ſhould be free.
How durſt you, *Perez*, diſobey?

PEREZ.

Great Sir,
Your Order was, ſhe ſhould not wait your Triumph;
But at ſome Diſtance follow, thus attended.

KING.

'Tis falſe; 'twas more; I bid ſhe ſhould be free:
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With Speed—yet ſtay—my Hands alone can make
Fit Reſtitution here—Thus I releaſe you,
And by releaſing you enſlave myſelf.

ZARA.

Such Favors ſo conferr'd, tho' when unſought,

Deſerve Acknowledgment from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

KING.

Born to excel, and to command!
As by tranſcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, ſo by Pre-eminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who, with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding* Oſmyn *as they unbind him.*
And ſullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardleſs of his Chains, or Liberty?

GARCIA.

That, Sir, is he of whom I ſpoke, that's *Oſmyn.*

KING.

He anſwers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Oſmyn,* that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art ſaid to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

OSMYN.

Becauſe Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and juſt Revenge.

KING.

KING.

I underſtand not that.

OSMYN.

I would not have you.

ZARA.

That gallant *Moor* in Battle loſt a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loſs,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Deſpair.

KING.

She does excuſe him; 'tis as I ſuſpected.
[*To* Gonſ.

GONSALEZ.

That Friend may be herſelf; ſeem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

KING.

I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Priſoner. His Name?

ZARA.

Heli.

KING.

Garcia, that Search ſhall be your Care:
It ſhall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,

And

And raiſe Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conqueſt and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore;
For, ling'ring there, in long Suſpence ſhe ſtands,
Shifting the Prize in unreſolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and ſnatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddeſs keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
But Rules with ſettled Sway in *Zara*'s Eyes.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS Way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chooſing this lonely Manſion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli,* thy miſtaken Fate.

HELI.

Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very Deed from Death,
And to reviſit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Senſe,
Afford a Thought, or ſhow a Glimpſe of Joy,
In leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
I feel, to hear of *Oſmyn*'s Name; to hear
That *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.

GARCIA.

I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendſhip.

PEREZ.

PEREZ.

Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor.*

HELI.

Where? where?

GARCIA.

I ſaw him not, nor any like him—

PEREZ.

I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my View,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd Haſte; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flaſh'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward ſhot their Fires, which he purſu'd,
As to ſome Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

GARCIA.

Let's haſte to follow him, and know the Cauſe.

HELI.

My Lord, let me intreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cauſe.
I know his Melancholy, and ſuch Starts
Are uſual to his Temper. It might raiſe him
To act ſome Violence upon himſelf,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Paſſions way,
Secure and looſe in friendly Solitude.
I know his noble Heart would burſt with Shame,

To

To be ſurpris'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

GARCIA.

Go, gen'rous *Heli,* and relieve your Friend
Far be it from me, officiouſly to pry
Or preſs upon the Privacies of others.

SCENE II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

PEREZ, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealouſy confirm'd or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Oſmyn;* but ſome other Opportunity
Muſt make that plain.

PEREZ.

To me 'twas long ſince plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

GARCIA.

If ſo, Unhappineſs attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear ſome coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

SCENE

SCENE III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

ALMERIA.

IT was a fancy'd Noiſe, for all is huſh'd.

LEONORA.

It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.

ALMERIA.

It was thy Fear, or elſe ſome tranſient Wind
Whiſtling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Iſle.
We'll liſten—

LEONORA.

Hark!

ALMERIA.

No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as Death——'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whoſe ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking Tranquillity. It ſtrikes an Awe
And Terror on my aching Sight: the Tombs

And

And monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And ſhoot a Chilneſs to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice—my own affrights me with its Echoes.

LEONORA.

Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will increaſe your Melancholy.

ALMERIA.

It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me *Anſelmo*'s Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls, and mould'ring Earth,
Of human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of ſome pale Corſe
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia*'s more deteſted Bed. That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my preſent Fears
Are loſt in Dread of greater Ill. Then ſhow me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonſo*'s Soul.

LEONORA.

I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Scene opening discovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the rest.

HELI.

I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining——There it sounds——
I'll follow it.

SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

LEONORA.

BEHOLD the sacred Vault, within whose Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest;
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd;

Unclos'd; the Iron Gates that lead to Death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their Hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded Leaves.

ALMERIA.

Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, ſignificant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhows me the Grave, where Nature, weary,
And long oppreſs'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and ſink in Slumbers
Of Peace eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and preſs me cloſe
To his cold clayey Breaſt: My Father then
Will ceaſe his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliſs
To my *Alphonſo*'s Soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecſtaſy of Thought! Help me, *Anſelmo;*
Help me, *Alphonſo;* take me, reach thy Hand;

To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonſo;*
O *Alphonſo!*

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *aſcending from the Tomb.*

OSMYN.

WHO calls that wretched Thing that was *Alphonſo?*

ALMERIA.

Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heav'n, ſupport me!

OSMYN.

Whence is that Voice, whoſe Shrilneſs, from the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shroud, roots up *Alphonſo?*

ALMERIA.

Mercy! Providence! O ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Boſom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

OSMYN.

OSMYN.

Amazement and Illuſion!
Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye Pow'rs;
[*Coming forward.*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
So like *Almeria.* Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and graſp her Shade.
'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe herſelf!
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria,* 'tis, it is my Wife!

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

LEONORA.

ALAS, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me, Stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raiſe
Theſe Bodies.

HELI.

Ha! 'tis he! and with——*Almeria!*
O Miracle of Happineſs! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

OSMYN.

Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe; ſhow me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine—'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taſte her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria,* bleſs me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Huſband.

ALMERIA.

I've ſworn I'll not wed *Garcia;* why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?——

OSMYN.

Look on thy *Alphonſo.*
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia:*
Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy *Alphonſo.*
Wilt thou not know me? Haſt thou then forgot me?
Haſt thou thy Eyes, yet canſt not ſee *Alphonſo?*
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,

That

That ſeeing my Diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?

ALMERIA.

It is, it is *Alphonſo!* 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundleſs Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
O how haſt thou return'd? How haſt thou charm'd
The Wildneſs of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

OSMYN.

O I'll not aſk, nor anſwer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumſtance
Or Means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is ſo much Joy,
I have not Leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

ALMERIA.

Stay a while—
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

OSMYN.

What would'ſt thou? thou doſt put me from thee.

ALMERIA.

Yes.

OSMYN.

And why? what doſt thou mean? why doſt thou gaze ſo?

ALMERIA.

I know not, 'tis to ſee thy Face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To ſee him thus again is ſuch Profuſion
Of Joy, of Bliſs—I cannot bear——I muſt
Be mad—I cannot be tranſported thus.

OSMYN.

Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

ALMERIA.

Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we?
O my ſtrain'd Heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to ſee thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

OSMYN.

Not in my Love.

ALME-

ALMERIA.

No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou haſt wept much, *Alphonſo;* and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

OSMYN.

Wrong not my Love, to ſay too tenderly.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doſt thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ache to fold thee faſt, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

ALMERIA.

I will, for I ſhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had ſworn
To Heav'n and thee, and ſooner wou'd have dy'd--

OSMYN.

Perfection of all Faithfulneſs and Love!

ALMERIA.

Indeed I wou'd—Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint:
And thou haſt heard my Pray'r; for thou art come
To my Diſtreſs, to my Deſpair, which Heav'n
Could only by reſtoring thee have cur'd.

OSMYN.

Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of Days,
To pay ſome Part, ſome little of this Debt,
This countleſs Sum of Tenderneſs and Love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough—I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all eras then
Of yet unmeaſur'd Time; when I have made
This exquiſite, this moſt amazing Goodneſs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchleſs Truth.

ALMERIA.

'Tis more than Recompence, to ſee thy Face:
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happineſs,
For 'tis not to be born—What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand things to know, and aſk,
And ſpeak—That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with ſuch Suddenneſs haſt hit my Sight,
Is ſuch Surpriſe, ſuch Myſtery, ſuch Ecſtaſy!
It hurries all my Soul, and ſtuns my Senſe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didſt ariſe!

OSMYN.

OSMYN.

I did, and thou, my Love, didſt call me; thou.

ALMERIA.

True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?

OSMYN.

I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a diſtant Voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I roſe and liſten'd,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonſo;*
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſs'd to ſee thee—

ALMERIA.

But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou hither? how thus?
——Ha!
What's he, who like thyſelf is ſtarted here
Ere ſeen?

OSMYN.

Where? ha! what do I ſee? *Antonio?*
I'm fortunate indeed—my Friend too ſafe!

HELI.

Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

ALME-

ALMERIA.

More Miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!

OSMYN.

And twice eſcap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War: For in the Fight I ſaw him fall.

HELI.

But fell unhurt, a Priſoner as yourſelf,
And as yourſelf made free; hither I came
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anſelmo?*

OSMYN.

There are no Wonders, or elſe all is Wonder.

HELI.

I ſaw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
When, with Aſtoniſhment, I ſaw *Almeria.*

OSMYN.

I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.

ALMERIA.

Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

OSMYN.

What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
That perſevering ſtill, with open Hand,
It ſcatters Good, as in a Waſte of Mercy?
Where will this end? but Heav'n is Infinite

In

In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty Number ſhall be ſpent in telling.

LEONORA.

Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpſe
Of two in ſhining Habits croſs the Iſle;
Who by their pointing ſeem to mark this Place.

ALMERIA.

Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.

OSMYN.

I wiſh at leaſt, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could ſleep 'till we again were met.

HELI.

Zara with *Selim*, Sir; I ſaw and know 'em:
You muſt be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

ALMERIA.

What Love? Who is ſhe? Why are you alarm'd?

OSMYN.

She's the Reverſe of thee; ſhe's my Unhappineſs.
Harbor no Thought that may diſturb thy Peace;
But gently take thyſelf away, leſt ſhe
Should come and ſee the ſtraining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I eſcap'd, how I am here, and thus;

How

How I'm not call'd *Alphonſo,* now, but *Oſmyn;*
And he *Heli.* All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

ALMERIA.

Sure we ſhall meet again——

OSMYN.

We ſhall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladneſs and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Abſence.

SCENE VIII.

OSMYN *alone.*

YET I behold her—yet—And now no more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thought,
So ſhall you ſtill behold her—'twill not be.
O Impotence of Sight! Mechanic Senſe,
Which to exterior Objects ow'ſt thy Faculty,
Not ſeeing of Election, but Neceſſity.
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrors,
Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding Images;

Not

Not what they would, but muſt; a Star, or Toad:
Juſt as the Hand of Chance adminiſters.
Not ſo the Mind, whoſe undetermin'd View
Revolves, and to the preſent adds the paſt:
Eſſaying future to Futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have ſeen her often——

SCENE IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

ZARA.

SEE where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
Why, cruel *Oſmyn,* doſt thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honor, and for Empire loſt?
But what is Loſs of Honor, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recompence reſerv'd for Love?
Why doſt thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
To find this Place of Horror and Obſcurity?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the Grave.

That

That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee—
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful *Oſmyn.*

OSMYN.

Ha, 'tis *Zara!*

ZARA.

Yes, Traitor; *Zara,* loſt, abandon'd *Zara,*
Is a regardleſs Suppliant, now, to *Oſmyn.*
The Slave, the Wretch that ſhe redeem'd from Death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on *Zara.*

OSMYN.

Far be the Guilt of ſuch Reproaches from me;
Loſt in myſelf, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I ſaw you not, 'till now.

ZARA.

Now then you ſee me—
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs Eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

OSMYN.

What would you from a Wretch who came to mourn; And

And only for his Sorrows choſe this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladneſs there.

ZARA.

Inhuman! Why, why doſt thou wrack me thus?
And with Perverſeneſs, from the Purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this Houſe of Miſery?
What Joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to ſhare thy Griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love.

OSMYN.

O that's the greateſt Grief—I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

ZARA.

Thou haſt a Heart, though 'tis a Savage one;
Give it me as it is; I aſk no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion!

Compaſſion! ſcarce will't own that Name, ſo ſoon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert Godlike
Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy Temples, till reviving Blood aroſe,
And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy reſpiring Lips!

OSMYN.

O call not to my Mind what you have done;
It ſets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which ſhows me poor and bankrupt ev'n in Hopes.

ZARA.

The faithful *Selim,* and my Women, know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez;*
And as my Kinſman, honor'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why

You

You hated *Manuel,* I urg'd my Huſband
To this Invaſion; where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the Cauſe of all, then view thyſelf:
Reflect on *Oſmyn,* and then look on *Zara,*
The fall'n, the loſt, and now the captive *Zara,*
And now abandon'd—ſay, what then is *Oſmyn?*

OSMYN.

A fatal Wretch—a huge ſtupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

ZARA.

Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratify the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to riſe, and reach
Our Wiſh; and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
Of Sceptres, Crowns, and Thrones; they've ſerv'd their End,

And are, like Lumber, to be left and ſcorn'd.

OSMYN.

Why was I made the Inſtrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

ZARA.

We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unſeen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or ſtrain him as I pleaſe.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

OSMYN.

In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can beſtow. Set free yourſelf,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be ſo.

ZARA.

Thou canſt not mean ſo poorly as thou talk'ſt.

OSMYN.

Alas, you know me not.

ZARA.

Not who thou art:
But what, this laſt Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baſeneſs—Thou ſay'ſt true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
But Something ſo unworthy, and ſo vile,

That

That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more loſt
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
Traitor, Monſter, cold and perfidious Slave;
A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
'Tis that, I know; for thou doſt look, with Eyes
Sparkling Deſire, and trembling to poſſeſs.
I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
Doſt fear ſo much, thou dar'ſt not wiſh. The King!
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!

SELIM.

Madam, the King is here, and entering now.

ZARA.

As I could wiſh; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the* KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

KING.

WHY does the faireſt of her Kind withdraw
Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Diſorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

ZARA.

There, he; your Priſoner, and that was my Slave.

KING.

How? Better than my Hopes! Does ſhe accuſe him? [*Aſide.*

ZARA.

Am I become ſo low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the Sport of Slaves?

And

And ſhall the Wretch, whom yeſter Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Preſume to Day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

KING.

Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hiſſing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Inſolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Priſons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards ſeize* Oſmyn.

ZARA.

Compaſſion led me to bemoan his State,
Whoſe former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large; thence ſprung his Inſolence,
And what was Charity, he conſtru'd Love.

KING.

Enough; his Puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,

To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And ſpread like Roſes to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour ſhall roll in circling Joys,
And Love ſhall wing the tedious-waſting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

OSMYN *alone with a Paper.*

OSMYN.

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Aſhes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for ſome Purpoſe points out theſe Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will ſhow.

If my Alphonſo——Ha! [Reading.
If my Alphonſo *live, reſtore him, Heav'n;*
Give me more Weight, cruſh my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Impriſonment and Want;
But bleſs my Son, viſit not him for me.

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r—yet more:

Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for myſelf, but him, hear me, All-gracious—

'Tis wanting what ſhou'd follow———*Heav'n*
ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why ſhou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not;
but thus,
Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
His Voice, ſhutting the Gates of Pray'r againſt
him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Acceſs
On high, and of good Men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax Eternal Juſtice?
Yet I may think—I may, I muſt; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives

Ere

Ere Reaſon can be born. Reaſon, the Power
To gueſs at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
What Noiſe! Who's there? my Friend! How cam'ſt thou hither?

SCENE II.

OSMYN, HELI.

HELI.

THE Time's too precious to be ſpent in telling;
The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria*'s Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

OSMYN.

How does *Almeria?* But I know, ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

HELI.

You may; anon, at Midnight, when the King
Is gone to Reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,

(Who

(Who takes the Privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a Bridegroom's Right) ſhe'll come.

OSMYN.

She'll come! 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come, but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Priſon, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had ſhe never known ſhe had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with purſuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blaſted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverſe Winds; 'till late
At length, impriſon'd in ſome Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it reſts, and rots to ſilent Duſt.

HELI.

Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate
I've learn'd there are Diſorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to ſhare the Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Uſe and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia*'s Frontiers, Where

Where many of your Subjects, long oppreſs'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impoſitions,
Are riſen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Rights and Liberty.

OSMYN.

By Heav'n thou'ſt rous'd me from my Lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood;
Deaf to Revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raiſe, my People's Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio,* I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamors rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; Where is the King?
Where is *Alphonſo?* ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burſt the Strings of Life,
To break theſe Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty.

Off

Off Slavery. O curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would ſoar, and ſtoop at Victory beneath.

HELI.

Our Poſture of Affairs, and ſcanty Time,
My Lord, require you ſhould compoſe yourſelf,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.
Zara, the Cauſe of your Reſtraint, may be
The Means of Liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety, to convey myſelf
Where not far off ſome Malecontents hold
Council
Nightly; who hate this Tyrant; ſome, who love
Anſelmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your Cauſe.

OSMYN.

My Friend and Counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

HELI.

When *Zara* comes, abate of your Averſion.

OSMYN.

I hate her not, nor can diſſemble Love:
But

But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would ſhow thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears,
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
Such Sanctity, ſuch Tenderneſs, ſo mix'd
With Grief, as would draw Tears from Inhumanity.

HELI.

The Care of Providence ſure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, thoſe Bleſſings it with-held from him.
In that Aſſurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.

OSMYN.

Farewel,
My Friend, the Good thou doſt deſerve attend thee;

SCENE

SCENE III.

OSMYN *alone.*

I'VE been to blame, and queſtion'd with Impiety
The Care of Heav'n. Not ſo my Father bore
More anxious Grief. This ſhould have better taught me:
This Leſſon, in ſome Hour of Inſpiration,
By him ſet down; when his pure Thoughts were born,
Like Fumes of ſacred Incenſe, o'er the Clouds,
And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there
He in the Book of Preſcience ſaw this Day;
And waking to the World and mortal Senſe,
Left this Example of his Reſignation,
This his laſt Legacy to me, which, here,
I'll treaſure, as more worth than Diadems,
Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd.*

OSMYN.

WHAT Brightneſs breaks upon me thus thro' Shades,
And promiſes a Day to this dark Dwelling!
Is it my Love?——

ZARA.

O that thy Heart had taught
Thy Tongue that Saying. [*Lifting up her Veil.*

OSMYN.

Zara! I am betray'd
By my Surpriſe.

ZARA.

What, does my Face diſpleaſe thee?
That having ſeen it, thou doſt turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
If ſo, this ſable Curtain ſhall again
Be drawn, and I will ſtand before thee, ſeeing,
And unſeen. Is it my Love? Aſk again

That

That Queſtion, ſpeak again in that ſoft Voice,
And look again with Wiſhes in thy Eyes.
O no, thou canſt not, for thou ſeeſt me now,
As ſhe, whoſe ſavage Breaſt has been the Cauſe
Of theſe thy Wrongs; as ſhe whoſe barbarous Rage
Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my Falſeneſs;
Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom ſhe lov'd?
No, no, it muſt be Hatred, dire Revenge
And Deteſtation, that cou'd uſe thee thus.
So thou doſt think; then do but tell me ſo;
Tell me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
Thee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miſeries.

OSMYN.

You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with ſo low a Mind,
As ſtill to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by ſecret Cauſes,
Has made perforce ſubſervient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Deſtiny and inauſpicious Stars

Have

Have caſt me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.

ZARA.

Canſt thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madneſs?
O, give that Madneſs yet a milder Name,
And call it Paſſion; then, be ſtill more kind,
And call that Paſſion Love.

OSMYN.

Give it a Name,
Or Being as you pleaſe, ſuch I will think it.

ZARA.

O thou doſt wound me more with this thy Goodneſs,
Than e'er thou cou'dſt with bittereſt Reproaches;
Thy Anger cou'd not pierce thus to my Heart.

OSMYN.

Yet I cou'd wiſh——

ZARA.

Haſte me to know it, what?

OSMYN.

That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

ZARA.

What Thing?

OSMYN.

This Slave.

ZARA.

O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; Somewhat of high Concern,
Long faſhioning within thy laboring Mind,
And now juſt ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I ſo curs'd?

OSMYN.

Time may have ſtill one fated Hour to come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.

ZARA.

Swift as Occaſion, I
Myſelf will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes paſt arriv'd, which ſeem'd
To ſhake the Temper of the King—who knows
What racking Cares diſeaſe a Monarch's Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night ſtill lights his Lamp,
And ſtrikes his Rays thro' Duſk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Reſt, may ſtretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

OSMYN.

OSMYN.

I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, ſhou'd my ſecret Purpoſe take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, ſuch Benefits.

ZARA.

Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already loſt. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements reſt,
Thou haſt the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Juſtice to return
My Love. Adieu.

SCENE V.

OSMYN *alone.*

THIS Woman has a Soul
Of godlike Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in ſpite of me, my beſt
Eſteem; to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Of perſonal Charms, or with leſs Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But ſhe has Paſſions which outſtrip the Wind,

And tear her Virtues up, as Tempeſts root
The Sea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the Truth,
Some ſwift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my Fears.
The Cauſe and Comfort of my boding Heart.

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

OSMYN.

MY Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All,
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad Place?
How ſpeak to thee the Words of Joy and Tranſport?
How run into thy Arms, with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruiſe thy tender Body,
And ſtain thy Boſom with the Ruſt of theſe
Rude Irons? Muſt I meet thee thus, *Almeria?*

ALMERIA.

ALMERIA.

Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet
To part no more—Now we will part no more;
For theſe thy Chains, or Death, ſhall join us ever.

OSMYN.

Hard Means to ratify that Word!—O Cruelty!
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee
A Torture!—yet, ſuch is the bleeding Anguiſh
Of my Heart, to ſee thy Sufferings—O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almoſt turn my Eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my Sight.

ALMERIA.

O! ſay not ſo;
Tho' 'tis becauſe thou lov'ſt me. Do not ſay,
On any Terms, that thou doſt wiſh me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-ſlaking Thirſt.
Thus better, than for any Cauſe to part.
What doſt thou think? Look not ſo tenderly

Upon me—ſpeak, and take me in thy Arms—
Thou canſt not! thy poor Arms are bound, and ſtrive
In vain with the remorſeleſs Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Fleſh, feſtering thy Limbs
With rankling Ruſt.

OSMYN.

Oh! O—

ALMERIA.

Give me that Sigh.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burſt, thy Eyes look red and ſtart;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

OSMYN.

For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound thy Breaſt
With ſuch a Dagger as then ſtuck my Heart.

ALMERIA.

Why? why? to know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou haſt felt it. Tell it me.
—Thou giv'ſt me Pain with too much Tenderneſs!

OSMYN.

And thy exceſſive Love diſtracts my Senſe!
O wou'dſt thou be leſs killing, ſoft or kind,
Grief

Grief cou'd not double thus his Darts againſt me.

ALMERIA.

Thou doſt me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart,
If there he ſhoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy ſecond ſelf ſhou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe ſhou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife—

OSMYN.

O thou haſt ſearch'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That ſtrain my cracking Nerves; Engines and Wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

ALMERIA.

Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be ſo; if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, then kill me, daſh me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the Boſom-Snake,
That ſucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart?
O that thy Words had Force to break thoſe Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in ſunder;

So ſhou'dſt thou be at large from all Oppreſſion.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worſt?

OSMYN.

My all of Bliſs, my everlaſting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wiſhes,
Why doſt thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why doſt thou aſk? why doſt thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy Sorrows have diſturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou doſt ſpeak of Miſeries impoſſible.

ALMERIA.

Didſt thou not ſay, that Racks and Wheels were Balm,
And Beds of Eaſe, to thinking me thy Wife?

OSMYN.

No, no; nor ſhou'd the ſubtleſt Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wiſh or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife—nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The ſacred Union of connubial Love
Yet unaccompliſh'd; his myſterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymeneal Torch

Yet

Yet lighted up his laſt moſt grateful Sacrifice;
But daſh'd with Rain from Eyes, and ſwail'd with Sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for ſuch Off'rings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes;
Is this our Marriage-Bed? Are theſe our Joys?
Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my Heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extremeſt Ecſtaſy.
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Miſery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be ſo bleſs'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

ALMERIA.

No; not that
The extremeſt Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That ſtill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.
There we will feaſt, and ſmile on paſt Diſtreſs,
And hug, in ſcorn of it, our mutual Ruin.

OSMYN.

O thou doſt talk, my Love, as one reſolv'd,
Becauſe

Becauſe not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think on to Morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended Arms;
Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will
ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
Think how the Blood will ſtart, and Tears will
guſh
To follow thee, my ſeparating Soul.
Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I ſmear theſe Walls with Blood, disfigure
And daſh my Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd Hands to ſcratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive.

ALMERIA.

Heart-breaking Horror!

OSMYN.

Then *Garcia* ſhall lie panting on thy Boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy Charms;
And thou perforce muſt yield, and aid his Tran-
ſport.
Hell! Hell! have I not Cauſe to rage and rave?
What

What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing Softneſs, ſinking Eaſe,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria,*
What do the Damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?

ALMERIA.

O, I am ſtruck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which, ſhot into my Breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not—O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of inceſſant ſcalding Rain.

SCENE VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

ZARA.

SOMEWHAT of Weight to me requires his Freedom.
Dare you diſpute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

PEREZ.

PEREZ.

I obey; yet beg
Your Majeſty one Moment to defer
Your entering, 'till the Princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the noble Priſoner.

ZARA.

Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?

OSMYN.

We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my Life, with ſpeed—Alas, we're ſeen:
Speak of Compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say Somewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If poſſible.——

ALMERIA.

——I cannot ſpeak.

OSMYN.

Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.

ZARA.

Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis

'Tis plain, I've been abus'd—Death and Deſtruction!
How ſhall I ſearch into this Myſtery?
The blueſt Blaſt of Peſtilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.

OSMYN.

This Charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria *as ſhe goes out.*
Diſtreſs'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

ZARA.

DAMN'D, damn'd Diſſembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choke in my Rage, and know the utmoſt Depth
Of this Deceiver—You ſeem much ſurpris'd.

OSMYN.

At your Return ſo ſoon and unexpected.

ZARA.

ZARA.

And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too it ſeems.
Confuſion! yet I will contain myſelf.
You're grown a Favorite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſaucy and intruding—

OSMYN.

—Madam!

ZARA.

I did not know the Princeſs' Favorite;
Your Pardon, Sir—miſtake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free: But ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Intereſt ſuperior.

OSMYN.

You do not come to mock my Miſeries?

ZARA.

I do.

OSMYN.

I could at this time ſpare your Mirth.

ZARA.

I know thou could'ſt, but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What Miſeries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majeſty?

To

To have contending Queens, at dead of Night
Forſake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Reſt.
O Curſe! I cannot hold——

OSMYN.

Come, 'tis too much.

ZARA.

Villain!

OSMYN.

How, Madam!

ZARA.

Thou ſhalt die.

OSMYN.

I thank you.

ZARA.

Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'dſt live.

OSMYN.

Then you may know for whom I'd die.

ZARA.

Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the ſlow Hand
Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave Thee

Thee bare, the naked Mark of public View.

OSMYN.

You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my Pow'r.

ZARA.

Who waits there? As you'll anſwer it, look,
this Slave [*To the Guard.*
Attempt no Means to make himſelf away;
I've been deceiv'd. The public Safety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and Ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe Injuſtice thou haſt done my Love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt Diſtreſs,
And all thoſe Ills which thou ſo long haſt
mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman ſcorn'd.

End of Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to aſk thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

SELIM.

Your Accuſation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Oſmyn;* but to that, freſh News
Is ſince arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Truſt,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Oſmyn,* and his Correſpondence
With them who firſt began the Mutiny.

Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is ſign'd;
And Order given for public Execution.

ZARA.

Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart ere *Oſmyn* die.

SELIM.

It needs not, for the King will ſtraight be here,
And, as to your Revenge, not his own Int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the Life of *Oſmyn*.

ZARA.

What ſhall I ſay? Invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the King, and ſave his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more Grief but to ſuppoſe his Death,
Than ſtill to meet the Rigor of his Scorn.
From my Deſpair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's Deſpair——it was Diſtruſt
Before; Diſtruſt will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Diſtruſt, both ſhort-liv'd Pains.
But in Deſpair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.

O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born—Deviſe the Means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

SELIM.

My Life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

ZARA.

Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or ſtop th' approaching Danger?

SELIM.

You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyn*'s Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suſpicion of the Cauſe. Adviſe
That Execution may be done in private.

ZARA.

On what Pretence?

SELIM.

Your own Requeſt's enough.
However, for a Color, tell him, you
Have Cauſe to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyn*'s Intereſt,

Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his Way for an Eſcape.
The State of Things will countenance all Suſpicions.
Then offer to the King to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret, by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant—and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

SCENE II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

KING.

BEAR to the Dungeon thoſe Rebellious Slaves,
Th' ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And ſpend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to preſent Death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.

GONSALEZ.

GONSALEZ.

Might I preſume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
Till *Oſmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conſpiracy.

KING.

Then be it ſo.
Stay, Soldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of thoſe who follow'd *Heli?*

GONSALEZ.

None, Sir. Some Papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In *Roderigo*'s Houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if *Alphonſo*
Were ſtill alive, and arming in *Valentia:*
Which wears indeed this Color of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their Courſe.
Of the ſame Nature divers Notes have been
Diſpers'd, t'amuſe the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumor:
That being ſav'd upon the Coaſt of *Afric,*
He there diſclos'd himſelf to *Albucacim,*
And by a ſecret Compact made with him,

Open'd and urg'd the Way to this Invaſion;
While he himſelf, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raiſe this Tumult.

ZARA.

Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn* then *Alphonſo*?
O Heav'n, a thouſand things occur at once
To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain Death for him, as ſure Deſpair
For me, if it be known—If not, what Hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt Baſeneſs, now
To yield him up—No, I will ſtill conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

GONSALEZ.

'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim*'s Court.

KING.

Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome Hour of Buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our While of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the Day.

ZARA.

ZARA.

You're too ſecure: The Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.

KING.

His Doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

ZARA.

'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my Coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King:
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the Time our Arms embark'd for *Spain.*
What I know more is, That a triple League
Of ſtricteſt Friendſhip, was profeſs'd between
Alphonſo, Heli, and the Traitor *Oſmyn.*

KING.

Public Report is ratify'd in this.

ZARA.

And *Oſmyn*'s Death requir'd of ſtrong Neceſſity.

KING.

Give Order ſtraight that all the Pris'ners die.

ZARA.

Forbear a Moment; Somewhat more I have
Worthy your private Ear, and this your Miniſter.

KING.

Let all except *Gonſalez* leave the Room.

SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

I Am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your Enemy, I have diſcover'd *Oſmyn*,
His private Practice and Conſpiracy
Againſt your State: And fully to diſcharge
Myſelf of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards

Are

Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue *Oſmyn* at the Place of Death.

KING.

Is Treaſon then ſo near us as our Guards?

ZARA.

Moſt certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

KING.

What's to be done?

ZARA.

That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my Train ſome Mutes,
A Preſent once from the Sultana Queen,
In the Grand Signior's Court. Theſe, from their Infancy,
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and ſhall
(As there the Cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle *Oſmyn*.

GONSALEZ.

My Lord, the Queen adviſes well.

KING.

What Off'ring, or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great Services?
To caſt beneath your Feet the Crown you've ſav'd,
Tho'

Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

ZARA.

Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict Charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the Pris'ner, but ſuch Mutes as I
Shall ſend.

KING.

Who waits there?

SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

KING.

ON your Life take heed,
That only *Zara*'s Mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.

ZARA.

They and no other, not the Princeſs ſelf.

PEREZ.

Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd.

KING.

Retire.

SCENE

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

GONSALEZ.

THAT Interdiction ſo particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence againſt the Princeſs,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears bare-fac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not.—Your Majeſty ſure might have ſpar'd
That laſt Reſtraint; you hardly can ſuſpect
The Princeſs is Confederate with the *Moor*.

ZARA.

I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far, to viſit him, at his Requeſt.

GONSALEZ.

Ha!

KING.

How? She viſit *Oſmyn?* What, my Daughter?

SELIM.

Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

ZARA.

ZARA.

And after did ſolicit you on his
Behalf.——

KING.

Never. You have been miſinform'd.

ZARA.

Indeed! Then 'twas a Whiſper ſpread by ſome
Who wiſh'd it ſo; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and inſtantly prepare
Inſtruction for my Miniſters of Death.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

GONSALEZ.

THERE's Somewhat yet of Myſtery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obſcure and
double,
Sometimes concur, and ſometimes diſagree;
I like it not.

KING.

What doſt thou think, *Gonſalez;*
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

GON-

GONSALEZ.

I am a little ſlow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Women's Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Diſquiets her too much; which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted! how? by whom? who told her ſo?
I'th' Evening *Oſmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to releaſe him;
I'th' Morning he muſt die again; ere Noon
Her Mutes alone muſt ſtrangle him, or he'll
Eſcape. This put together ſuits not well.

KING.

Yet, that there's Truth in what ſhe has diſcover'd,
Is manifeſt from every Circumſtance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation——that *Alphonſo* lives,
Agrees expreſly too with her Report.

GONSALEZ.

I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealouſy, ſhe has diſcover'd what

She

She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needleſs Caution of the Princeſs?
What if ſhe had ſeen *Oſmyn?* tho' 'twere ſtrange.
But if ſhe had, what was't to her? unleſs
She fear'd her ſtronger Charms might cauſe the *Moor*'s
Affection to revolt.

KING.

I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reaſon in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my Daughter ſaw this *Moor?*

GONSALEZ.

If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſo's Friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his Account to ſee him

KING.

Say'ſt thou? By Heav'n thou haſt rous'd a Thought,
That like a ſudden Earthquake ſhakes my Frame;
Confuſion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this helliſh *Moor.*

GONSALEZ.

That were too hard a Thought—but ſee, ſhe comes.

'Twere

'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyn*'s Death, as he's *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſolicit for him.

SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

KING.

YOUR coming has prevented me, *Almeria;*
I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your Attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have
[Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near, why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwollen and red-fleck'd Eyes, that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguiſh? Why this, on the Day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy Nuptials:
But that the Beams of Light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore

Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage Rites,
Nor ſhall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

ALMERIA.

All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To Morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

KING.

Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cauſe,
And look thou anſwer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falſehood.
Why art thou mute? baſe and degenerate Maid!

GONSALEZ.

Dear Madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the King.

ALMERIA.

What is't to ſpeak? or wherefore ſhou'd I ſpeak?
What mean theſe Tears, but Grief unutterable?

KING.

They are the dumb Confeſſions of thy Mind;

They

They mean thy Guilt; and ſay thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd Conſpirators to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now canſt thou ſpeak?

ALMERIA.

O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Boſom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to ſtream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compaſſion, take
Into thy Womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
—I have no Parent elſe—be thou a Mother,
And ſtep between me and the Curſe of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more a Father;
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes,
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

KING.

Riſe, I command thee riſe—and if thou wou'dſt
Acquit thyſelf of thoſe deteſted Names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed *Oſmyn*.

ALMERIA.

Never, but as with Innocence I might,

And free of all bad Purpoſes. So Heav'n's
My Witneſs.

KING.

Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? O Patience! hear,—ſhe owns it!
Confeſſes it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—All Pains and Tortures
That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

ALMERIA.

Oh, I am loſt—there Fate begins to wound.

KING.

Hear me, then; if thou canſt, reply; know, Traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Oſmyn* is.——

ALMERIA.

Then all is ended, and we both muſt die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt Sword,

And

And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have born it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorſeleſs Rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender Fleſh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

KING.

Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curſe—fly my juſt Rage with Speed;
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.

ALMERIA.

And yet a Father! think I am your Child,
Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever Father curſe his kneeling Child?
Never: For always Bleſſings crown that Poſture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
Stooping to raiſe from Earth the Filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Bleſſings, and paternal Love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth—

KING.

Be thou adviſ'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impreſſion thou haſt made remains.

ALMERIA.

No, never will I riſe, nor looſe this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

KING.

Ha! who may live? take Heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go.—Call her Attendants.

[Leonora *and Women return.*

ALMERIA.

Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Boſom,
I'll not let go 'till you have ſpar'd my Huſband.

KING.

Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? Huſband! Huſband! Damnation!
What Huſband? which? who?

ALMERIA.

He, he is my Huſband.

KING.

Poiſon and Daggers! who?

ALMERIA.

O— [*Faints.*

GON-

GONSALEZ.

Help, ſupport her.

ALMERIA.

Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll ſcrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And clothe their Nakedneſs with my own Fleſh;
Yes, I will ſtrip off Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then, tho' you kill my Huſband
He ſhall be mine, ſtill and for ever mine.

KING.

What Huſband? who? whom doſt thou mean?

GONSALEZ.

She raves.

ALMERIA.

O that I did. *Oſmyn,* he is my Huſband.

KING.

Oſmyn!

ALMERIA.

Not *Oſmyn,* but *Alphonſo* is my dear
And wedded Huſband—Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witneſs.

KING.

Wilder than Winds or Waves thyſelf doſt rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too ſhou'd catch thy Madneſs.
Yet Somewhat ſhe muſt mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Senſe, and bring me Word:
And look that ſhe attempt not on her Life.

SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants.*

ALMERIA.

O Stay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were—He's gone.

GONSALEZ.

Have Comfort.

ALMERIA.

Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be of Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move his Pity;

Curs'd

Curs'd theſe weak Hands that cou'd not hold
him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſo*'s Death.

GONSALEZ.

Your too exceſſive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Senſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

ALMERIA.

Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be
curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dſt alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.

GONSALEZ.

Ha!

ALMERIA.

Why doſt thou ſtart? what doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonſo*'s Breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly Head glares by, all ſmear'd with
Blood,
Gaſping as it wou'd ſpeak; and after ſee,

Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
My Father's Voice! hollow it ſounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo.*

SCENE IX.

GONSALEZ *alone.*

SHE's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpris'd.
Oſmyn Alphonſo! no; ſhe over-rates
My Policy! I ne'er ſuſpected it;
Nor now had known it, but from her Miſtake.
Her Huſband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that ſhou'd deſcend on him,
To grace the Line of my Poſterity?
Hold, let me think—If I ſhou'd tell the King—
Things come to this Extremity; his Daughter
Wedded already—what if he ſhou'd yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what is paſt;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave

Anſelmo's

Anſelmo's Race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be aſſur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the captive Queen, who means
To ſet him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
This ſubtle Woman will amuſe the King,
If I delay—'twill do—or better ſo.
One to my Wiſh. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE King expects your Lordſhip.

GONSALEZ.

'Tis no Matter.
I'm not i'th' Way at preſent, good *Alonzo*.

ALONZO.

If't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay
I have not ſeen you.

GONSALEZ.

Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.
Yet ſtay, I wou'd—but go; anon will ſerve—
Yet

Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy Help.
I think thou wou'dſt not ſtop to do me Service.

ALONZO.

I am your Creature.

GONSALEZ.

Say thou art my Friend.
I've ſeen thy Sword do noble Execution.

ALONZO.

All that it can your Lordſhip ſhall command.

GONSALEZ.

Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'ſt ſeen,
Among the Followers of the captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by Signs.

ALONZO.

I have, my Lord.

GONSALEZ.

Cou'dſt thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee ſuch Reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy Wiſh.

ALONZO.

Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your Lordſhip?

GON-

GONSALEZ.

At my Apartment. Uſe thy utmoſt Diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen—haſte, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt Obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia*'s Head.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

KING.

NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you, none? what, not the fav'rite Eunuch?
Nor ſhe herſelf, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?

PEREZ.

None, my Lord.

KING.

Is *Oſmyn* ſo diſpoſed as I commanded?

PEREZ.

Faſt bound in double Chains, and at full Length
He lies ſupine on Earth; with as much Eaſe
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As looſe the Rivets of his Bonds.

KING.

KING.

'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears, and ſeeing the King, retires.*

Ha! ſtop and ſeize that Mute; *Alonzo,* follow him:
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Boſom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.

[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a Paper.*

ALONZO.

O bloody Proof of obſtinate Fidelity!

KING.

What doſt thou mean?

ALONZO.

Soon as I ſeiz'd the Man,
He ſnatch'd from out his Boſom this—and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy Haſte, at once to cram
The Morſel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a Poniard from his Side,
And on the Inſtant plung'd it in his Breaſt.

KING.

Remove the Body thence ere *Zara* ſee it.

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

I'll be ſo bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promiſe to *Gonſalez*.

SCENE II.

KING, PEREZ.

PEREZ.

WHATE'ER it is, the King's Complexion turns.

KING.

How's this? My mortal Foe beneath my Roof! [*Having read the Letter.*
O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury—Ha! who's there?

PEREZ.

My Lord.

KING.

Hence, Slave, how dar'ſt thou 'bide to watch and pry
Into how poor a Thing a King deſcends;
How like thyſelf, when Paſſion treads him down?
Ha!

Ha! ſtir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to ſee me gorge this Bait,
And laſh againſt the Hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo,* knew'ſt
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pandar to their Meeting.

PEREZ.

By all that's Holy I'm amaz'd.——

KING.

Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara;* here
Where ſhe ſets down—*Still will I ſet thee free*—
[Reading.
That ſomewhere is repeated—*I have Power*
O'er them that are thy Guards—Mark that, thou
Traitor.

PEREZ.

It was your Majeſty's Command, I ſhould
Obey her Order.—

KING. [*Reading.*]
——*And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo——Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonſo!*
Falſe

Falſe and perfidious *Zara!* Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softneſs, Pity and Compaſſion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate within my Breaſt, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor—anſwer me, Slave.

PEREZ.

My Service has not merited thoſe Titles.

KING.

Dar'ſt thou reply? Take that—thy Service? thine? [*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Eaſe? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonſo*'s Heart.
Why doſt thou ſtart? Reſolve, or—

PEREZ.

Sir, I will.

KING.

'Tis well—that when ſhe comes to ſet him free,

His

His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorſe.
[Perez *going*.
——Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add
to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Diſappointment:
When thou haſt ended him bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the Sight.
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,
And laid along as he now lies ſupine,
I ſhall convict her to her Face of Falſehood.
When for *Alphonſo*'s ſhe ſhall take my Hand,
And breathe her ſighs upon my Lips for his,
Sudden I'll ſtart, and daſh her with her Guilt.
But ſee, ſhe comes; I'll ſhun th' Encounter; thou
Follow me, and give Heed to my Direction.

SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

THE Mute not yet return'd! Ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-ſtar, ſcorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruin in its Courſe. Doſt think
He ſaw me?

SELIM.

Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and ſternly turn'd away.

ZARA.

Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.
Thy ſhallow Artifice begets Suſpicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly ſhades
The

The Face of thy Deſign; alone diſguiſing
What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen. Imperfect Miſchief!
Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Haſt ſtung the Traveller; and, after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruſtling Leaves and bended Graſs
Confeſs, and point the Path which thou haſt crept.
O Fate of Fools! officious in Contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and loſt.

SELIM.

Avert it, Heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer
For my Defect: or that the Means which I
Devis'd to ſerve, ſhould ruin your Deſign!
Preſcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs muſt fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's Want, but puniſh Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike;
I bare my Breaſt to meet your juſt Revenge.

ZARA.

I have not Leiſure now to take ſo poor

A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on myſelf, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge; for I'm reſolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me inſtantly, with each a Bowl
Of ſuch Ingredients mix'd, as will with Speed
Benumb the living Faculties, and give
Moſt eaſy and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Oſmyn,* yes; be *Oſmyn* or *Alphonſo,*
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace myſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SCENE *opening, ſhows the Priſon.*

GONSALEZ *alone, diſguis'd like a Mute, with a Dagger.*

GONSALEZ.

NOR Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been buſy here.
There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd.
[*Looks in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps—all's dark within, ſave what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly Flame,
By fits reveals—his Face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll ſteal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noiſe? Somebody coming? 'ſt, *Alonzo?*
Nobody? Sure he'll wait without—I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and ſting him to the Heart;
Then caſt my Skin, and leave it there to anſwer it.
[*Goes in.*

SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

GARCIA.

WHERE? where, *Alonzo?* where's my Father? where
The King? Confuſion! all is on the Rout!
All's loſt, all ruin'd by Surpriſe and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why doſt thou thus miſlead me?

ALONZO.

My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment ſince,
And cou'd not paſs me unperceiv'd—What, hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what, hoa! My Lord *Gonſalez!*

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

GONSALEZ.

PERDITION choke your Clamors—— whence this Rudeneſs?
Garcia!

GARCIA.

Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entering now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?

GONSALEZ.

No Matter—give me firſt to know the Cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

GARCIA.

The Eaſtern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of ſlain that choke the Paſſage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unleſs
The King in Perſon animate our Men,

Granada's loſt; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Poſtern fled, and join the Foe.

GONSALEZ.

Wou'd all were falſe as that; for whom you call
The *Moor*, is dead. That *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*;
In whoſe Heart's Blood this Poniard yet is warm.

GARCIA.

Impoſſible; for *Oſmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonſo*.

GONSALEZ.

Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your eaſy Faith.

[Garcia *goes in.*

ALONZO.

My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd, the Cauſe of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

GARCIA. [*Returning.*]

Ruin and Horror! O heart-wounding Sight!

GONSALEZ.

What ſays my Son? what Ruin? ha? what Horror?

GARCIA.

GARCIA.

Blaſted my Eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my Tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This Deed—O dire Miſtake! O fatal Blow!
The King—

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

The King!

GARCIA.

Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, ſee, attir'd like *Oſmyn*, where he lies.
[*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cauſe?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our Swords againſt
Ourſelves, and expiate, with our own, his Blood.

GONSALEZ.

O Wretch! O curs'd, and raſh, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have ſpilt my Royal Maſter's Blood,
Shou'd make Atonement by a Death as horrid,
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

GARCIA.

Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.

The

The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-Murder.

GONSALEZ.

O my Son, from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondneſs theſe Ills aroſe;
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy Brow)
Whoſe Weight has ſunk me ere I reach'd the Shore.

GARCIA.

Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
The Shrilneſs of that Shout ſpeaks 'em at Hand.
We have no Time to ſearch into the Cauſe
Of this ſurpriſing and moſt fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known, will ſtrike

The

The few remaining Soldiers with Deſpair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

ALONZO.

My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body;
Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*

GONSALEZ.

They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes;
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To ſee the King in Perſon at their Head.

GARCIA.

Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haſte; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

GONSALEZ.

WHAT haſt thou done, *Alonzo?*

ALONZO.

Such a Deed,
As, but an Hour ago, I'd not have done,
Tho' for the Crown of Univerſal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
Or who can wound the Dead?——I've from the Body
Sever'd the Head, and in an obſcure Corner
Diſpos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
Leaving to View of them who enter next,
Alone the undiſtinguiſhable Trunk:
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the Guards
For *Oſmyn*, if in ſeeking for the King
They chance to find it.

GONSALEZ.

'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a Piece with this Day's dire Miſdeeds.
But

But 'tis no Time to ponder or repent.
Haſte thee, *Alonzo,* haſte thee hence with Speed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to reinforce his Arms: At leaſt,
I ſhall make good, and ſhelter his Retreat.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, *follow'd by* SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

ZARA.

SILENCE and Solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor human Face nor Voice
Is ſeen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Senſe, when enter'd here; from Groans,
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
And Craſh of ruſty Bars and creaking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was daſh'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghaſtly Executioners.

Yet

Yet more this Stillneſs terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cauſe of this my Errand
And Purpoſe, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has alſo wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?——
Let 'em ſet down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonſo*
That I am here—So. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

SCENE IX.

ZARA *and* MUTES.

ZARA.

WHAT have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus,
[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard Eyes? why are your Arms acroſs?
Your heavy and deſponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs?
Give

Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

[*They go to the Scene, which opening ſhe perceives the Body.*

Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! O—I'm loſt.
O *Oſmyn!* O *Alphonſo!* Cruel Fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepar'd to die, and ſee thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myſelf to give thee Death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Oſmyn*—
O this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous King!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

SELIM.

I'VE fought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found——

ZARA.

Get thee to Hell, and ſeek him there.

[*Stabs him.*

His Helliſh Rage had wanted Means to Act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counſel.

SELIM.

SELIM.

You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you ſent, by ſome Miſchance was ſeen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body ſtripp'd—
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails——
I ſink——
Drink not the Poiſon—for *Alphonſo* is— [*Dies.*

ZARA.

As thou art now—And I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain Remedy for that.
But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Inſenſible of this laſt Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal Part
Of Senſe: His Soul ſtill ſees, and knows each Purpoſe,
And fix'd Event of my perſiſting Faith.
Then, wherefore do I pauſe?—give me the Bowl.
[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*

Hover

Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliſs when join'd above.
[*Drinks.*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold, cold; my Veins are Iſicles and Froſt.
I'll creep into his Boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe—or I ſhall chill his Breaſt,
And fright him from my Arms—See, ſee, he ſlides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark—— [*Dies.*
[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, *&c.*

ALMERIA.

O Let me ſeek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb or Priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.

LEONORA.

Heav'ns! what diſmal Scene

Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* ſlain!

ALMERIA.

Show me, for I am come in ſearch of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dimm'd my Sight.

LEONORA.

Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who ſeem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling Remorſe too late for what they've done.
But O forbear—lift up your Eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to ſtab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood——

ALMERIA.

O I foreknow, foreſee that Object.
Is it at laſt then ſo? is he then dead?
What dead at laſt, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there I ſee him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds—O more than Savage!
Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?

Cou'd

Cou'd Eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
—I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All Things were well; and yet my Huſband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll fluice this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent looſe.
—Thoſe Men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice deſign'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat——
They ſhake
Their Heads in Sign of Grief and Innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
I underſtand what Medicine has been here.
O noble Thirſt! yet greedy, to drink all—

—O for another Draught of Death——What
mean they? [*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment—

LEONORA.

O hold
For Mercy's Sake; upon my Knee I beg—

ALMERIA.

With thee the kneeling World ſhou'd beg in
vain.
Seeſt thou not there? behold who proſtrate lies,
And pleads againſt thee? who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave.
From his pale Lips; I'll kiſs him ere I drink,
Leſt the rank Juice ſhou'd bliſter on my Mouth,
And ſtain the Color of my laſt Adieu.
Horror! a headleſs Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
[*Coming nearer the Body, ſtarts and lets
fall the Cup.*
But ſpoutingVeins, and mangled Fleſh! O, oh!—

SCENE

SCENE *The Laſt.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *Priſoner, Guards and Attendants.*

ALPHONSO.

AWAY, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and ſnatch her to my Heart.

ALMERIA.

Oh——

ALPHONSO.

Forbear; my Arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving Senſe,
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties
With the new-fluſhing Ardor of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips, pour the ſoft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinſpire thy Boſom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria,*
Give a new Birth to thy long-ſhaded Eyes,

Then double on the Day reflected Light.

ALMERIA.

Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?

ALPHONSO.

O may'ſt thou never dream of leſs Delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial Joys.

ALMERIA.

Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight, againſt my Sight? and ſhall I truſt
That Senſe, which in one Inſtant ſhows him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions, and affrighting Fantoms:
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Huſband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too ſhall have Compaſſion——

ALPHONSO.

O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be entirely bleſs'd. Even now,
In this extremeſt Joy my Soul can taſte,
Yet am I daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep;
Thy Father fell, where he deſign'd my Death.
Gonſalez and *Alonzo,* both of Wounds
Expiring,

Expiring, have with their laſt Breath confeſs'd
The juſt Decrees of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody Purpoſes.
Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhou'd be thus—
[*She weeps.*
Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.
Ill-fated *Zara!* Ha! a Cup? Alas!
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.
O *Garcia!*——
Whoſe Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
Seeſt thou, how juſt the Hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us who thro' our Innocence ſurvive,
Still in the Paths of Honor perſevere,
And not, from paſt or preſent Ills deſpair:
For Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princeſs, but in ſtatu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral Faces,
And know each Critic by his ſour Grimaces.
To poiſon Plays, I ſee ſome where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Pariſh Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Diſeaſe the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to ſpread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what Regret they're ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed when they're pleas'd!
Critics to Plays for the ſame End reſort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Reſpect,
Provided they've a Body to diſſect.

As

EPILOGUE.

As Suſſex *Men, that dwell upon the Shore,*
Look out when Storms ariſe, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That ſome well-laden Ship may ſtrike the Sands;
To whoſe rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Critics throng to ſee a New Play ſplit,
And thrive and proſper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from theſe Proſpects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cauſe.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favor find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex deſign'd.

THE

THE

JUDGMENT

OF

PARIS.

A

MASQUE.

——*Vincis utramque Venus.*

Ov. Art. Am. Lib. 1.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

THE JUDGMENT of *PARIS.*

The SCENE *is a Landſcape of a beautiful Paſture ſuppoſed on Mount* Ida. *The Shepherd* Paris *is ſeen ſeated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip,* &c. *lying by him. While a Symphony is playing,* Mercury *deſcends with his* Caduceus *in one Hand, and an Apple of* Gold *in the other: After the Symphony he ſings.*

MERCURY.

FROM high *Olympus,* and the Realms above,
Behold I come the Meſſenger of *Jove;*
His dread Commands I bear:
Shepherd, ariſe and hear;
Ariſe, and leave awhile thy Rural Care:
Forbear

Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,
And lay aſide thy tuneful Reed;
For thou to greater Honors art decreed.

PARIS.

O *Hermes,* I thy Godhead know,
By thy winged Heels and Head;
By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,
And guides the Shades below.
Say wherefore doſt thou ſeek this humble Plain,
To greet a lowly Swain?
What does the Mighty Thunderer ordain?

MERCURY.

This radiant Fruit behold,
More bright than burniſh'd Gold;
Three Goddeſſes for this contend:
See now they deſcend,
And this Way they bend.
Shepherd, take the golden Prize,
Yield it to the brighteſt Eyes.

[Juno, Pallas, *and* Venus, *are ſeen at a Diſtance deſcending in ſeveral Machines.*

PARIS.

O Raviſhing Delight!
What Mortal can ſupport the Sight?
Alas!

Alas! too weak is Human Brain,
So much Rapture to ſuſtain.
I faint, I fall, O take me hence,
Ere Ecſtaſy invades my aching Senſe:
Help me, *Hermes,* or I die,
Save me from Exceſs of Joy.

MERCURY.

Fear not, Mortal, none ſhall harm thee,
With my Sacred Rod I'll charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'ſt every Grace diſcover.
Though a thouſand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not, Mortal, none ſhall wound thee.

In two Parts.
Happy thou of Human Race,
Gods with thee would change their Place.
PARIS. With no God I'd change my Place,
Happy I of Human Race.

[Mercury *aſcends.*

[*While a Symphony is playing,* Juno *deſcends from her Machine, after the Symphony ſhe ſings.*

JUNO.

Saturnia, Wife of Thund'ring *Jove,* am I,
Belov'd by him, and Empreſs of the Sky;

Shepherd,

Shepherd, fix on me thy wond'ring Sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

[*Symphony for* Pallas.

PALLAS.

This Way, Mortal, bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;
A Virgin Goddeſs free from Stain,
And Queen of Arts and Arms I reign.

[*Symphony for* Venus.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,
Let not *Venus* ſue in vain;
Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, and ſhe rules Love.
Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am ſhe.

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am ſhe.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

JUNO,

JUNO, PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

VENUS.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of all three.

Hither turn to me again,
To me, to me, for I am ſhe;
Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PARIS.

I.

Diſtracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title ſure never was try'd.
United, your Beauties ſo dazzle the Sight,
That loſt in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heavenly Fair,
For Three at a Time there's no Mortal can bear;
And ſince a gay Robe an ill Shape may diſguiſe,
When each is undreſt
I'll judge of the beſt,
For 'tis not a Face that muſt carry the Prize.

JUNO *Sings alone.*

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings ſhalt tread,
Joys in Circles Joys ſhall meet,
Which Way e'er thy Fancy's lead.

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleaſures are;
Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

PALLAS *Sings alone.*

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raiſe,
Waſte not thus thy youthful Days,
Piping, Toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Loſt in wanton and inglorious Eaſe.

II.

Hark, Hark! the glorious Voice of War
Calls aloud, for Arms prepare:
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Muſic charms the joyful Air.

(Symphony.)

PALLAS *Sings.*

O what Joys does Conqueſt yield!
When returning from the Field,
O how glorious 'tis to ſee
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!

Laurel Wreaths his Head ſurrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet ſounding,
Every Voice in Chorus join'd.
To me, kind Swain, the Prize reſign,
And Fame and Conqueſt ſhall be thine.

CHORUS.

O how glorious 'tis to ſee
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!

(Symphony.)

VENUS *Sings alone.*

Stay, lovely Youth, delay thy Choice;
Take Heed leſt empty Names enthrall thee;
Attend to *Cytherea*'s Voice;
Lo! I who am Love's Mother call thee.
Far from thee be anxious Care,
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great:
Empire's but a gilded Snare,
And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.
One only Joy Mankind can know,
And Love alone can that beſtow.

CHORUS.

One only Joy, &c.

VENUS

VENUS *Sings.*

I.

Nature fram'd thee ſure for Loving,
Thus adorn'd with every Grace;
Venus' ſelf thy Form approving,
Looks with Pleaſure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who ſhall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms!
Should bright *Helen* once behold thee,
She'd ſurrender all her Charms.

III.

Faireſt ſhe, all Nymphs tranſcending,
That the Sun himſelf has ſeen;
Were ſhe for the Crown contending,
Thou wou'dſt own her Beauty's Queen.

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love himſelf thy Conqueſt aiding,
Thou that matchleſs Fair ſhalt gain.

PARIS.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And ceaſe, O ceaſe, th' inchanting Song;

All Love's, Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.
Forbear, O Goddeſs of Deſire,
Thus my raviſh'd Soul to move;
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

Here Paris *gives to* Venus *the Golden Apple. Several* Cupids *deſcend, the three* Graces *alight from the Chariot of* Venus, *they call the* Hours, *who aſſemble; with all the Attendants on* Venus. *All join in a Circle round her, and ſing the laſt grand* Chorus; *while* Juno *and* Pallas *aſcend.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither all ye Graces, *all ye* Loves,
Hither all ye Hours *reſort;*
Billing Sparrows, Cooing Doves;
Come all the Train of Venus' *Court.*
Sing all great Cytherea's *Name;*
Over Empire, over Fame,
Her Victory proclaim.
Sing, ſing and ſpread the joyful News around,
The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty crown'd.

SEMELE.

AN

OPERA.

A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori, et in hac re, sicut in omnibus, inconstantissimo.

Seneca Ep. 99.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

ARGUMENT

Introductory to the

OPERA of *SEMELE.*

AFTER Jupiter's *Amour with* Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor, *King of* Phœnicia, *he again incenſes* Juno *by a new Affair in the ſame Family;* viz. *with* Semele, *Niece to* Europa, *and Daughter to* Cadmus *King of* Thebes. Semele *is on the Point of Marriage with* Athamas; *which Marriage is about to be ſolemnis'd in the Temple of* Juno, *Goddeſs of Marriages, when* Jupiter *by ill Omens interrupts the Ceremony; and afterwards tranſports* Semele *to a private Abode prepar'd for her.* Juno, *after many Contrivances, at length aſſumes the Shape and Voice of* Ino, *Siſter to* Semele; *by the Help of which Diſguiſe, and artful Inſinuations, ſhe prevails with her to make a Requeſt to* Jupiter, *which being granted muſt end in her utter Ruin.*

This

ARGUMENT.

This Fable is related in Ovid. Metam. L. 3. *but there* Juno *is ſaid to impoſe on* Semele *in the Shape of an old Woman, her Nurſe. 'Tis hoped, the Liberty taken in ſubſtituting* Ino *inſtead of the old Woman, will be excus'd: It was done, becauſe* Ino *is interwoven in the Deſign by her Love of* Athamas; *to whom ſhe was marry'd, according to* Ovid; *and becauſe her Character bears a Proportion with the Dignity of the other Perſons repreſented. This Reaſon, it is preſumed, may be allowed in a Thing entirely fictitious; and more eſpecially being repreſented under the Title of an* Opera, *where greater Abſurdities are every Day excus'd.*

It was not thought requiſite to have any Regard either to Rhyme, or Equality of Meaſure, in the Lines of that Part of the Dialogue which was deſigned for the Recitative Style *in Muſic. For as that Style in Muſic is not confined to the ſtrict Obſervation of* Time *and* Meaſure, *which is required in the Compoſition of* Airs *and* Sonatas, *ſo neither is it neceſſary that the ſame Exactneſs in Numbers, Rhymes, or Meaſure, ſhould be obſerved in Words deſign'd to be ſet in that Manner, which muſt ever be obſerved in the Formation*

ation of Odes *and* Sonnets. *For, what they call* Recitative *in Muſic, is only a more tuneable Speaking; it is a Kind of Proſe in Muſic; its Beauty conſiſts in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural Accents of Words by more Pathetic or Emphatical Tones.*

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

Jupiter.
Cadmus, King of *Thebes.*
Athamas, a Prince of *Bœotia,* in Love with, and deſign'd to marry *Semele.*
Somnus.
Apollo.
Cupid.
Zephyrs.
Loves.
Shepherds.
Satyrs.

Juno.
Iris.
Semele, Daughter to *Cadmus,* beloved by, and in Love with *Jupiter.*
Ino, Siſter to *Semele,* in Love with *Athamas.*
Shepherdeſſes.

Chief Prieſt of *Juno,* other Prieſts and Augurs.

SCENE *BOEOTIA.*

SEMELE.

SEMELE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Temple of* Juno, *near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddeſs. Prieſts are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames ariſe from the Altar, and the Statue of* Juno *is ſeen to bow.*

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, *and* INO.

FIRST PRIEST.

BEHOLD auſpicious Flaſhes riſe;
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odor ſwift aſcends,
And ſee, the Golden Image bends.

FIRST *and* SECOND PRIEST.

Lucky Omens bleſs our Rites,
And ſure Succeſs ſhall crown your Loves;

Peaceful

Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that she approves.

CADMUS.

Daughter, obey,
Hear, and obey.
With kind Conſenting
Eaſe a Parent's Care;
Invent no new Delay.

ATHAMAS.

O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;
On this auſpicious Day
Invent no new Delay.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

Hear, and obey;
Invent no new Delay
On this auſpicious Day.

SEMELE. [*Apart.*]

Ah me!
What Refuge now is left me?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my Miſeries!
O *Jove* aſſiſt me.
Can *Semele* forego thy Love,
And to a Mortal's Paſſion yield?

Thy

Thy Vengeance will o'ertake
Such Perfidy.
If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.
O *Jove,* in Pity teach me which to chooſe,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuſe.

ATHAMAS.

See, ſhe bluſhing turns her Eyes;
See, with Sighs her Boſom panting:
If from Love thoſe Sighs ariſe,
Nothing to my Bliſs is wanting.
Hymen *haſte, thy Torch prepare,*
Love already his has lighted;
One ſoft Sigh has cur'd Deſpair,
And more than my paſt Pains requited.

INO.

Alas! ſhe yields,
And has undone me:
I can no longer hide my Paſſion;
It muſt have Vent——
Or inward burning
Will conſume me.
O *Athamas*——
I cannot utter it——

ATHA-

ATHAMAS.

On me fair *Ino* calls
With mournful Accent,
Her Color fading,
And her Eyes o'erflowing!

INO.

O *Semele!*

SEMELE.

On me ſhe calls,
Yet ſeems to ſhun me!
What wou'd my Sifter?
Speak——

INO.

Thou haſt undone me.

CADMUS.

Why doſt thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our ſolemn Rites prophane?
Can he, or ſhe, thy Woes relieve?
Or I? Of whom doſt thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

ATHAMAS.

Can I thy Woes relieve?

SEMELE.

Can I aſſuage thy Pain?

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE.

Of whom doſt thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

[*It lightens, and Thunder is heard at a diſtance, then a Noiſe of Rain; the Fire is ſuddenly extinguiſh'd on the Altar: The Chief Prieſt comes forward.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Avert theſe Omens, all ye Pow'rs!
Some God averſe our holy Rites controls.
O'erwhelm'd with ſudden Night, the Day expires,
Ill-boding Thunder on the Right Hand rolls,
And *Jove* himſelf deſcends in Show'rs,
To quench our late propitious Fires.

CHORUS *of* PRIESTS.

Avert theſe Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

SECOND PRIEST.

Again auſpicious Flaſhes riſe,
Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[*Flames are again kindled on the Altar, and the Statue nods.*

THIRD PRIEST.

Again the ſickly Flame decaying dies:
Juno aſſents, but angry *Jove* denies.

[*The Fire is again extinguiſh'd.*

ATHAMAS. [*Apart.*]

Thy Aid, Pronubial *Juno*, *Athamas* implores.

SEMELE. [*Apart.*]

Thee *Jove*, and thee alone, thy *Semele* adores.

[*A loud Clap of Thunder; the Altar ſinks.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Ceaſe, ceaſe your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed;
Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed:
This dreadful Conflict is of dire Preſage;
Be gone, and fly from *Jove*'s impending Rage.

[*All but the Prieſts come forward. The Scene cloſes on the Prieſts, and ſhows to View the Front and Outſide of the Temple.* Cadmus *leads off* Semele, *Attendants follow.* Athamas *and* Ino *remain.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

ATHAMAS, INO.

ATHAMAS.

O *Athamas,* what Torture haſt thou born!
And O, what haſt thou yet to bear!
From Love, from Hope, from near Poſſeſſion torn,
And plung'd at once in deep Deſpair.

INO.

Turn, hopeleſs Lover, turn thy Eyes,
And ſee a Maid bemoan,
In flowing Tears and aching Sighs,
Thy Woes, too like her own.

ATHAMAS.

She weeps!
The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,
Weeps to behold my Miſery!
So *Semele* wou'd melt
To ſee another mourn.

Such unavailing Mercy is in Beauty found,
Each Nymph bemoans the Smart
Of every bleeding Heart,
But that where ſhe herſelf inflicts the Wound.

INO.

Ah me, too much afflicted!

ATHAMAS.

Can Pity for another's Pain
Cauſe ſuch Anxiety?

INO.

Cou'dſt thou but gueſs
What I endure;
Or cou'd I tell thee—
Thou, *Athamas*,
Wou'dſt for awhile
Thy Sorrows ceaſe, a little ceaſe,
And liſten for awhile
To my Lamenting.

ATHAMAS.

Of Grief too ſenſible
I know your tender Nature.
Well I remember,
When I oft have ſu'd
To cold, diſdainful *Semele;*

When

When I with Scorn have been rejected;
Your tuneful Voice my Tale wou'd tell,
In Pity of my ſad Deſpair;
And, with ſweet Melody, compel
Attention from the flying Fair.

INO.

Too well I ſee
Thou wilt not underſtand me.
Whence cou'd proceed ſuch Tenderneſs?
Whence ſuch Compaſſion?
Inſenſible! Ingrate!—
Ah, no, I cannot blame thee:
For by Effects unknown before,
Who cou'd the hidden Cauſe explore?
Or think that Love cou'd act ſo ſtrange a Part,
To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart.

ATHAMAS.

Ah me, what have I heard!
She does her Paſſion own.

INO.

What, had I not deſpair'd,
You never ſhou'd have known.
You've undone me;
Look not on me;

Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me;
You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

With my Life I wou'd atone
Pains you've born, to me unknown.
Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſhun me.

INO.

Look not on me;
You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſhun me;
Love, Love alone
Has both undone.

INO, ATHAMAS.

Love, Love alone
Has both undone.

SCENE

SCENE III.

[*To them*] *Enter* CADMUS *attended.*

CADMUS.

AH wretched Prince, doom'd to diſaſtrous Love!
Ah me, of Parents moſt forlorn!
Prepare, O *Athamas*, to prove
The ſharpeſt Pangs that e'er were born:
Prepare with me our common Loſs to mourn.

ATHAMAS.

Can Fate, or *Semele*, invent
Another, yet another Puniſhment?

CADMUS.

Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haſte,
From *Juno*'s Fane we fled;
Scarce we the brazen Gates had paſs'd,
When *Semele* around her Head
With azure Flames was grac'd,
Whoſe lambent Glories in her Treſſes play'd.
While this we ſaw with dread Surpriſe,
Swifter than Lightning downwards tending,

An Eagle ſtoop'd, of mighty Size,
On Purple Wings deſcending;
Like Gold his Beak, like Stars ſhone forth his Eyes,
His Silver plumy Breaſt with Snow contending:
Sudden he ſnatch'd the trembling Maid,
And ſoaring from our Sight convey'd;
Diffuſing ever as he leſſening flew
Celeſtial Odor, and Ambroſial Dew.

ATHAMAS.

O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!

INO.

To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.

SCENE IV.

Enter to them the Chief Prieſt, with Augurs and other Prieſts.

CADMUS.

SEE, ſee, *Jove*'s Prieſts and holy Augurs come:
Speak, ſpeak, of *Semele* and me declare
the Doom.

FIRST AUGUR.

Hail, Cadmus, *hail!* Jove *ſalutes the* Theban *King.*
Ceaſe your Mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of Mirth and Triumph ſing.

SECOND AUGUR.

Endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Love
Semele *enjoys above;*
On her Boſom Jove *reclining,*
Uſeleſs now his Thunder lies,
To her Arms his Bolts reſigning,
And his Lightning to her Eyes.
Endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Love
Semele *enjoys above.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Haſte, haſte, haſte, to Sacrifice prepare,
Once to the Thunderer, once to the Fair:
Jove *and* Semele *implore:*
Jove *and* Semele *like Honors ſhare,*
Whom Gods admire, let Men adore;
Haſte, haſte, haſte, to Sacrifice prepare.

CHORUS

CHORUS *of* PRIESTS *and* AUGURS.

Hail, Cadmus, *hail!* Jove *ſalutes the* Theban *King.*
Ceaſe your Mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of Mirth and Triumph ſing.

[Exeunt omnes.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is a pleaſant Country, the Proſpect is terminated by a beautiful Mountain adorned with Woods and Water-falls.* JUNO *and* IRIS *deſcend in different Machines.* JUNO *in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks;* IRIS *on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.*

JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy Stay,
From *Samos* have I wing'd my Way,
To meet thy ſlow Return;
Thou know'ſt what Cares infeſt
My anxious Breaſt,
And how with Rage and Jealouſy I burn:
Then why this long Delay?

IRIS.

With all his Speed not yet the Sun
Thro' half his Race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread Command
Have thrice encompaſs'd Seas and Land.

JUNO.

JUNO.

Say, where is *Semele*'s Abode?
'Till that I know,
Tho' thou hadſt on Lightning rode,
Still thou tedious art and ſlow.

IRIS.

Look where *Citheron* proudly ſtands,
Bœotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.
High on the Summit of that Hill,
Beyond the Reach of mortal Eyes,
By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan*'s Skill,
Behold a new-erected Palace riſe.

There from mortal Cares retiring,
She reſides in ſweet Retreat;
On her Pleaſure, Jove *requiring,*
All the Loves and Graces wait.

Thither Flora *the Fair*
With her Train muſt repair,
Her amorous Zephyr *attending,*
All her Sweets ſhe muſt bring
To continue the Spring,
Which never muſt there know an Ending.

Bright

Bright Aurora, *'tis ſaid,*
From her old Lover's Bed
No more the gray Orient adorning,
For the future muſt riſe
From fair Semele's *Eyes,*
And wait 'till ſhe wakes for the Morning.

JUNO.

No more——I'll hear no more.
How long muſt I endure?——
How long with Indignation burning,
From impious Mortals
Bear this Inſolence?
Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
Seize, deſtroy the curs'd Adultreſs.
Scale proud *Citheron*'s Top:
Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
And down, down to the Flood of *Acheron*
Let her fall; let her fall, fall, fall:
Rolling down the Depths of Night,
Never more to behold the Light.
If I am own'd above,
Siſter and Wife of *Jove;*
(Siſter at leaſt I ſure may claim,
Tho' Wife be a neglected Name) If

If I th' Imperial Sceptre ſway—I ſwear
By Hell——
Tremble thou Univerſe this Oath to hear,
Not one of curs'd *Agenor*'s Race to ſpare.

IRIS.

Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
What Obſtacles you muſt ſurmount:
With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
Whoſe Entrance two fierce Dragons guard:
At each Approach they laſh their forky Stings,
And clap their brazen Wings:
And as their ſcaly Horrors riſe,
They all at once diſcloſe
A thouſand fiery Eyes,
Which never know Repoſe.

JUNO.

Hence, *Iris*, hence away,
Far from the Realms of Day;
O'er *Scythian* Hills to the *Meotian* Lake
A ſpeedy Flight we'll take:
There, *Somnus* I'll compel
His downy Bed to leave and ſilent Cell:
With Noiſe and Light I will his Peace moleſt,
Nor ſhall he ſink again to pleaſing Reſt,

'Till

Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
And ſeals with Sleep the wakeful Dragons' Eyes.
[*They aſcend.*

SCENE II.

The SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace of* SEMELE; *ſhe is ſleeping;* LOVES *and* ZEPHYRS *waiting.*

CUPID.

SEE, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd, ſtill panting ſhe lies;
While yet in her Mind ſhe repeats the Delight,
How ſweet is the Slumber that ſteals on her Eyes!
Come Zephyrs, *come, while* Cupid *ſings,*
Fan her with your ſilky Wings;
New Deſire
I'll inſpire,
And revive the dying Flames;
Dance around her
While I wound her,
And with Pleaſure fill her Dreams.

A Dance of Zephyrs, *after which* Semele *awakes, and riſes.*

SEMELE.

O Sleep, why doſt thou leave me?
Why thy viſionary Joys remove?
O Sleep, again deceive me,
To my Arms reſtore my wand'ring Love.

SCENE III.

Two LOVES *lead in* JUPITER; *while he meets and embraces* SEMELE, CUPID *ſings.*

CUPID.

SLEEP forſaking,
Seize him waking;
Love has ſought him,
Back has brought him;
Mighty Jove *tho' he be,*
And tho' Love cannot ſee,
Yet by feeling about
He has found him out,
And has caught him.

SEMELE.

SEMELE.

Let me not another Moment
Bear the Pangs of Abſence,
Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,
No more afflict me
With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealouſy.

JUPITER.

Lay your Doubts and Fears aſide,
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this Human Form I wear,
Think not I Man's Falſehood bear.
You are mortal, and require
Time to reſt and to reſpire.
Nor was I abſent,
Tho' awhile withdrawn,
To take Petitions
From the needy World.
While Love was with thee
I was preſent;
Love and I are one.

SEMELE.

If chearful Hopes
And chilling Fears,

Alternate Smiles,
Alternate Tears,
Eager Panting,
Fond Deſiring,
With Grief now fainting,
Now with Bliſs expiring;
If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.

BOTH.

If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.

SEMELE.

Ah me!

JUPITER.

Why ſighs my *Semele?*
What gentle Sorrow
Swells thy ſoft Boſom?
Why tremble thoſe fair Eyes
With interrupted Light?
Where, hov'ring for a Vent,
Amidſt their humid Fires,
Some new-form'd Wiſh appears.
Speak, and obtain.

SEMELE.

SEMELE.

At my own Happineſs
I ſigh and tremble;
Mortals whom Gods affect
Have narrow Limits ſet to Life,
And cannot long be bleſs'd.
Or if they could——
A God may prove inconſtant.

JUPITER.

Beware of Jealouſy:
Had *Juno* not been jealous,
I ne'er had left *Olympus,*
Nor wander'd in my Love.

SEMELE.

With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me,
Cauſeleſs doubting or deſpairing,
Raſhly truſting, idly fearing.
If obtaining
Still complaining,
If conſenting
Still repenting,

Moſt complying
When denying,
And to be follow'd, only flying.
With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me.

JUPITER.

Thy Sex of *Jove*'s the Maſter-piece,
Thou, of thy Sex, art moſt excelling.
Frailty in thee is Ornament,
In thee Perfection.
Giv'n to agitate the Mind,
And keep awake Men's Paſſions;
To baniſh Indolence,
And dull Repoſe,
The Foes of Tranſport
And of Pleaſure.

SEMELE.

Still I am mortal,
Still a Woman;
And ever when you leave me,
Tho' compaſs'd round with Deities
Of Loves and Graces,
A Fear invades me,
And conſcious of a Nature

Far

Far inferior,
I ſeek for Solitude,
And ſhun Society.

JUPITER. [*Apart.*]

Too well I read her Meaning,
But muſt not underſtand her.
Aiming at Immortality
With dangerous Ambition,
She wou'd dethrone *Saturnia;*
And reigning in my Heart
Wou'd reign in Heav'n.
Leſt ſhe too much explain,
I muſt with Speed amuſe her;
It gives the Lover double Pain,
Who hears his Nymph complain,
And hearing muſt refuſe her.

SEMELE.

Why do you ceaſe to gaze upon me?
Why muſing turn away?
Some other Object
Seems more pleaſing.

JUPITER.

Thy needleſs Fears remove,
My faireſt, lateſt, only Love.

By my Command,
Now at this Inſtant,
Two winged *Zephyrs*
From her downy Bed
Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear;
And both together
Waft her hither
Thro' the balmy Air.

SEMELE.

Shall I my Siſter ſee!
The dear Companion
Of my tender Years.

JUPITER.

See, ſhe appears
But ſees not me,
For I am viſible
Alone to thee.
While I retire, riſe and meet her,
And with Welcomes greet her.
Now all this Scene ſhall to *Arcadia* turn,
The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains;
There without the Rage of Jealouſy they burn,
And taſte the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *retires.* SEMELE *and* INO *meet and embrace. The* SCENE *is totally changed, and ſhows an open Country. Several Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes enter.* SEMELE *and* INO *having entertain'd each other in dumb Show, ſit and obſerve the Rural Sports, which end the Second Act.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A ſoft Symphony is heard. Then the Muſic changes to a different Movement.*

JUNO, IRIS.

JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake,
Raiſe thy reclining Head;

IRIS.

Thyſelf forſake,
And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

SOMNUS. [*Waking.*]

Leave me, loathſome Light;
Receive me, ſilent Night.
Lethe, *why does thy ling'ring Current ceaſe?*
O murmur, murmur me again to Peace.
[Sinks down again.

IRIS.

IRIS.

Dull God, canſt thou attend the Water's Fall,
And not hear *Saturnia* call?

JUNO.

Peace, *Iris,* Peace, I know how to charm him,
Paſithea's Name alone can warm him.

JUNO, IRIS.

Only Love on Sleep has Pow'r;
O'er Gods and Men
Tho' Somnus *reign,*
Love alternate has his Hour.

JUNO.

Somnus ariſe,
Diſcloſe thy tender Eyes;
For *Paſithea*'s Sight
Endure the Light:
Somnus ariſe.

SOMNUS. [*Riſing.*]

More ſweet is that Name
Than a ſoft purling Stream:
With Pleaſure Repoſe I'll forſake,
If you'll grant me but her to ſooth me awake.

JUNO.

My Will obey,

She

She ſhall be thine.
Thou with thy ſofter Pow'rs
Firſt *Jove* ſhalt captivate;
To *Morpheus* then give Order,
Thy various Miniſter,
That with a Dream in Shape of *Semele,*
But far more beautiful
And more alluring,
He may invade the ſleeping Deity;
And more to agitate
His kindling Fire,
Still let the Phantom ſeem
To fly before him,
That he may wake impetuous,
Furious in Deſire;
Unable to refuſe whatever Boon
Her Coyneſs ſhall require.

SOMNUS.

I tremble to comply.

JUNO.

To me thy leaden Rod reſign,
To charm the Centinels
On Mount *Citheron;*
Then caſt a Sleep on mortal *Ino,*

That

That I may ſeem her Form to wear,
When I to *Semele* appear.
Obey my Will, thy Rod reſign,
And *Paſithea* ſhall be thine.

SOMNUS.

All I muſt grant, for all is due
To *Paſithea,* Love, and you.

JUNO.

Away let us haſte,
Let neither have Reſt,
'Till the ſweeteſt of Pleaſures we prove;
'Till of Vengeance poſſeſs'd
I doubly am bleſs'd,
And thou art made happy in Love.

[*Ex.* Juno *and* Iris.

[Somnus *retires within his Cave, the Scene changes to* Semele's *Apartment.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

SEMELE *alone.*

I Love and am lov'd, yet more I deſire;
Ah, how fooliſh a Thing is Fruition!
As one Paſſion cools, ſome other takes Fire,
And I'm ſtill in a longing Condition.
Whate'er I poſſeſs
Soon ſeems an Exceſs,
For Something untry'd I petition;
Tho' daily I prove
The Pleaſures of Love,
I die for the Joys of Ambition.

SCENE III.

Enter JUNO *as* INO, *with a Mirror in her Hand.*

JUNO. [*Apart.*]

THUS ſhaped like *Ino,*
With Eaſe I ſhall deceive her,
And in this Mirror ſhe ſhall ſee
Herſelf as much transform'd as me.

Do

Do I ſome Goddeſs ſee! [*To her.*
Or is it *Semele?*

SEMELE.

Dear Siſter, ſpeak,
Whence this Aſtoniſhment?

JUNO.

Your Charms improving
To Divine Perfection,
Show you were late admitted
Amongſt Celeſtial Beauties.
Has *Jove* conſented?
And are you made immortal?

SEMELE.

Ah no, I ſtill am mortal;
Nor am I ſenſible
Of any Change or new Perfection.

JUNO. [*Giving her the Glaſs.*]

Behold in this Mirror
Whence comes my Surpriſe;
Such Luſtre and Terror
Unite in your Eyes,
That mine cannot fix on a Radiance ſo bright;
'Tis unſafe for the Senſe, and too ſlipp'ry for Sight.

SEMELE.

SEMELE. [*Looking in the Glaſs.*]

O Ecſtaſy of Happineſs!
Celeſtial Graces
I diſcover in each Feature!
Myſelf I ſhall adore,
If I perſiſt in gazing;
No Object ſure before
Was ever half ſo pleaſing.
How did that Glance become me!
But take this flatt'ring Mirror from me.
Yet once again let me view me.
Ah charming all o'er!

[Offering the Glaſs, withdraws her Hand again.

Here—hold, I'll have one Look more,
Tho' that Look I were ſure would undo me.

JUNO. [*Taking the Glaſs from her.*]

Be wiſe as you are beautiful,
Nor loſe this Opportunity.
When *Jove* appears,
All ardent with Deſire,
Refuſe his proffer'd Flame
'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.

SEMELE.

Can that avail me?

JUNO.

JUNO.

Unknowing your Intent,
And eager for poſſeſſing,
He unawares will grant
The nameleſs Bleſſing.
But bind him by the Stygian *Lake,*
Leſt Lover-like his Word he break.

SEMELE.

But how ſhall I attain
To Immortality?

JUNO.

Conjure him by his Oath
Not to approach your Bed
In Likeneſs of a Mortal,
But like himſelf, the mighty Thunderer,
In Pomp of Majeſty,
And heav'nly Attire;
As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,
And with ineffable Delights
Fills her encircling Arms,
And pays the Nuptial Rites.
By this Conjunction
With entire Divinity
You ſhall partake of heav'nly Eſſence,

And

And thenceforth leave this mortal State
To reign above,
Ador'd by *Jove*,
In ſpite of jealous *Juno*'s Hate.

SEMELE.

Thus let my Thanks be paid,
Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
And when I'm a Goddeſs made,
With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.

JUNO.

Rich Odors fill the fragrant Air,
And *Jove*'s Approach declare.
I muſt retire—

SEMELE.

Adieu—Your Counſel I'll purſue.

JUNO. [*Apart.*]

And ſure Deſtruction will enſue.
Vain wretched Fool—[*To her.*] Adieu.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *enters, offers to embrace* SEMELE; *she looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.*

JUPITER.

COME to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
Sooth my uneasy Care:
In my Dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I pursu'd thee,
For you fled from my Pray'r,
And bid me despair.
Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair.

SEMELE.

Tho' tis easy to please ye,
And hard to deny;
Tho' Possessing's a Blessing
For which I could die,
I dare not, I cannot comply.

JUPITER.

When I languish with Anguish,
And tenderly sigh,

Can you leave me, deceive me,
And ſcornfully fly?
Ah fear not; you muſt not deny.

SEMELE, JUPITER.

I dare not, I cannot comply.
Ah fear not; you muſt not deny.

JUPITER.

O *Semele,*
Why art thou thus inſenſible?
Were I a Mortal,
Thy barbarous diſdaining
Would ſurely end me,
And Death at my Complaining
In Pity would befriend me.

SEMELE.

I ever am granting,
You always complain;
I always am wanting,
Yet never obtain.

JUPITER.

Speak, ſpeak your Deſire,
I'm all over Fire.
Say what you require,
I'll grant it—now let us retire.

SEMELE.

SEMELE.

Swear by the *Stygian* Lake.

JUPITER.

By that tremendous Flood I ſwear,
Ye *Stygian* Waters hear,
And thou *Olympus* ſhake,
In witneſs to the Oath I take.

[*Thunder at a Diſtance, and underneath.*

SEMELE.

You'll grant what I require?

JUPITER.

I'll grant what you require.

SEMELE.

Then caſt off this human Shape which you wear,
And Jove *ſince you are, like* Jove *too appear;*
When next you deſire I ſhould charm ye.
As when Juno *you bleſs,*
So you me muſt careſs,
And with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

JUPITER.

Ah! take Heed what you preſs,
For beyond all Redreſs,
Should I grant what you wiſh, I ſhall harm ye.

SEMELE.

I'll be pleas'd with no leſs
Than my Wiſh in Exceſs;
Let the Oath you have taken alarm ye:
Haſte, haſte, and prepare,
For I'll know what you are;
So with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

SCENE V.

She withdraws, JUPITER *remains penſive and dejected.*

JUPITER.

AH! whither is ſhe gone? unhappy Fair!
Why did ſhe wiſh?——Why did I raſhly ſwear?
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall.
Anon, when I appear
The mighty Thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable Fire,
She needs muſt inſtantly expire.
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall. My

My ſofteſt Lightning yet I'll try,
And mildeſt melting Bolt apply:
In vain—for ſhe was fram'd to prove
None but the lambent Flames of Love.
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall.

SCENE VI.

JUNO *appears in her Chariot aſcending.*

JUNO.

ABOVE Meaſure
Is the Pleaſure
Which my Revenge ſupplies.
Love's a Bubble
Gain'd with Trouble,
And in poſſeſſing dies.
With what Joy ſhall I mount to my Heav'n again,
At once from my Rival and Jealouſy freed!
The Sweets of Revenge make it worth While to reign,
And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.

[She aſcends.

SCENE VII.

The SCENE *opening discovers* SEMELE *lying under a Canopy, leaning pensively. While a mournful Symphony is playing she looks up and sees* JUPITER *descending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is slow. Flashes of Lightning issue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the Air.*

SEMELE.

AH me! too late I now repent
My Pride and impious Vanity.
He comes! far off his Lightnings scorch me.
——I feel my Life consuming:
I burn, I burn—I faint—for Pity I implore—
O help, O help—I can no more. [*Dies.*

[*As the Cloud which contains* Jupiter *is arrived just over the Canopy of* Semele, *a sudden and great Flash of Lightning breaks forth, and a Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one Instant* Semele *with the Palace and the whole present Scene disappears, and* Jupiter *re-ascends swiftly. The Scene totally changed represents a pleasant Country, Mount* Citheron *closing the Prospect.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS *and* INO.

INO.

OF my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

O Terror and Aſtoniſhment!

INO.

How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long a Trance with-held me.
But *Hermes* in a Viſion told me
(As I have now related)
The Fate of *Semele;*
And added, as from me he fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* ſhould wed.

CADMUS.

Be *Jove* in ev'ry Thing obey'd.

[*Joins their Hands.*

ATHAMAS.

Unworthy of your Charms, myſelf I yield;
Be *Jove's* Commands and yours fulfill'd.

CADMUS.

See from above the bellying Clouds deſcend,
And big with ſome new Wonder this Way tend.

SCENE IX.

A bright Cloud deſcends and reſts on Mount Citheron, *which opening, diſcovers* APOLLO *ſeated in it as the God of Prophecy.*

APOLLO.

APOLLO *comes to relieve your Care,*
And future Happineſs declare.
From tyrannous Love all your Sorrows proceed,
From tyrannous Love you ſhall quickly be freed.
From Semele's *Aſhes a Phenix ſhall riſe,*
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:
A God he ſhall prove
More mighty than Love,
And a ſovereign Juice ſhall invent,
Which Antidote pure
The ſick Lover ſhall cure,
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.

Then

Then Mortals be merry, and ſcorn the blind Boy;
Your Hearts from his Arrows ſtrong Wine ſhall defend:
Each Day and each Night you ſhall revel in Joy,
For when Bacchus *is born, Love's Reign's at an End.*

CHORUS.

Then Mortals be merry, &c.

Dance of Satyrs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

———*Minuentur atræ*
Carmine curæ. Hor.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honorable

CHARLES

Lord HALIFAX, &c.

TO You, my Lord, my Muſe her Tribute pays
Of various Verſe, in various rude Eſſays;
To You ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early Voice,
By Inclination led, and fix'd by Choice;
To You, on whoſe Indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected Lays, ſhe now commends.
By no one Meaſure bound, her Numbers range,
And unreſolv'd in Choice, delight in Change;
Her Songs to no diſtinguiſh'd Fame aſpire,
For, now, ſhe tries the Reed, anon, attempts the Lyre;
In high *Parnaſſus* ſhe no Birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep Draughts of *Heliconian* Streams;

Yet

Yet near the ſacred Mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the Springs, and hovers round the Grove.
She knows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,
And fears to fall from an *Icarian* Height;
Yet, ſhe admires the Wing that ſafely ſoars,
At Diſtance follows, and its Track adores.
She knows what Room, what Force, the Swan requires,
Whoſe tow'ring Head above the Clouds aſpires,
And knows as well, it is Your Loweſt Praiſe,
Such Heights to reach with equal Strength and Eaſe.

O had your Genius been to Leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in Verſe with ancient *Greece* had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, ſev'n States divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch Renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the Patriot in the Poet loſt.
A true poetic State we had deplor'd,
Had not Your Miniſtry our Coin reſtor'd.

But ſtill, my Lord, tho' Your exalted Name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt Liſt of Fame,

EPISTLE.

Tho' Your Ambition ends in Public Good,
(A Virtue lineal to Your Houſe and Blood:)
Yet think not meanly of Your other Praiſe,
Nor ſlight the Trophies which the Muſes raiſe.
How oft, a Patriot's beſt laid Schemes we find
By Party croſs'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he ſucceed he undergoes this Lot,
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot.
But Honors which from Verſe their Source derive,
Shall both ſurmount Detraction, and ſurvive:
And Poets have unqueſtion'd Right, to claim
If not the Greateſt, the moſt Laſting Name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE

THE

Mourning Muſe of *ALEXIS.*

A

PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of

QUEEN *MARY.*

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem. Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, *Alexis,* ſee this gloomy Shade,
Which ſeems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made;
Where no glad Beams of Light can ever play,
But Night ſucceeding Night, excludes the Day;
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightſome Notes, to chear the duſky Air,
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewel,
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel.*
No Violet here, nor Daiſy e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly budding Flower, nor ſpringing Green;

For fragrant Myrtle, and the bluſhing Roſe,
Here, baleful Yew with deadly Cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd Moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of *Albion*'s Loſs;
Of *Albion*'s Loſs, and of *Paſtora*'s Death,
Begin thy mournful Song, and raiſe thy tuneful Breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah Woe too great! Ah Theme, which far exceeds
The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!
O could I ſing in Verſe of equal Strain,
With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain;
Or melting Words, and moving Numbers chooſe;
Sweet as the Britiſh *Colin*'s mourning Muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Aſtrofel;*
Then might I raiſe my Voice, (ſecure of Skill)
And with melodious Woe the Vallies fill;
The liſt'ning *Echo* on my Song ſhould wait,
And hollow Rocks *Paſtora*'s Name repeat;
Each whiſtling Wind, and murm'ring Stream ſhould tell
How Lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how Lamented fell.

MENAL-

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Laurel crown'd,
And high as *Pan* himſelf in Song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy Art avail to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:
But ſuch true Paſſion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and guſhing Tears,
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Diſtreſs,
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining Notes thy Paſſion vent,
And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs,
lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my Words, *Menalcas,* wild my Thought,
Artleſs as Nature's Notes, in Birds untaught;
Boundleſs my Verſe, and roving be my Strains,
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.
And thou *Thalia,* Darling of my Breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at *Comus'* Feaſt;
While in a Ring, the jolly Rural Throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my chearful Song:

Begone, with all thy Mirth and ſprightly Lays,
My Pipe no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing Laurels all to Cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal Cries the tender Air,
And beat thy ſnowy Breaſt, and rend thy yellow Hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt Wilds, thy Dwelling chooſe
Begone *Thalia,* Sorrow is my Muſe.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.
No more theſe Woods ſhall with her Sight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her Feet theſe flow'ry Plains be preſs'd;
No more the Winds ſhall with her Treſſes play,
And from her balmy Breath ſteal Sweets away;
No more theſe Rivers chearfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
While on their Banks the wond'ring Flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of Sight, and negligent of Food.
No more the Nymphs ſhall with ſoft Tales delight
Her Ears, no more with Dances pleaſe her Sight;

Nor

Nor ever more ſhall Swain make Song of Mirth,
To bleſs the joyous Day, that gave her Birth:
Loſt is that Day, which had from her its Light,
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs Night;
In endleſs Night, and Arms of Death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal Shades has ſhut *Paſtora*'s Eyes.
Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,
Stray all ye Flocks, and deſert be ye Plains,
Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye cryſtal Floods,
Fade all ye Flowers, and wither all ye Woods.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal Grot, which Damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholſome Ground;
The Marble weeps, and, with a ſilent Pace,
Its trickling Tears diſtil upon her Face.
Falſely ye weep, ye Rocks, and falſely mourn!
For never will you let the Nymph return!
With a feign'd Grief the faithleſs Tomb relents,
And like the Crocodile its Prey laments.
O ſhe was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were ſuch Beauties join'd:

Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the Senſe, and pleaſing to the Sight;
Like ſome rare Flow'r, whoſe Leaves all Colors yield,
And opening, is with ſweeteſt Odors fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed,
To which excelling Height, ſhe bore a Mind
Humble as Oſiers bending to the Wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was——
Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more.
Help me, ye Hills and Vallies, to deplore.

I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.

From that bleſs'd Earth, on which her Body lies,
May blooming Flow'rs with fragrant Sweets ariſe:
Let *Myrrha,* weeping Aromatic Gum,
And ever-living Laurel, ſhade her Tomb.
Thither, let all th' induſtrious Bees repair,
Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Honey there;
Thither, let Fairies with their Train reſort,
Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,
There, in unuſual Wailings waſte the Night,
And watch her, by the fiery Glow-worm's Light.

There,

There, may no diſmal Yew, nor Cypreſs grow,
Nor Holly Buſh, nor bitter Elder's Bough;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Neſt,
And diſtant Dens receive each howling Beaſt;
Let Wolves be gone, be Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls, and Bats that hate the Light.

But let the ſighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nightingales in ſweet Complainings ſing;
Let Swans from their forſaken Rivers fly,
And ſick'ning at her Tomb, make Haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her Elegy.
Let *Echo* too, in mimic Moan, deplore,
And cry with me, *Paſtora* is no more!

I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.

And ſee, the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Miſts obſcure the burden'd Air;
A ſudden Damp o'er all the Plain is ſpread,
Each Lily folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
On ev'ry Tree the Bloſſoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moiſture bears.
Their Wings the feather'd airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces ſtoop.

The Rocks are cleft, and new deſcending Rills
Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
And each, with ſtreaming Eyes, ſupplies his wanting Urn.
The Fawns forſake the Woods, the Nymphs the Grove,
And round the Plain in ſad Diſtractions rove;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of golden Hair.
With their ſharp Nails, themſelves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their ſhaggy Beards, and bite with Grief the Ground.
Lo, *Pan* himſelf, beneath a blaſted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in Pieces broke.
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild Deſpair,
And to the piercing Winds her Boſom bare.
And ſee yond fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears,
See how ſhe wrings her Hands, and beats her Breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs Girdle from her Waſte:

Hear

Hear the ſad Murmurs of her ſighing Doves,
For Grief they ſigh, forgetful of their Loves.
Lo, *Love* himſelf, with heavy Woes oppreſs'd!
See, how his Sorrows ſwell his tender Breaſt!
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings;
Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Graſs,
And all with Tears bedews his beauteous Face,
With Tears, which from his folded Lids ariſe,
And even *Love* himſelf has weeping Eyes.
All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,
And cry with me, *Paſtora* is no more!
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.
The Rocks can melt, and Air in Miſts can mourn,
And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;
The Birds, in Songs, their Sorrows can diſcloſe,
And Nymphs and Swains, in Words, can tell their Woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild Deſpair,
Which neither Winds can ſhow, nor Floods, nor Air.

See the great *Shepherd,* Chief of all the Swains,
Lord of theſe Woods, and wide-extended Plains,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and cloſe to Earth his Face,
Scalding with Tears th'already faded Graſs;
To the cold Clay he joins his throbbing Breaſt,
No more within *Paſtora*'s Arms to reſt!
No more! For thoſe once ſoft and circling Arms
Themſelves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.
Cold are thoſe Lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that Boſom, once all downy Bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft Pillows, lull'd in ſweet Delights,
He us'd, in balmy Sleep, to loſe the Nights.

Ah! where is all that Love and Fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender Sweetneſs laid?
To Duſt muſt all that Heav'n of Beauty come!
And muſt *Paſtora* moulder in the Tomb!
Ah Death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt Wolves or ſavage Tigers are;
With Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.

I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.

" But

"But ſee, *Menalcas,* where a ſudden Light,
"With Wonder ſtops my Song, and ſtrikes my Sight!
"And where *Paſtora* lies, it ſpreads around,
"Showing all radiant bright the ſacred Ground.
"While from her Tomb, behold a Flame aſcends
"Of whiteſt Fire, whoſe Flight to Heav'n extends!
"On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight
"Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light;
"'Till the blue Firmament at laſt it gains,
"And fixing there, a glorious Star remains:
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were ſeen PASTORA's *Eyes.*

TO

TO THE KING,

On the Taking of

NAMURE.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Præſenti tibi Maturos largimur Honores:
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Hor. ad Auguſt.

I.

OF Arms and War my Muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the Lyre upon an untry'd String:
New Fire informs my Soul, unfelt before;
And, on new Wings, to Heights unknown I ſoar.
O Pow'r unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs Force
Compell'd, I take this Flight, direct my Courſe:
For Fancy, wild and pathleſs Ways will chooſe,
Which Judgment, rarely, or with Pain, purſues.
Say, ſacred Nymph, whence this great Change proceeds;
Why ſcorns the lowly Swain his Oaten Reeds,

Daring

Daring aloud to ſtrike the Sounding Lyre,
And ſing Heroic Deeds;
Neglecting Flames of Love, for Martial Fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble Voice can raiſe;
What Voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his Praiſe!
The liſt'ning World each Whiſper will befriend
That breathes his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend,
The hov'ring Winds on downy Wings ſhall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign Lands, the flying Sound.
Ev'n I will in his Praiſe be heard;
For by his Name my Verſe ſhall be preferr'd.
Born like a Lark upon this Eagle's Wing,
High as the Spheres, I will his Triumph ſing;
High as the Head of *Fame; Fame,* whoſe exalted Size,
From the deep Vale extends, up to the vaulted Skies *:
A thouſand talking Tongues the Monſter bears,
A thouſand waking Eyes, and ever open Ears;

* *Virg. AEn.* 4.

Hourly

Hourly ſhe ſtalks, with huge Gigantic Pace,
Meaſu'ring the Globe, like Time, with conſtant Race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to *William*'s Praiſe:
Of Him, her thouſand Ears ſhall hear triumphant Lays,
Of Him, her Tongues ſhall talk, on Him her Eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a Change aſtoniſhing my Eyes!
And all around, behold new Objects riſe!
What Forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does Air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary Shape my various Thought?
Are theſe by Fancy wrought?
Can ſtrong Ideas ſtrike ſo deep the Senſe?
O ſacred Poeſy! O boundleſs Power!
What Wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden Worlds explore.
Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide circling Sky,
What is not fought and ſeen, by thy all-piercing Eye!

IV. 'Twas

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry Lawns the Proſpect made,
And flowing Brooks beneath a Foreſt's Shade;
A lowing Heifer, lovelieſt of the Herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce Bulls prepar'd
Their armed Heads for Fight; by Fate of War, to prove
The Victor worthy of the fair One's Love.
Unthought Preſage, of what met next my View!
For ſoon the ſhady Scene withdrew.
And now, for Woods, and Fields, and ſpringing Flow'rs;
Behold a Town ariſe, bulwark'd with Walls, and lofty Tow'rs!
Two rival Armies all the Plain o'erſpread,
Each in Battalia rang'd, and ſhining Arms array'd:
With eager Eyes, beholding both from far,
Namure, the Prize and Miſtreſs of the War.

V.

Now, Thirſt of Conqueſt, and Immortal Fame,
Does ev'ry Chief and Soldier's Heart inflame.

Defenſive

Defenſive Arms, the *Gallic* Forces bear;
While hardy *Britons* for the Storm prepare:
For Fortune had, with partial Hand, before
Reſign'd the Rule to *Gallia*'s Pow'r.
High on a Rock the mighty Fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's Hands.
A wond'rous Taſk it is th' Aſcent to gain,
Thro' craggy Cliffs, that ſtrike the Sight with Pain,
And nod impending Terrors o'er the Plain.
To this, what Dangers Men can add, by Force or Skill,
(And great is human Force and Wit, in Ill)
Are join'd; on ev'ry ſide, wide gaping Engines wait
Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;
Ready to hurl Deſtruction from above,
In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of *Jove*.
Thus fearful, does the Face of adverſe Pow'r appear;
But *Britiſh* Forces are unus'd to fear:
Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if *William* were not there.

VI. But

VI.

But hark, the Voice of War! Behold the Storm
begin!
The Trumpet's Clangor ſpeaks in loud Alarms,
Mingling ſhrill Notes, with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burſt, and rattling Claſh of Arms.
Clamors from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n
to Earth rebound,
Diſtinction, in promiſcuous Noiſe is drown'd,
And *Echo* loſt in one continu'd Sound.
Torrents of Fire from brazen Mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent;
Such Flames the Gulphs of *Tartarus* diſgorge,
So vaulted *Etna* roars from *Vulcan*'s Forge;
Such were the Peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt
Blaze that broke,
Redd'ning with horrid Gloom, the duſky
Smoke,
When the huge *Cyclops* did with moulding Thun-
der ſweat,
And maſſive Bolts on repercuſſive Anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this Rage, behold, where *William* ſtands,
Undaunted, Undiſmay'd!

With Face ſerene, diſpenſing dread Commands;
Which heard with Awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thouſand fiery Deaths around him fly;
And burning Balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry Fire his ſacred Head muſt ſpare,
Nor dares the Lightning touch the Laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded *Briton* feels the Rage
Of miſſive Fires that feſter in each Limb,
Which dire Revenge alone has Pow'r t'aſſuage;
Revenge makes Danger dreadleſs ſeem.
And now, with deſp'rate Force and freſh Attack,
Through obvious Deaths, reſiſtleſs Way they make;
Raiſing high Piles of Earth, and Heap on Heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As Race of Men inferior, may)
The fam'd Gigantic War.
When thoſe tall Sons of Earth, did Heav'n aſpire;
(A brave, but impious Fire!)

Uprooting

Uprooting Hills, with moſt ſtupendous Hale,
To form the high and dreadful Scale.
The Gods with Horror and Amaze, look'd down,
Beholding Rocks from their firm Baſis rent;
Mountain on Mountain thrown,
With threat'ning hurl, that ſhook th' Ethereal Firmament!
Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create;
Ev'n *Jove* deſponding ſat,
'Till *Mars* with all his Force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole *War* on the rebellious Brood;
Who tumbling headlong from th' *Empyreal* Skies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe Hills, by which they thought to riſe.
Mars, on the Gods did then his Aid beſtow,
And now in Godlike *William* ſtorms, with equal Force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken Pace,
And hardy Breaſts oppos'd to Danger's Face.
With daring Feet, on ſpringing Mines they tread
Of ſecret Sulphur, in dire Ambuſh laid.

Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring Earth
Trembles to give the dread Irruptions Birth.
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd Foe.
See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy Walls!
See, how the *Britons* riſe! ſee the retiring *Gauls!*
Now from the Fort, behold the yielding Flag is ſpread,
And *William*'s Banner on the Breach diſplay'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant Shouts, from every Voice!
The Skies with Acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the Hills rejoice,
And Rocks reflected *Ios* ſing!
Hautboys and Fifes and Trumpets join'd,
Heroic Harmony prepare,
And charm to Silence every Wind,
And glad the late Tormented Air.
Far, is the ſound of martial Muſic ſpread,

Echoing

Echoing thro' all the *Gallic* Hoſt,
Whoſe numerous Troops the dreadful Storm
ſurvey'd:
But they with Wonder, or with Awe, diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the Fortreſs loſt.
William, their num'rous Troops with Terror fill'd,
Such wond'rous Charms can Godlike Valor
ſhow!
Not the wing'd *Perſeus,* with Petrific Shield
Of *Gorgon*'s Head, to more Amazement charm'd
his Foe.
Nor, when on ſoaring Horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from Monſter's Rage, the Beauteous
Maid;
Or more Heroic was the Deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer Chains decreed,
Then was *Namure;* 'till now by *William* freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my Muſe, from thy too daring Height,
Deſcend to Earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd
Wing;
For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted
Flight,
And doſt with Pain of Triumphs ſing.

More fit for thee, reſume thy rural Reeds;
For War let more harmonious Harps be ſtrung:
Sing thou of Love, and leave great *William*'s Deeds
To *Him* who ſung the *Boyne;* or *Him* to whom he ſung.

THE

BIRTH of the MUSE.

To the Right Honorable

CHARLES Lord *HALIFAX.*

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori. Hor.

DESCEND, celeſtial *Muſe!* thy Son inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe thy holy Fire.
Belov'd of Gods and Men, thyſelf diſcloſe;
Say, from what Source thy heav'nly Pow'r aroſe,
Which

Which from unnumber'd Years deliv'ring down
The Deeds of Heroes deathleſs in Renown,
Extends their Life and Fame to Ages yet unknown.

Time and the *Muſe* ſet forth with equal Pace;
At once the Rivals ſtarted to the Race:
And both at once the deſtin'd Courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all Eternity contend.
One to preſerve what t'other cannot ſave,
And reſcue Virtue riſing from the Grave.

To thee, O *Montague*, theſe Strains are ſung,
For thee my Voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking Lyre is ſtrung;
For ev'ry Grace of ev'ry *Muſe* is thine,
In thee their various Fires united ſhine,
Darling of *Phœbus* and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my Song commend,
Whoſe Nature can forgive, and Pow'r defend,
And ſhow by Turns the Patron and the Friend.

Begin, my *Muſe*, from *Jove* derive thy Song,
Thy Song of right does firſt to *Jove* belong:
For thou thyſelf art of celeſtial Seed,
Nor dare a Sire inferior boaſt the Breed.

When firſt the Frame of this vaſt Ball was made,
And *Jove* with Joy the finiſh'd Work ſurvey'd;
Viciſſitude of Things, of Men and States,
Their Riſe and Fall were deſtin'd by the Fates.
Then *Time* had firſt a Name; by firm Decree
Appointed Lord of all Futurity.
Within whoſe ample Boſom Fates repoſe
Cauſes of Things, and ſecret Seeds encloſe,
Which ripening there, ſhall one Day gain a Birth,
And force a Paſſage thro' the teeming Earth.
To him they give, to rule the ſpacious Light,
And bound the yet unparted Day and Night;
To wing the Hours that whirl the rolling Sphere,
To ſhift the Seaſons, and conduct the Year.
Duration of Dominion and of Pow'r
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated Hour.
This mighty Rule, to *Time* the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard Conditions bind his Reign.
For ev'ry beauteous Birth he brings to Light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his Sight,)
He muſt again to native Earth reſtore,
And all his Race with Iron Teeth devour.
Nor Good nor Great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry Maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid Law.

Not

Not yet, the looſen'd Earth aloft was ſlung,
Or pois'd amid the Skies in Balance hung;
Nor yet, did golden Fires the Sun adorn,
Or borrow'd Luſtre ſilver *Cynthia*'s Horn;
Nor yet, had *Time* Commiſſion to begin,
Or Fate the many-twiſted Web to ſpin;
When all the heav'nly Hoſt aſſembled came
To view the World yet reſting on its Frame;
Eager they preſs, to ſee the Sire diſmiſs
And roll the Globe along the vaſt Abyſs.
When deep revolving Thoughts the God retain,
Which for a Space ſuſpend the promis'd Scene.
Once more his Eyes on *Time* intentive look,
Again, inſpect Fate's univerſal Book.
Abroad the wond'rous Volume he diſplays,
And preſent views the Deeds of future Days.
A beauteous Scene adorns the foremoſt Page,
Where Nature's Bloom preſents the Golden Age.
The Golden Leaf to Silver ſoon reſigns,
And fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly ſhines.
Of baſer Braſs, the next denotes the Times,
An impious Page deform'd with deadly Crimes.

The

The fourth yet wears a worſe and browner Face,
And adds to gloomy Days an Iron Race.
He turns the Book, and ev'ry Age reviews,
Then all the kingly Line his Eye purſues:
The firſt of Men, and Lords of Earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern Human-kind.
Of future Heroes, there, the Lives he reads,
In Search of Glory ſpent, and godlike Deeds;
Who Empires found, and goodly Cities build,
And ſavage Men compel to leave the Field.
All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow Space remov'd,
And hungry *Time* has all the Scene defac'd,
The Kings deſtroy'd, and laid the Kingdoms waſte;
Together all in common Ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the Ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, Compaſſion found,
To ſee great Actions in Oblivion drown'd;
And forward ſearch'd the Roll, to find if Fate
Had no Reſerve to ſpare the Good and Great.
Bright in his View the *Trojan* Heroes ſhine,
And *Ilian* Structures rais'd by Hands divine;

But

But *Ilium* ſoon in native Duſt is laid,
And all her boaſted Pile a Ruin made:
Nor great *AEneas* can her Fall withſtand,
But flies, to ſave his Gods, to foreign Land.
The *Roman* Race ſucceed the *Dardan* State,
And firſt and ſecond *Cæſar,* Godlike Great.
Still on to After-days his Eyes deſcend,
And riſing Heroes ſtill the Search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many Empires paſs'd;
When fair *Britannia* fix'd his Sight at laſt.

Above the Waves ſhe lifts her Silver Head,
And looks a *Venus* born from Ocean's Bed.
For rolling Years, her happy Fortunes ſmile,
And Fates propitious bleſs the beauteous Iſle;
To Worlds remote, ſhe wide extends her Reign,
And wields the Trident of the ſtormy Main.
Thus on the Baſe of Empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright *Eliza* rules the willing Lands.

But ſoon a low'ring Sky comes on apace,
And Fate revers'd ſhows an ill-omen'd Face.
The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horror fills,
And cloudy Veils involve her ſhining Hills;
Of Greatneſs paſt no Footſteps ſhe reta ns,
Sunk in a Series of inglorious Reigns.

She

She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame
Of Honors loſt, and her diminiſh'd Name:
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from Day to ſhroud her Head,
And glad wou'd ſhrink beneath her oozy Bed.

Thus far, the ſacred Leaves *Britannia*'s Woes
In ſhady Draughts and duſky Lines diſcloſe.
Th' enſuing Scene revolves a Martial Age,
And ardent Colors gild the glowing Page.

Behold! of radiant Light an Orb ariſe,
Which kindling Day, reſtores the darken'd Skies;
And ſee! on Seas the beamy Ball deſcends,
And now its Courſe to fair *Britannia* bends:
Along the foamy Main the Billows bear
The floating Fire, and waft the ſhining Sphere.
Hail, happy Omen! Hail, auſpicious Sight!
Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.
For ſee! a Prince, whom dazzling Arms array,
Purſuing cloſely, ploughs the wat'ry Way,
Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea.

Britannia, riſe; awake, O faireſt Iſle,
From Iron Sleep; again thy Fortunes ſmile.
Once more look up, the mighty Man behold,
Whoſe Reign renews the former Age of Gold.

The

The Fates at length the bliſsful Web have ſpun,
And bid it round in endleſs Circles run.
Again, ſhall diſtant Lands confeſs thy Sway,
Again, the wat'ry World thy Rule obey;
Again, thy martial Sons ſhall thirſt for Fame,
And win in foreign Fields a deathleſs Name;
For *William*'s Genius ev'ry Soul inſpires,
And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires.
Already, ſee, the hoſtile Troops retreat,
And ſeem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.
Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.
The haughty *Gaul*, who well, 'till now, might boaſt
A matchleſs Sword and unreſiſted Hoſt,
At his foreſeen Approach the Field forſakes;
His Cities tremble, and his Empire ſhakes.
His tow'ring Enſigns long had aw'd the Plain,
And Fleets audaciouſly uſurp'd the Main;
A gath'ring Storm he ſeem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a Deluge of deſtructive War.
'Till *William*'s ſtronger Genius ſoar'd above,
And down the Skies the daring Tempeſt drove.

So

So from the radiant Sun retires the Night,
And weſtern Clouds ſhot thro'with orient Light.
So when th'aſſuming God, whom Storms obey,
To all the warring Winds at once gives Way,
The frantic Brethren ravage all around,
And Rocks, and Woods, and Shores their Rage reſound;
Incumbent o'er the Main, at length they ſweep
The liquid Plains, and raiſe the peaceful Deep:
But when ſuperior *Neptune* leaves his Bed,
His Trident ſhakes, and ſhows his awful Head;
The madding Winds are huſh'd, the Tempeſts ceaſe,
And ev'ry rolling Surge reſides in Peace.
And now the ſacred Leaf a Landſcape wears,
Where, Heav'n ſerene, and Air unmov'd appears.
The Roſe and Lily paint the verdant Plains,
And Palm and Olive ſhade the Sylvan Scenes.
The peaceful *Thames* beneath his Banks abides,
And ſoft, and ſtill, the ſilver Surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the Fields, the whiſp'ring Breeze
With fragrant Breath remurmurs thro' the Trees.

The

The warbling Birds applauding new-born Light,
In wanton Meaſures wing their airy Flight.
Above the Floods the finny Race repair,
And bound aloft, and baſk in upper Air;
They gild their ſcaly Backs in *Phœbus'* Beams,
And ſcorn to ſkim the Level of the Streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous Face,
And blooms and ripens with the Fruits of Peace.
No more the lab'ring Hind regrets his Toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful Soil;
Secure the Glebe a plenteous Crop will yield,
And golden *Ceres* grace the waving Field.
Th' advent'rous Man, who durſt the Deep explore,
Oppoſe the Winds, and tempt the ſhelfy Shore,
Beneath his Roof now taſtes unbroken Reſt,
Enough with native Wealth and Plenty bleſs'd.
No more the forward Youth purſues Alarms,
Nor leaves the ſacred Arts for ſtubborn Arms.
No more the Mothers from their Hopes are torn,
Nor weeping Maids the promis'd Lover mourn.
No more the Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries,
Torment the patient Air and pierce the Skies.

But

But peaceful Joys the proſp'rous Times afford,
And baniſh'd Virtue is again reſtor'd.
And he whoſe Arms alone ſuſtain'd the Toil,
And propp'd the nodding Frame of *Britain*'s Iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious Deeds, her Leaders fir'd,
Have Honors loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal Sway will Virtue's Laws maintain,
And Good, as Great, in awful Peace ſhall reign;
For his Example ſtill the Rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to Conquer, teach to Live.
Proceeding on, the Father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding Leaves, and brighter ſtill beholds;
The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——
Nor wou'd *Britannia*'s Fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming Store.
Enough the Hero had already done,
And round the wide Extent of Glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining Path purſues,
But like the Sun the ſame bright Race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs Fates on him have Pow'r?
Or *Time* unequally ſuch Worth devour?
Then,

Then, wherefore ſhall the Brave for Fame conteſt?
Why is this Man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?
Whoſe ſoaring Genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs Fame the due Reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th' exalted Virtue views,
Nor can the Claim which it approves refuſe.

The Great Creator ſoon the Grant reſolves,
And in his mighty Mind the Means revolves.
He thought; Nor doubted once, again to chooſe,
But ſpake the Word, and made th'immortal *Muſe*.
Ne'er did his Pow'r produce ſo bright a Child,
On whoſe Creation Infant Nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd Form ſhe wears,
And Youth perpetual in her Face appears.
Th'aſſembled Gods, who long expecting ſtay'd,
With new Delight gaze on the lovely Maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for World was well delay'd.
Nor did the Sire himſelf his Joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his Eyes.
Intent a Space, at length he Silence broke,
And thus the God the heav'nly Fair beſpoke.

To thee, Immortal Maid, *from this bleſs'd Hour,*
O'er Time *and* Fame, *I give unbounded Pow'r.*

Thou from Oblivion ſhalt the Hero ſave;
Shalt raiſe, revive, immortaliſe the Brave.
To thee, the Dardan *Prince ſhall owe his Fame;*
To thee, the Cæſars *their eternal Name.*
Eliza *ſung by thee, with* Fate *ſhall ſtrive,*
And long as Time, *in ſacred Verſe ſurvive.*
And yet, O Muſe, *remains the nobleſt Theme;*
The firſt of Men, mature for endleſs Fame,
Thy future Songs ſhall grace, and all thy Lays,
Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on William's *Praiſe.*
On his heroic Deeds thy Verſe ſhall riſe;
Thou ſhalt diffuſe the Fires that he ſupplies:
Thro' him thy Songs ſhall more ſublime aſpire;
And he, thro' them, ſhall deathleſs Fame acquire:
Nor Time, *nor* Fate *his Glory ſhall oppoſe,*
Or blaſt the Monuments the Muſe *beſtows.*
This ſaid; no more remain'd. Th' *ethereal* Hoſt,
Again impatient crowd the cryſtal Coaſt.
The Father, now, within his ſpacious Hands,
Encompaſs'd all the mingled Maſs of Seas and Lands;
And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous Sphere,
He launch'd the World to float in ambient Air.

ON

ON

Mrs. *ARABELLA HUNT,* Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be huſh'd, each ſofteſt Motion ceaſe,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,
And ev'ry ruder Gaſp of *Breath*
Be calm, as in the *Arms* of Death.
And thou moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy Part,
Thou reſtleſs Wanderer, my Heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou buſy, idle Thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulſe; and let my *Blood,*
That turbulent, unruly Flood,
Be ſoftly ſtay'd:
Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.
Go, reſt, unneceſſary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
For I would hear her Voice, and try
If it be poſſible to die.

II.

Come all ye Love-ſick Maids and wounded Swains,
And liſten to her healing Strains.
A wond'rous *Balm* between her Lips ſhe wears,
Of ſov'reign Force to ſoften Cares;
And this through ev'ry Ear ſhe can impart,
(By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.
Swiftly the gentle Charmer flies,
And to the tender Grief ſoft *Air* applies.
Which, warbling Myſtic Sounds,
Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.
But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
Let no unpleaſing Murmur, or harſh Groan,
Your ſlighted Loves declare:
Your very tend'reſt moving Sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſt'rous here.
Hither let nought but ſacred *Silence* come;
And let all ſaucy Praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! *Silence* himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the Midnight God appear;
In all his downy Pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend *Shade:*

An

An ancient Sigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe Memory of Sound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his Throne:
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent Clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter Feet.
A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,
Stol'n from a Lover in Deſpair,
Like a thin Mantle, ſerves to wrap
In *Fluid* Folds his *Viſionary Shape*.
A Wreath of Darkneſs round his Head he wears,
Where curling Miſts ſupply the Want of Hairs:
While the ſtill Vapors, which from Poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And *Silence* now is drown'd
In Ecſtaſy of Sound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill *Air* is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And ev'ry Soul with Tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the Heav'nly Choir
Come flocking, to admire,

And with what Speed and Care,
Deſcending *Angels* cull the thinneſt *Air!*
Haſte then, come all th' Immortal Throng,
And liſten to her Song;
Leave your lov'd Manſions, in the Sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly;
Your Loſs of Heav'n, nor ſhall you need to fear,
While ſhe Sings, 'tis Heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd, ſee how the little Cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her Mouth, and ſip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.
Thoſe Lips, where in Surpriſe of *Bliſs* they rove;
For ne'er before did Angels taſte
So exquiſite a Feaſt,
Of Muſic and of Love.
Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,
Each ſacred Minſtrel tune his Lyre,
And with her Voice in Chorus join,
Her Voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.
Bleſs the glad Earth with Heav'nly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal *Accents* raiſe,

Which

Which only *Breath* inſpir'd can reach,
To Notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you
can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd Exceſs,
Are rapt in ſweet Forgetfulneſs:
Of all, of all, but of the preſent Happineſs:
Wiſhing for ever in that State to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

PRIAM's
LAMENTATION
AND
PETITION
TO
ACHILLES,
FOR THE
Body of his Son *HECTOR.*

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας·——

Argument Introductory to this Tranſlation.

Hector's *Body, (after he was ſlain) remained ſtill in the Poſſeſſion of* Achilles; *for which* Priam *made great Lamentation.* Jupiter *had Pity on him, and ſent* Iris *to comfort him, and direct him after what Manner he ſhould go to* Achilles's *Tent; and how he ſhould there ranſom the Body of his Son.* Priam *accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Preſents for* Achilles, *ſets forward to the* Grecian *Camp, accompanied by no Body but his Herald* Idæus. Mercury, *at* Jupiter's *Command, meets him by the Way, in the Figure of a young* Grecian, *and, after bemoaning his Misfortune, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobſerved,*

ſerved, through the Guards, and to the Door of Achilles's *Tent; which having performed, he diſcovered himſelf a God, and giving him a ſhort Inſtruction, how to move* Achilles *to Compaſſion, flew up to Heaven.*

SO ſpake the *God,* and Heav'nward took his Flight:
When *Priam* from his Chariot did alight;
Leaving *Idæus* there, alone he went
With ſolemn Pace, into *Achilles'* Tent.
Heedleſs, he paſs'd thro' various Rooms of State,
Until approaching where the Hero ſat;
There at a Feaſt, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's beſt belov'd, with all his Chiefs around:
Two only were t'attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcymus;* the reſt
At greater Diſtance, greater State expreſs'd.
Priam, unſeen by theſe, his Way purſu'd,
And firſt of all was by *Achilles* view'd.
About his Knees his trembling Arms he caſt,
And agoniſing graſp'd and held 'em faſt;
Then caught his Hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd 'em cloſe,
Thoſe Hands, th' inhuman Authors of his Woes;
Thoſe Hands, whoſe unrelenting Force had coſt
Much of his Blood (for many Sons he loſt.)

But

But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,
And ſeeking Refuge, does from Juſtice run;
Ent'ring ſome Houſe in haſte where he's unknown,
Creates Amazement in the Lookers-on:
So did *Achilles* gaze, ſurpris'd to ſee
The Godlike *Priam*'s *Royal Miſery;*
All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurpriſe
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their Eyes.
'Till he at length the ſolemn Silence broke;
And thus the venerable Suppliant ſpoke.

Divine *Achilles,* at your Feet behold
A proſtrate King, in Wretchedneſs grown old:
Think on your Father, and then look on me,
His hoary *Age* and helpleſs Perſon ſee;
So furrow'd are his Cheeks, ſo white his Hairs,
Such, and ſo many his declining Years;
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine ſuch his Miſery!
Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
And neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waſte;
Ev'n at this Time perhaps ſome pow'rful Foe,
Who will no Mercy, no Compaſſion ſhow,
Ent'ring his Palace, ſees him feebly fly,
And ſeek Protection, where no Help is nigh.

In

In vain, he may your fatal Abſence mourn,
And wiſh in vain for your delay'd Return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome Relief;
Some Hopes alleviate his Exceſs of Grief.
It glads his Soul to think, he once may ſee
His much-lov'd Son; would that were granted me!
But I, moſt wretched I! of all bereft!
Of all my worthy Sons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly Youths I had to boaſt,
When firſt the *Greeks* invaded *Ilion*'s Coaſt:
Nineteen, the joyful Iſſue of one Womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb.
Mercileſs War, this Devaſtation wrought,
And their ſtrong Nerves to Diſſolution brought.
Still one was left, in whom was all my Hope,
My Age's Comfort, and his Country's Prop;
Hector, my Darling, and my *laſt Defence*,
Whoſe Life alone, their Deaths could recompenſe:
And, to complete my Store of countleſs Woe,
Him you have ſlain—of him bereav'd me too!
For his Sake only, hither am I come;
Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endleſs Sum;
All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,
A worthleſs Ranſom for ſo brave Son.

Fear

Fear the juſt Gods, *Achilles;* and on me
With Pity look, think you your Father ſee;
Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
I can no Equal have in Miſeries;
Of all Mankind, moſt wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with ſuch Weight, as never has been born;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come;
With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's *Bane,*
And kiſs thoſe Hands, which have my Children
ſlain.
He ſpake.——
Now, Sadneſs o'er *Achilles'* Face appears,
Priam he views, and for his Father fears;
That, and Compaſſion melt him into Tears.
Then, gently with his Hand he put away
Old *Priam*'s Face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there with Tears, and Sighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the Fall of his ill-fated Son.
But Paſſion diff'rent Ways *Achilles* turns,
Now, he *Patroclus,* now, his Father mourns:
Thus both with Lamentations fill'd the Place,
Till Sorrow ſeem'd to wear one common Face.

THE

THE LAMENTATIONS OF HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, and HELEN,

Over the Dead Body of

HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former Tranſlation.

Priam, *at laſt, moves* Achilles *to Compaſſion, and after having made him Preſents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son.* Mercury *awakens* Priam *early in the Morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the Body, leſt* Agamemnon *ſhould be informed of his being in the Camp: He himſelf helps to harneſs the Mules and Horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without Noiſe, Chariot and all, from among the* Grecian *Tents; then flies up to Heaven, leaving* Priam *and* Idæus *to travel on with the Body toward* Troy.

NOW did the Saffron Morn her Beams diſplay,
Gilding the Face of univerſal Day;

When

When mourning *Priam* to the Town return'd;
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The Mules, beneath the mangled Body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual Weight of Woe.
To *Pergamus'* high Top *Caſſandra* flies,
Thence, ſhe afar the ſad Proceſſion ſpies:
Her Father and *Idæus* firſt appear,
Then *Hector*'s Corpſe extended on a Bier;
At which, her boundleſs Grief loud Cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro' the Streets ſhe ran:
Hither, ye wretched Trojans, *hither all!*
Behold the Godlike Hector's *Funeral!*
If e'er you went with Joy, to ſee him come
Adorn'd with Conqueſt and with Laurels home,
Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd Body ſee,
What once was all your Joy, now all your Miſery!
She ſpake, and ſtraight the num'rous Crowd obey'd,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City ſtay'd;
Common Conſent of Grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous Moan to *Scæa*'s Gate they run,
There the lov'd Body of their *Hector* meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh Lamentings, greet.

His

His rev'rend Mother, and his tender Wife,
Equal in Love, in Grief had equal Strife:
In Sorrow they no Moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling Wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs Corpſe to reach;
Aloud they beat their Breaſts, and tore their Hair,
Rending around with Shrieks the ſuff'ring Air.
Now had the Throng of People ſtopp'd the Way,
Who would have there lamented all the Day,
But *Priam* from his Chariot roſe, and ſpake:
Trojans, *enough; Truce with your Sorrows make;*
Give Way to me, and yield the Chariot Room;
Firſt let me bear my Hector's *Body home,*
Then mourn your fill. At this the Crowd gave Way,
Yielding, like Waves of a divided Sea.
Idæus to the Palace drove, then laid,
With Care, the Body on a ſumptuous Bed,
And round about were ſkilful Singers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad Notes expreſs'd

Their

Their Moan; *All* in a *Chorus* did agree
Of univerſal, mournful *Harmony*.
When, firſt, *Andromache* her Paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale Cheeks) ſhe
ſpoke.

ANDROMACHE's *Lamentation.*

O my loſt Huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early Fate, and too untimely Urn:
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,
And thou in Aſhes muſt with them be laid.
Why is my Heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched Thing, a *Widow*, left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were bleſs'd, were I alone undone;
Alas, my Child! where can an Infant run?
Unhappy Orphan! thou in Woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with Bleſſings
curs'd!
For long ere thou ſhalt be to Manhood grown,
Wide Deſolation will lay waſte this Town:
Who is there now that can Protection give,
Since he, who was her Strength, no more doth live?
Who

Who of her rev'rend Matrons will have Care?
Who ſave her Children from the Rage of War?
For *He* to *all* Father and Huſband was,
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows,* by his Loſs.
Soon will the *Grecians,* now, inſulting come,
And bear us Captives to their diſtant Home;
I, with my Child, muſt the ſame Fortune ſhare,
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War;
'Mongſt baſe-born Wretches he his Lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman Lord, a Slave.
Elſe ſome avenging *Greek,* with Fury fill'd,
Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd
By *Hector*'s Hand, on him will vent his Rage,
And with his Blood his thirſty Grief aſſuage;
For many fell by his relentleſs Hand,
Biting that Ground, which with their Blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,
And never did his Foe in Battle ſpare;
Thence come theſe Suff'rings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much Woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.

I ſaw him not, when in the Pangs of Death,
Nor did my Lips receive his lateſt Breath;
Why held he not to me his dying Hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt Command?
Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad Remembrance bear;
For I could never, never Words forget,
Which Night and Day, I ſhould with Tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.
Then, *Hecuba*, who long had been oppreſs'd
With boiling Paſſions in her aged Breaſt,
Mingling her Words with Sighs and Tears, begun
A Lamentation for her Darling Son.

HECUBA's *Lamentation.*

Hector, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear
Than all my other num'rous Iſſue were;
O my laſt Comfort, and my beſt belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe Fall, ev'n *Jove* himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a God his dread Commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar Care!
From fierce *Achilles'* Chains thy Corpſe was freed;
So kind a Fate was for none elſe decreed:

My

My other Sons, made Pris'ners by his Hands,
Were ſold like Slaves, and ſhipp'd to foreign Lands.
Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about *Patroclus'* Tomb,
His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy Hands had ſlain;
And yet that Cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his Life again.
Now freſh and glowing, even in Death, thou art,
And fair as he who fell by *Phœbus'* Dart.
Here weeping *Hecuba* her Paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal Moan again was made;
When *Helen's* Lamentation hers ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

HELEN's *Lamentation.*

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,
No *Brother* there had half ſo large a Part:
Not leſs than twenty Years are now paſs'd o'er
Since firſt I landed on the *Trojan* Shore;
Since I with Godlike *Paris* fled from Home;
(Would I had dy'd before that Day had come!)
In all which Time (ſo gentle was thy Mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a Deed unkind;

Not one untender Word, or Look of Scorn,
Which I too often have from others born.
But you from their Reproach ſtill ſet me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty;
If by my Siſters, or the Queen revil'd,
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
Your Kindneſs ſtill has all my Grief beguil'd.
Even in Tears let me your Loſs bemoan,
Who had no Friend alive, but you alone:
All will reproach me now, where'er I paſs,
And fly with Horror from my hated Face.
This ſaid; ſhe wept, and the vaſt Throng was mov'd,
And with a gen'rous Sigh her Grief approv'd.
When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning Crowd)
Roſe from his Seat, and thus he ſpake aloud.
Ceaſe your Lamentings, Trojans, *for a while,*
And fell down Trees to build a Fun'ral Pile;
Fear not an Ambuſh by the Grecians *laid,*
For with Achilles *twelve Days Truce I made.*
He ſpake, and all obey'd as with one Mind,
Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen join'd;

Forth

Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine Days Space was in that Labor ſpent;
The tenth, a moſt ſtupendous *Pile* they made,
And on the Top the manly *Hector* laid,
Then gave it Fire; while all, with weeping Eyes,
Beheld the rolling Flames and Smoke ariſe.
All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd;
But when the roſy Morn with Day return'd,
About the *Pile* the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining Flame.
His *Brothers* then, and Friends ſearch'd ev'ry where,
And gath'ring up his ſnowy Bones with Care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft Purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred *Aſhes* were interr'd;
Then o'er his Grave a *Monument* they rear'd.
Mean time, ſtrong Guards were plac'd, and careful Spies,
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent Surpriſe.
The Work once ended, all the vaſt Reſort
Of mourning People went to *Priam*'s Court;

There they refreſh'd their weary Limbs with Reſt,
Ending the Fun'ral with a ſolemn Feaſt.

PARAPHRASE upon *HORACE.*

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of ſoft Deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs Aid of ſprightly Wine
And wanton Eaſe, conſpires
To make my Heart its Peace reſign,
And re-admit Love's long rejected Fires.
For beauteous *Glycera* I burn,
The Flames ſo long repell'd with double Force return:
Matchleſs her Face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd Marble when reflecting Light;
Her very Coyneſs warms;
And with a graceful Sullenneſs ſhe charms:
Each Look darts forth a thouſand Rays,
Whoſe Luſtre an unwary Sight betrays,
My Eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II. She

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my Veins!
At once all *Venus* enters, and at large ſhe reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is bleſt,
I am her Palace, and her Throne my *Breaſt.*
Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
Or *Parthian Archers,* who in flying fight,
And make rough War their Sport;
Such idle Themes no more can move,
Nor any Thing but what's of high Import:
And what's of high Import, but Love?
Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
With Wine of two Years old, your Cups be fill'd:
After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
The Goddeſs may incline her Heart to yield.

STANZAS,

In Imitation of

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu Fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This Pious Artifice.
Not all theſe Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity.*
Eternity! that boundleſs Race,
Which *Time* himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace,)
Which, when ten thouſand thouſand Years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe Limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath;
And though thou cou'dſt for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One Supernumerary Gaſp from Death.

II. In

II.

In vain's thy inexhauſted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r;
Thy Honors, Titles, all muſt fail,
Where Piety itſelf can nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the Grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious Slave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in Duſt.
In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from Wounds of Arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Eaſe,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all thoſe *Arts* we try,
All our Evaſions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
And no Retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my Friend;
(The very Hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy End)
Thou

Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life;
Leave the warm Boſom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much-lov'd Offspring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking Carcaſs of its Lord.
Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots and Bow'rs,
Thy coſtly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Or but a Sprig of Roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
The reſt ſhall live and floriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory Maſter Dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting Heir,
A joyful Mourning wear:
And riot in the Waſte of that Eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much Pains to get.
All thy hid Stores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive Gold.

That

That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee
To Vaults and Priſons, ſhall again be free:
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling Surface ſhow,
And free as Element, profuſely flow.
With ſuch high Food he ſhall ſet forth his Feaſts,
That Cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his Gueſts;
And pamper'd Prelates ſee
Themſelves outdone in *Luxury*.

In IMITATION of *HORACE*,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air!*
How naked does the World appear!
But ſee (big with the Offſpring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth:
A Show'r of ſoft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new-clothe the Earth again.

Behold

Behold the Mountain Tops, around,
As if with Fur of Ermines crown'd:
And lo! how by Degrees
The univerſal Mantle hides the Trees,
In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky:
Trembling, the Groves ſuſtain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffuſive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Diſeaſe, through all its Veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
Let chearful Fire *Sol*'s feeble Beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with ſparkling Wine;
Let's drink, 'till our own Faces ſhine,
'Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both Light and Heat,
They are with Wine incorporate:
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no Froſt can fix;

Let

Let that but in Abundance flow,
And let it Storm and Thunder, Hail and Snow,
'Tis Heav'n's Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heaven ſtill for me:
Theſe Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough
the Seas,
Great *Jove* can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding Nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent Moment's all our Store:
The next, ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Inſtant *Now*.
Look on each Day you've paſt
To be a mighty Treaſure won:
And lay each Moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth does a thouſand Pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
The Flow'rs that floriſh in the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting *Boy,* invites
To revel, while you may, in ſoft Delights:
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with ſwifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and Shades obſcure ſhe flies,
There vails the bright Confeſſion of her Eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft Sighs conveys
The Whiſpers of her Heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if y'are rude;
Then from her Raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his Sight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd Laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the Way.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great Paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the Matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I wou'd try
Some Way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Cælia* be kind then; and ſince your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe Oglings that tell you my Paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhou'd ſpeak,
The Pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

THE

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR *Cælia* Love petended,
And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r,
Where *Damon* long attended
Beyond the promis'd Hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious Expectation,
His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his Paſſion.

ODE.

To all the Sex deceitful,
A long and laſt Adieu;
Since Women prove ungrateful
As oft as Men prove true.
The Pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The Joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But *Cælia* now repenting
Her Breach of Aſſignation,

Arriv'd

Arriv'd with Eyes conſenting
And ſparkling Inclination.
Like *Citherea* ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his Paſſion;
The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this Recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
And what Joy the Nymph's appearing,
After Abſence or Deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe Deſiring,
By contriving kind Delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel Abſence doom'd paſt Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return.
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Abſence try,
Save me from Abſence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er purſue Revenge;
For ſtill the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.
In Hours of Bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG in DIALOGUE.

For TWO WOMEN.

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,
And all my Coyneſs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my *Thyrſis* ſhall complain;

I'm

I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious Faſting.
2. And both will tire with often Taſting,
When they find the Bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is complete in kind Poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Bleſſing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent:
'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire;
And granting Deſire,
We feed not the Fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Cloe*'s falſe and common:
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very Woman;

As ſuch, I lik'd, as ſuch, careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
  She could do more for no Man.

II.

But oh! her Thoughts on others ran,
  And that you think a hard Thing;
Perhaps, ſhe fancy'd you the Man,
  And what care I one Farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her Body, you her Mind,
  Who has the better Bargain?

THE
PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
  One dear Bleſſing ere I die;
Long I've born Exceſs of Pain,
Let me now ſome Bliſs obtain.
  Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the God reply'd.

Bleſſings

Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not *Amynta*'s Slave?
Ceaſe, fond Mortal, to implore,
For Love, Love himſelf's no more.

SONG.

I.

CRUEL *Amynta,* can you ſee
A Heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through your Eyes the Conqueſt made.

II.

In Ambuſh there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs Smiles:
No Wretches are ſo loſt as they
Whom much Security beguiles.

SONG.

I.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

II.

With Light united, Day they give,
But different Fates ere Night fulfil:
How many by his Warmth will live!
How many will her Coldneſs kill!

Occaſioned on a LADY's *having writ* VERSES *in Commendation of a* POEM *which was written in Praiſe of another* LADY.

HARD is the Taſk, and bold th'adventr'ous Flight
Of Him, who dares in Praiſe of Beauty write;
For when to that high Theme our Thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.

And

And he, who praiſing Beauty, does no Wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his Song.
But when the Fair themſelves approve his Lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe,
His wide Ambition knows no farther Bound,
Nor can his Muſe with brighter Fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

Written after the Deceaſe of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, *under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on Earth another Voice like thine,
Another Hand ſo bleſs'd with Skill divine!
The late afflicted World ſome Hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS *Celinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but aſk the Favor;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

A

HYMN to *HARMONY.*

In Honor of

St. *CECILIA*'s Day, MDCCI.

Set to Muſic by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O *Harmony,* to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of ſacred Verſe, and ſweet reſounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praiſe.

All

All Hail to thee
All-pow'rful *Harmony!*
Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works reſigning to thy Care;
The planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their Way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.

CHORUS.

All Hail to thee
All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony,* with awful Sound
Could penetrate th' Abyſs profound,
Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
And ſearch the living Source of unborn Light.
Confuſion heard thy Voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd Head.
Then didſt thou, *Harmony,* give Birth
To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all thoſe ſhining Worlds above
In myſtic Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of central Fire,
A never ceaſing, never ſilent Choir.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Confuſion heard thy Voice and fled,
And Chaos *deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd Head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs, firſt could'ſt tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didſt to heav'nly Minds reveal
The ſecret Force of tuneful Sound.
When firſt *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,
Thou didſt the God inſpire;
When firſt the vocal Shell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung:
Then firſt the Muſes ſung; melodious Strains
Apollo play'd,
And Muſic firſt begun by thy auſpicious Aid.
Hark, hark, again *Urania* ſings!
Again *Apollo* ſtrikes the trembling Strings!
And ſee, the liſt'ning Deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the Sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, again Urania *ſings!*
Again Apollo *ſtrikes the trembling Strings!*
And ſee, the liſt'ning Deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the Sound.

IV. Deſcend,

IV.

Deſcend, *Urania,* heav'nly Fair!
To the Relief of this afflicted World repair;
See how with various Woes oppreſs'd,
The wretched Race of Men is worn;
Conſum'd with Cares, with Doubts diſtreſs'd,
Or by conflicting Paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her Aid,
The furious Will on Fancy waits;
While Reaſon, ſtill by Hopes or Fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too ſoon retreats.
Muſic alone with ſudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Senſe, and calm the troubled Mind.

CHORUS.

Muſic alone with ſudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Senſe, and calm the troubled Mind.

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, ye ſacred Nine,
Your Inſtruments and Voices join;
Harmony, Peace, and ſweet Deſire,
In ev'ry Breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
And ſoft Repoſe to reſtleſs Thoughts impart.

Appeaſe

Appeaſe the wrathful Mind,
To dire Revenge and Death inclin'd:
With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood aſſuage,
And melt to mild Remorſe his burning Rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous Paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Eaſe is bleſs'd,
By Muſic lull'd to pleaſing Reſt.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous Paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Eaſe is bleſs'd,
By Muſic lull'd to pleaſing Reſt.

VI.

Ah, ſweet Repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah, fooliſh Man, new Toils requiring!
Curs'd Ambition, Strife purſuing,
Wakes the World to War and Ruin.
See, ſee, the Battle is prepar'd!
Behold the Hero comes!
Loud Trumpets with ſhrill Fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding Drums.
War, with diſcordant Notes and jarring Noiſe,
The Harmony of Peace deſtroys.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

War, with diſcordant Notes and jarring Noiſe,
The Harmony of Peace deſtroys.

VII.

See the forſaken Fair, with ſtreaming Eyes
Her parting Lover mourn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong Nights,
Bewailing paſt Delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O ſooth her Cares
With ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Airs,
'Till Victory and Peace reſtore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breaſt,
Within her folding Arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let Victory and Peace reſtore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breaſt,
Within her folding Arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII. Enough,

VIII.

Enough, *Urania,* heav'nly Fair!
Now to thy native Skies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry Sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the World of Care.
Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her Feet lay down
His Golden Harp and Laurel Crown.
The ſoft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majeſtic Sound.
In Peals the ſwelling Notes aſcend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the ſwelling Notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Muſic never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, *more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!*
Phœbus *himſelf to her muſt yield,*
And at her Feet lay down
His Golden Harp and Laurel Crown.
The ſoft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majeſtic Sound.

In

In Peals the ſwelling Notes aſcend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the ſwelling Notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Muſic never dies.

VERSES

To the Memory of

GRACE Lady *GETHIN*,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, Entitled,

RELIQUIAE GETHINIANAE.

AFTER a painful Life in Study ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their Ignorance lament;
And aged Men, whoſe Lives exceed the Space
Which ſeems the Bound preſcrib'd to mortal Race,
With hoary Heads, their ſhort Experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,
So frail is Life, and fruitleſs Human Pain!
Whoe'er

Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict Attention, what this Book unfolds,
With Admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion, Who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?
For ſo complete the finiſh'd Piece appears,
That Learning ſeems combin'd with Length of Years;
And both improv'd by pureſt Wit, to reach
At all that Study, or that Time can teach.
But to what Height muſt his Amazement riſe!
When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes
Again to view the foremoſt op'ning Page,
And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure Mind aroſe
Th' Ethereal Source from whence this Current flows!
When Prodigies appear, our Reaſon fails,
And Superſtition o'er Philoſophy prevails.
Some heav'nly Miniſter we ſtraight conclude,
Some Angel-Mind with Female Form endu'd,
To make a ſhort Abode on Earth, was ſent,
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright Example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.

Whether

Whether around the Throne, eternal Hymns
She ſings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;
Or ſome refulgent Star informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſs'd Intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of* Stanton Harcourt, *Eſq; and* ROBERT *his Son.*

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain
Father and Son, together laid;
Whoſe living Virtues ſhall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
What Man ſhou'd be, to Ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd Worth ſhould do, or ſhun,
At full was in the Father ſhown;
What Youth cou'd promiſe, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

TO
Mr. *DRYDEN*,
ON HIS
TRANSLATION of *PERSIUS*.

AS when of Old heroic Story tells
Of Knights impriſon'd long by magic Spells,
'Till future Time the deſtin'd Hero ſend,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such ſeems this Work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great Revealer of dark Poeſy.
Thoſe ſullen Clouds, which have for Ages paſt,
O'er *Perſius*' too-long ſuff'ring Muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred Pen,
And, in their Room, bright Tracks of Light are ſeen.

Sure

Sure *Phœbus'* ſelf thy ſwelling Breaſt inſpires,
The God of Muſic, and Poetic Fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great Surpriſe of Light!
How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of Night!
Our Wonder, now, does our paſt Folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So, Unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred Oracles, in Myſteries.
Perſius, before, in ſmall Eſteem was had,
Unleſs, what to Antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far, our Ignorance our Faith miſled)
'Till you, *Apollo*'s darling Prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the Poet's ſacred Writ.
As Coin, which bears ſome awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinſic Worth will paſs:
So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
To you, we all this following Treaſure owe,
This *Hippocrene,* which from a Rock did flow.
Old *Stoic* Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in Modern Brilliant ſhines:

And as before, for *Perſius*, our Eſteem
To his Antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever Praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to Old *Perſius*, but the New.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.

So, ſtubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal;
But thro' your Skill, from thoſe ſmall Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames ariſe, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH

SATIRE of *JUVENAL.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all Manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant Luxury uſed by the Romans, *in their Feaſting. The Poet draws the Occaſion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular Invective againſt the Vanity and Folly of ſome Perſons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the Height of Men of great Eſtates and Quality. He ſhows us, the miſerable End of ſuch Spendthrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courſes, which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing*

viſing Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes Occaſion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the greateſt Men, in former Ages: To which he oppoſes the Riot and Intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible Remiſſneſs in the Care of Heaven over the Roman *State. He inſtances ſome lewd Practices at their Feaſts, and by the by, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery conſiſt with their principal Pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; adviſing him (in one Particular ſomewhat freely) to a Neglect of all Cares and Diſquiets, for the preſent; and a moderate Uſe of Pleaſures, for the future.*

IF Noble [1] *Atticus* make ſplendid Feaſts,
And with expenſive Food indulge his Gueſts;
His Wealth and Quality ſupport the Treat:
Nor is it *Luxury* in him, but *State*.
But when poor [2] *Rutilus* ſpends all he's worth,
In Hopes of ſetting one good Dinner forth;
'Tis downright Madneſs; for what greater *Jeſts*,
Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feaſts*?
But *Rutilus* is now notorious grown,
And proves the common Theme of all the Town.
A Man, in his full Tide of youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's Good;
Urg'd [3] by no Pow'r, reſtrain'd by no Advice,
But following his own inglorious Choice:

'Mongſt common *Fencers,* practiſes the Trade,
That End debaſing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford,
But his *Diſgrace* is owing to his *Sword.*
Many there are of the ſame [4] wretched Kind,
Whom their deſpairing Creditors, may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole Bliſs is Eating; who can give
But that one brutal Reaſon why they live.
And yet, what's more ridiculous, of theſe,
The pooreſt Wretch, is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent Rags declare
How much his tatter'd Fortune wants Repair,
Wou'd ranſac ev'ry *Element,* for Choice
Of ev'ry Fiſh and Fowl, at any Price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a Flavor then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater Guſt.
In Riot thus, while Money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new Pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere Neceſſity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Diſh, to buy his Meat.

Nothing

Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he ſpares,
Not what his Mother's ſacred Image bears;
The broken [5] Relic, he with Speed devours,
As he wou'd all the reſt of's Anceſtors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal.*
Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, ſoon, and Want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable Scraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now, you ſee a plenteous Feaſt:
The Queſtion is, at whoſe Expence 'tis dreſs'd.
In great [6] *Ventidius*, we the *Bounty* prize;
In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* deſpiſe.
Strange Ignorance! That the ſame Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Molehill ſhows,
Shou'd not perceive a Difference as great,
Between ſmall Incomes, and a vaſt Eſtate!
From Heav'n, to Mortals, ſure, that Rule was ſent,
Of *Know thyſelf*, and by ſome God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
Through all the various Courſes which we ſteer.

Therſites,[7] tho' the moſt preſumptuous *Greek,*
Yet durſt not for *Achilles'* Armor ſpeak;
When ſcarce[8] *Ulyſſes* had a good Pretence,
With all th' Advantage of his *Eloquence.*
Whoe'er attempts weak Cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and Force of Senſe:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.

If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to Thrift, not *Luxury;*
And wiſely make that Kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Neceſſity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want, at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious Throats have ſwallow'd *All,*
Both Land and Stock, Int'reſt and Principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile[9] *Pollio's* Fate,
Who ſold his very Ring, to purchaſe Meat;
And tho' a *Knight,* 'mongſt common Slaves now ſtands,
Begging an Alms, with undiſtinguiſh'd Hands.

Sure

Sure ſudden Death to ſuch ſhou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Miſery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy.
But there are Steps in Villany, which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow, by Degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall Stock of Credit gone,
Leſt *Rome* ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the midſt of Summer's ſcorching Heat,
From Crowds, and Noiſe, and Buſineſs to retreat.
One only Grief ſuch Fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the Pleaſures left behind;
The Plays and looſe Diverſions of the Place;
But not one Bluſh appears for the Diſgrace.
Ne'er was of Modeſty ſo great a Dearth,
That out of Count'nance Virtue's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
She's with [10] *Aſtræa* gone, not to return.

This

This Day, my [11] *Perſicus,* thou ſhalt perceive
Whether, myſelf I keep thoſe Rules I give,
Or elſe, an unſuſpected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate Fare and Abſtinence, I prize
In public, yet in private *gormandiſe.*
Evander's [12] Feaſt reviv'd, to Day thou'lt ſee;
The poor *Evander,* I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides [13] and *AEneas* both to me.
Mean time, I ſend you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not ſurpris'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer:
For Nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall Farm, the tend'reſt *Kid*
And fatteſt of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had Nouriſhment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,
Scarce Graſs; its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.
Next that, ſhall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly Country-Maid.
The largeſt Eggs, yet warm within the Neſt,
Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of Grapes, preſerv'd for half a Year,
Which, plump and freſh as on the Vines appear;

Apples

Apples of a ripe Flavor, freſh and fair;
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digeſtion now, and fit for Uſe.
Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot, in a *Senator:*
When the good [14] *Curius* thought it no Diſgrace,
With his own Hands, a few ſmall Herbs to dreſs;
And from his little Garden cull'd a Feaſt,
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a Slave but has to Dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd [15] Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous Treat,
On Birth-Days, Feſtivals, or Days of State;
A ſalt, dry Flitch of Bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
Which rarely happen'd: And 'twas highly priz'd
If [16] aught was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To Entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come
The Worthieſt and the Greateſt Men in *Rome;*
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch Treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice [17] *Conſuls* been;
Or the [18] *Dictator*'s Office had diſcharg'd,
And now from Honorable Toil enlarg'd,

Retir'd

Retir'd to huſband and manure their Land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y'have ſeen the good old Gen'ral haſte,
Before th' appointed [19] Hour to ſuch a Feaſt;
His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
Proud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Field.
'Twas then, when pious *Conſuls* bore the Sway,
And Vice diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay.
Our [20] *Cenſors* then were ſubject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r itſelf, of Juſtice ſtood in Awe.
It was not then, a *Roman*'s anxious Thought,
Where largeſt Tortoiſe-Shells were to be bought,
Where Pearls might of the greateſt Price be had,
And ſhining Jewels to adorn his [21] Bed,
That he at vaſt Expence might loll his Head.
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The Soldier then, in [22] *Grecian* Arts unſkill'd,
Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field:
If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he brought,
With Jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,

To

To glorious Trappings ſtraight the Plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike Figures were inlaid:
The *Roman Wolf*, ſuckling the [23] Twins was there,
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
Hov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threat'ning Death to each reſiſting Foe.
No Uſe of Silver, but in Arms was known,
Splendid they were in War, and there alone.
No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating Slaves, with maſſive Diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive Riot was not underſtood,
But Earthern Platters held their homely Food.
Who wou'd not envy them that Age of Bliſs,
That ſees with Shame the *Luxury* of This?
Heaven unwearied then, did Bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove *foretold each dang'rous Hour;*
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He ſnuff'd their Incenſe with a gracious Nod;
And wou'd have ſtill been bounteous, as of Old,
Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.

His

His Golden [24] *Statues, hence the God have driv'n:*
For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
'Tis Gold we worſhip, though we pray to Heav'n.

Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from *Japan.*
Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have
The niceſt Diſh his Appetite can crave;
But let it on an Oaken Board be ſet,
His Lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Ven'ſon*'s Rank, or [25] *Ointments* ſtink.
Order ſome other Table to be brought,
Something, at great Expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whoſe *Orb,* large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedeſtals of [26] *Ivory:*
He finds no more of that offenſive Smell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain Whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new Vigor to his Teeth were ſent,
By *Sympathy* from thoſe o' th' *Elephant.*

But ſuch fine Feeders are no Gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality.

Then,

Then, that unfaſhionable Man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve, for want of Ivory:
For not one Inch does my whole Houſe afford,
Not in my very *Tables,* or *Cheſs-board;*
Of Bone, the Handles of my Knives are made,
Yet no ill Taſte from thence affects the Blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſav'ry *Haut-goût* from the Haft.

A hearty Welcome, to plain wholeſome Meat,
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal State;
No *Sew'rs,* nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by ſkilful[27] *Trypherus* are taught:
In whoſe fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
Of Fiſhes, Beaſts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
How to diſſect, and the nice Joints diſcern;
While all the Neighb'rhood are with Noiſe oppreſs'd,
From the harſh Carving of his *wooden Feaſt.*
On me attends a raw unſkilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
At once my *Carver* and my[28] *Ganymede;*

With

With Diligence he'll ſerve us while we Dine,
And in plain Beechen Veſſels fill our Wine.
No beauteous Boys I keep, from [29]*Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites,* by ſhameful *Pandars* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
With honeſt Faces, though with uncurl'd Hair.
This Day thou ſhalt my Rural Pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman*'s is, t'other my *Shepherd*'s Son;
A chearful Sweetneſs in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face:
Tho' ſometimes Sadneſs will o'ercaſt the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His Abſence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wiſhes to return,
Longing to ſee his tender Kids again,
And feed his Lambs upon the flow'ry Plain:
A modeſt Bluſh he wears, not form'd by Art,
Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart.

Such

Such Looks, ſuch Baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The Cheeks of Youths that are more nobly born,
But Noblemen thoſe humble Graces ſcorn.
This Youth, to Day ſhall my ſmall Treat attend,
And only he with Wine ſhall ſerve my Friend,
With Wine from his own Country brought, and made
From the ſame Vines, beneath whoſe fruitful Shade
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh Feaſt,
With am'rous Songs and [30] wanton Dances grac'd;
Where ſprightly Females, to the Middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and friſk in Air;
Whoſe pliant Limbs in various Poſtures move,
And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action ſtir,
And jaded Luſt ſprings forward with this Spur.
Virtue [31] would ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Huſbands, now, do with their Wives behold;
A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.

In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Deſire.
But ſhe, who by her Sex's Charter, muſt
Have double Pleaſure paid, feels double Luſt;
Apace ſhe warms, with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Boſom heaves, and Pulſes beat;
With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips ſhe lies,
With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Paſſion both at Ears and Eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my Eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious Follies of the Great.
Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,
Whoſe Marble Floors, with drunken Spawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious Songs and Dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt Slave,
The vileſt Proſtitute in all the Stews,
With baſhful Indignation wou'd refuſe.
But Fortune there extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A *Veſtal* raviſh'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diverſions in a *Lord*.

But

But my poor Entertainment is deſign'd
T'afford you Pleaſures of another Kind:
Yet with your Taſte your Hearing ſhall be fed,
And *Homer*'s ſacred Lines, and *Virgil*'s read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they're ſung,
Verſe ſo ſublimely good, no Voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
Thy Jealouſies and Fears, and while you may,
To Peace and ſoft Repoſe, give all the Day.
From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
Be free, be all uneaſy Paſſions ſtill.
What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all Night)
Steal from thy Bed and Houſe, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her Flame, come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her Face, and with diſorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Boſom bare;
With Ears ſtill tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in Sin, ſtill burning in Deſire:

Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with Paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from Night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doting on her Charms,
Take her (the laſt of Twenty) to your Arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
At th' Entrance of my Threſhold be forgot;
All thy Domeſtic Griefs at Home be left,
The Wife's Adult'ry, with the Servants' Theft;
And (the moſt racking Thought, which can intrude)
Forget falſe Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at Home begin,
While [32] *Megalenſian* Shows are in the [33] *Circus* ſeen:
There (to the Bane of Horſes) in high State
The [34] *Prætor* ſits on a Triumphal Seat;
Vainly with Enſigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
As if with Conqueſt, from the Wars return'd.
This Day all *Rome,* (if I may be allow'd,
Without Offence to ſuch a num'rous Crowd,
To ſay all *Rome)* will in the *Circus* ſweat;
Echos already do their Shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the Cry—*Away, away,*
The [35] *Green have won the Honor of the Day.*

Oh,

Oh, ſhould theſe Sports be but one Year forborn,
Rome would in Tears her lov'd Diverſion mourn;
For that would now a Cauſe of [36] Sorrow yield,
Great as the Loſs of [37] *Cannæ*'s fatal *Field.*
Such Shows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
On Beds of *Roſes* laid, let us repoſe,
While round our Heads refreſhing *Ointment* flows;
Our aged Limbs we'll baſk in *Phœbus*' Rays,
And live this Day devoted to our Eaſe.
Early to Day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
Nor need we now the common [38] Cenſure fear:
On *Feſtivals,* it is allow'd no Crime
To Bathe, and Eat, before the uſual Time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a Loathing give,
Nor could you thus a Week together live:
For, frequent Uſe would the Delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a Toil, when conſtantly purſu'd.

Explanatory NOTES on the foregoing SATIRE.

1 ATTICUS. *The Name of a very eminent Perſon in* Rome: *But here it is meant to ſignify any one of great Wealth and Quality.*

2 Rutilus. *One who by his own extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduced to the moſt ſhameful Degree of Poverty. This, likewiſe, is here made uſe of, as a common Name to all Beggarly Gluttons, ſuch whoſe unreaſonable Appetites remain after their Eſtates are conſumed.*

3 Urg'd by no Power, reſtrain'd by no Advice. *Sometimes Perſons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of* Nero, *to practiſe the Trade of Fencing, and to fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diverſion; otherwiſe, ſeldom any but common Slaves or condemn'd Malefactors were ſo employed: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Perſon, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelihood (like* Rutilus) *applied himſelf to that wretched Trade.*

Reſtrain'd by no Advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compelled to ſuch a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was ſuffered to undertake it, and not adviſed, or commanded by the Magiſtracy, to the contrary.

4 Of the ſame wretched Kind, *viz.*
Reduced to Poverty by riotous living.

5 The

5 The broken Relic.
Broken, or defaced; that it might not be diſcovered to be his Mother's Picture, when expoſed to Sale.

6 Ventidius. *A noble* Roman, *who lived Hoſpitably.*

7 Therſites. *An Impudent, Deformed, Ill-Tongued Fellow (as* Homer *deſcribes him,* Iliad 2.) *who accompanied the* Grecian *Army to the Siege of* Troy; *where he took a Privilege often to rail and ſnarl at the Commanders. Some relate, that at laſt* Achilles, *for his Saucineſs, killed him with a Blow of his Fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand* Juvenal, *here, as relating a Matter of Fact; but* Therſites *is uſed here, to ſignify any Body of the ſame Kind: As before,* Atticus *and* Rutilus. *The Meaning is, that ſuch as he ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes *in contending for* Achilles *his Armor. See his Character admirably improved by Mr.* Dryden *in his Tragedy of* Truth found too late.

8 Ulyſſes. *The moſt eloquent of all the* Grecian *Princes. After* Achilles's *Death,* Ajax, *a famed* Grecian *Warrior, pretended to his Armor;* Ulyſſes *oppoſed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtained the Prize.* Ovid. Metam. 13.

9 Pollio. *Brought to that Paſs, by his Gluttony, that he was forced to ſell his Ring, the Mark of Honor and Diſtinction, worn by the* Roman *Knights.*

10 Aſtræa. *The Goddeſs of Juſtice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.*

Ultima Cœleſtûm Terras Aſtræa reliquit.
OVID.

11 Perſicus. Juvenal's *Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addreſſes this Satire.*

12 Evander. *A Prince of* Arcadia, *who unluckily killing his Father, forſook his own Country, and came into* Italy; *ſettling in that Place, where afterwards* Rome *was built.* Virgil, AEn. 8. *tells us that he entertained both* Hercules *and* AEneas, *when he was in a low Condition.*

13 Alcides. Hercules, *ſo called from his Grandfather* Alcæus.

14 Curius Dentatus. *A Great Man who had been three Times Conſul of* Rome, *and had triumphed over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.*

15 *A Diſh in great Eſteem among the* Romans.

——Nil Vulva pulchrius ampla. HORAT.

16 *If they killed a Sacrifice, and any Fleſh remained to ſpare, it was prized as an accidental Rarity.*

17 Conſul. *By the Tyranny of* Tarquinius Superbus, *(the laſt* Roman *King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolved to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Perſons, who were to be choſen every Year anew, and whom they called* Conſuls.

18 Dictator. *Was a General choſen upon ſome emergent Occaſion; his Office was limited to ſix Months;*

which

which Time expired, (if Occaſion were) they choſe another, or continued the ſame, by a new Election. The Dictator *differed in Nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not ſo hateful to the* Romans.

19 Before th' appointed Hour.
It was accounted Greedineſs, and ſhameful, to eat before the uſual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three o'Clock, Afternoon. But upon Feſtival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excuſable in old People.

20 Cenſors. *Were two great Officers, part of whoſe Buſineſs was to inſpect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Miſdemeanors: And in former Days they were ſo ſtrict, that they ſtood in Awe one of another.*

21 *The Manner of the* Romans *Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoiſe-ſhells, Pearls, and Ivory.*

22 Grecian Arts. *The* Romans *copied their Luxury from the* Greeks; *the Imitation of whom, was among them as faſhionable, as of the* French *among us. Which occaſions this Saying, with ſo much Indignation in our Poet,* Sat. 3.

—Non

——Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem——

23 Romulus *and* Remus. *Twins, and Founders of the* Roman *Empire; whom the Poets feign were nurſed by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being* Lupa.

24 *Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was diſpleaſing even to the Gods themſelves.*

25 *The* Romans *uſed to anoint themſelves with ſweet Ointments, at their Feaſts, immediately after Bathing.*

26 *Ivory was in great Eſteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.*

27 Trypherus. *There were in* Rome, *Profeſſors of the Art of Carving; who taught publicly in Schools. Of this Kind,* Trypherus *was the moſt famous.*

28 Ganymede. *Cup-bearer.*

29 Phrygia. *Whence pretty Boys were brought to* Rome, *and ſold publicly in the Markets, to vile Uſes.*

30 *An uſual Part of the Entertainment, when Great Men feaſted, to have wanton Women dance after a laſcivious Manner.*

31 Virtue would ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Huſbands, now, do with their Wives behold.

Theſe

Theſe Lines in Juvenal,

Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrâſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis.

in ſome late Editions, are placed nearer the latter End of this Satire: And in the Order of this Tranſlation, would ſo have followed, after Line 349, viz.

Such Shows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.

But I have continued them in this Place after Lubin. *Beſides the Example of the Learned* Holyday *for the ſame Poſition; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Senſe both before and after. For the* Megalenſian *Games conſiſting chiefly of Races, and ſuch like Exerciſes; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary Cauſe of Shame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifeſt Immodeſty, for them to lie by their Huſbands, and ſee the lewd Actions of their own Sex, in the Manner deſcribed.*

32 Megalenſian Shows. *Games in Honor of* Cybele, *the Mother of the Gods. She was called* μεγάλη μήτης, Magna Mater, *and from thence theſe Games* Megaleſia, *or* Ludi Megalenſes; *they began upon the 4th of* April, *and continued ſix Days.*

33 Circus. *The Place where thoſe Games were celebrated.*

34 Prætor.

34 Prætor. *An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to overſee theſe Sports, and ſat in great State, while they were acting; to the Deſtruction of many Horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the Races.*

35 The Green have won the Honor of the Day. *In running the Races in the* Circus, *with Horſes in Chariots; there were four diſtinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a Kind of Ruſſet Red, White, and Blue. One of theſe Factions was always favored by the Court, and at this Time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward* Domitian *added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.*

36 *Reflecting on the immoderate Fondneſs the* Romans *had for ſuch Shows.*

37 Cannæ. *A ſmall Town, near which* Hannibal *obtained a great Victory over the* Romans: *In that Battle were ſlain* 40000 *Men, and ſo many Gentlemen that he ſent three Buſhels full of Rings to* Carthage, *as a Token of his Victory.*

38 *See the Notes at* Fig. 19.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
QUEEN *MARY*,

Upon her Majeſty's coming to ſee the OLD BATCHELOR, *after having ſeen the* DOUBLE DEALER.

BY this repeated Act of Grace, we ſee
Wit is again the Care of Majeſty;
And while thus honor'd our proud Stage appears,
We ſeem to rival Ancient Theatres.
Thus floriſh'd Wit in our Forefathers' Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.
Whoſe Wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:
For never was in *Rome,* nor *Athens,* ſeen
So fair a Circle, and ſo bright a Queen.
Long has the Muſes Land been overcaſt,
And many rough and ſtormy Winters paſt;
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of Night,
Of Heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of Light:
While

While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing Cold:
So does it ſtill through Oppoſition grow,
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,
On ev'ry Side the gath'ring Winds appear,
And Blaſts deſtroy that Fruit, which Froſts wou'd ſpare.
But now, new Vigor and new Life it knows,
And Warmth that from this Royal Preſence flows.
O wou'd ſhe ſhine with Rays more frequent here!
How gay wou'd then this drooping Land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with Pleaſure ſhe might view
The ſmiling Earth, cloth'd by her Beams anew.
O'er all the *Meads*, ſhou'd various Flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the Laurel's never-fading Green,
The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

At the Opening of the Queen's Theatre *in the* Hay-Market, *with an* Italian *Paſtoral: Spoken by Mrs.* BRACEGIRDLE.

WHATEVER future Fate our Houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhou'd be kind:
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no Right,
Before Enjoyment and the Wedding Night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range,
You muſt be true 'till you have Time to change.
A Week at leaſt; one Night is ſure too ſoon;
But we pretend not to a Honey Moon.
To Novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This Day, without Preſumption, we pretend
With Novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our Houſe and Scenes are new,
Our Song and Dance, but ev'n our Actors too.
Our Play itſelf has Something in't uncommon,
Two faithful Lovers, and *one* conſtant Woman.

In

In ſweet *Italian* Strains our Shepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs Loves our painted Foreſts ring
In Notes, perhaps leſs foreign than the *Thing*.
To Sound and Show at firſt we make Pretence,
In Time we may regale you with ſome Senſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great Expence.
We only fear the Beaux may think it hard,
To be to Night from ſmutty Jeſts debarr'd:
But in good Breeding, ſure, they'll once excuſe
Ev'n Modeſty, when in a Stranger Muſe.
The Day's at Hand, when we ſhall ſhift the Scene,
And to yourſelves ſhow your dear ſelves again:
Paint the Reverſe of what you've ſeen to Day,
And in bold Strokes the vicious Town diſplay.

PROLOGUE
TO
PYRRHUS King of EPIRUS.

OUR Age has much improv'd the Warrior's Art;
For Fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt Part;
And a good Head, more uſeful than a Heart.
This

This Way of War, does our Example yield;
That Stage will win, which longeſt keeps the Field.
We mean not Battle, when we bid Defiance;
But ſtarving one another to Compliance.
Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdu'd.
And there, in Truth, depends the great Deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the Foe's Proviſion.
Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruiſes, keep a Pother;
Our War and Trade, is to outwit each other.
But, hold: Will not the Politicians tell us,
That both our Conduct, and our Foreſight, fail us,
To raiſe Recruits, and draw new Forces down,
Thus, in the dead Vacation of the Town?
To muſter up our Rhymes, without our Reaſon,
And forage for an Audience out of Seaſon?
Our Author's Fears muſt this falſe Step excuſe;
'Tis the firſt Flight of a juſt-feather'd Muſe:
Th' Occaſion ta'en, when Critics are away;
Half Wits and Beaux, thoſe rav'nous Birds of Prey.
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their Wrath,
Mauling, in mild Lampoon, th' intruding *Bath*.

Thus does our Author his firſt Flight commence;
Thus, againſt Friends at firſt, with Foils we fence:
Thus prudent *Gimcrack* try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet Foot) to ſwim upon a Table.
Then ſpare the Youth; or if you'll damn the Play,
Let him but firſt have his, then take your Day.

EPILOGUE
TO
OROONOKO.

Spoken by Mrs. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU ſee we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts,
To tempt your Favors, and regain your Hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,
Like Rain and Sunſhine mixt, in *April* Weather.
Your different Taſtes divide our Poet's Cares:
One Foot the Sock, t' other the Buſkin wears:

Thus

Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Like *Volſcius,* Hip-hop, in a ſingle Boot.
Critics, he knows, for this may damn his Books:
But he makes Feaſts for Friends, and not for Cooks.
Tho' Errant-Knights of late no Favor find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.
To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make Profeſſion:
We Damſels fly, to ſave our Reputation:
So they, their Valor ſhow, we, our Diſcretion.
To Lands of Monſters and fierce Beaſts, they go.
We, to thoſe Iſlands where rich Huſbands grow:
Tho' they're no Monſters, we may make 'em ſo.
If they're of *Engliſh* Growth, they'll bear't with Patience:
But ſave us from a Spouſe of *Oroonoko*'s Nations!
Then bleſs your Stars, you happy *London* Wives,
Who love at large, each Day, yet keep your Lives:
Nor envy poor *Imoinda*'s doting Blindneſs,
Who thought her Huſband kill'd her out of Kindneſs.

Death with a Huſband ne'er had ſhown ſuch
Charms,
Had ſhe once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.
Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding:
Poor Soul! ſhe wanted ſome of our Town
Breeding.
Forgive the *Indian*'s Fondneſs of her Spouſe;
Their Law no Chriſtian Liberty allows:
Alas! they make a Conſcience of their Vows!
If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault;
Then damn the Heathen School, where ſhe
was taught.
She might have learnt to Cuckold, Jilt and Sham,
Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND his own CUCKOLD,

A Comedy written by Mr. J. DRYDEN, *Junior.*

THIS Year has been remarkable two Ways,
For blooming Poets, and for blaſted Plays.
We've

We've been by much appearing Plenty mock'd,
At once both tantalis'd, and over-ſtock'd.
Our Authors too, by their Succeſs of late,
Begin to think Third Days are out of Date.
What can the Cauſe be, that our Plays won't keep,
Unleſs they have a Rot ſome Years like Sheep?
For our Parts, we confeſs we're quite aſham'd
To read ſuch weekly Bills of Poets damn'd.
Each Pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful Caſe
When Chriſt'nings fall, and Funerals increaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be Writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch Wits, and write ſuch Things?
You're willing to be Waſps, but want the Stings.
Let not your Spleen provoke you to that Height,
'Odſlife you don't know what you do, Sirs, when you write.
You'll find that *Pegaſus* has Tricks, when try'd,
Tho' you make Nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies and all, i'Faith, now get aſtride.
Contriving Characters, and Scenes, and Plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting Knots;

With the ſame Eaſe, and Negligence of Thought,
The charming Play is writ, and Fringe is wrought.
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When Ladies leave, that Beaux will take the Trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd ſtop,
But ſhou'd they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up Shop.
How ſhall we make this Mode of Writing ſink?
A Mode, ſaid I? 'Tis a Diſeaſe, I think,
A ſtubborn Tetter that's not cur'd with Ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, 'till each th' Infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our Play to Day is ſprung from none of theſe,
Nor ſhould you Damn it, tho' it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the Bounds of your four Seas.
For if you grant no Favor as 'tis new,
Yet as a Stranger, there is Something due:
From *Rome* (to try its Fate) this Play was ſent,
Start not at *Rome*, for there's no Popery meant;
Tho' there the Poet may his Dwelling chooſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his Country claims his Muſe.
Hither an Offering his Firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill Succeſs, on you depends.

Yet

Yet he has Hope ſome Kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater Merit than his own,
And begs the Sire may for the Son atone.
There's his laſt Refuge, if the Play don't take,
Yet ſpare young *Dryden* for his Father's Sake.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

COURT,

On the QUEEN's Birth-Day, 1704.

THE happy Muſe, to this high Scene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier Strains be heard;
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual Theme,
Shall ſing of Virtue and Heroic Fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the Stage,
And fruitleſs War with Vice and Folly wage;
No more in mean Diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And Shapes ſhe wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:

While Ignorance and Malice join, to blame,
And break the Mirror that reflects their Shame.
Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a nobler Taſk,
Show her bright Virgin Face, and ſcorn the
Satyr's Maſk.
Happy her future Days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the Beauties of the Mind.
By juſt Originals to draw with Care,
And Copy from the Court a faultleſs Fair:
Such Labors with Succeſs her Hopes may crown,
And ſhame to Manners an incorrigible Town.
While this Deſign her eager Thought purſues,
Such various Virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chooſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring Flight,
ONE only awes her with ſuperior Light.
From that Attempt the conſcious Muſe retires,
Nor to Inimitable Worth aſpires;
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial Ray
That firſt enliven'd this Auſpicious Day:
On that bright Star, to whoſe Indulgent Pow'r
We owe the Bleſſings of the Preſent Hour.

Concurring

Concurring Omens of propitious Fate
Bore, with One Sacred Birth, an equal Date:
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By Foreign Conqueſt, or Domeſtic Peace.
Then, *Britain,* then thy Dawn of Bliſs begun:
Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe Councils ſhou'd ſucceed;
And by whoſe Arm the Chriſtian World be freed;
Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the Battle won at *Blenheim*'s Glorious Field.

THE

THE

TEARS

OF

AMARYLLIS for *AMYNTAS,*

A

PASTORAL.

Lamenting the DEATH of

The late Lord Marquis of *BLANFORD.*

Inſcribed to the

Right Honorable the Lord *GODOLPHIN,*
Lord High Treaſurer of *England.*

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fœtus——
——miſerabile Carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.
Virg. Georg. 4.

'TWAS at the Time, when new returning Light,
With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight;
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay,
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day;
When

When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew,
And from their fleecy Sides firſt ſhake the ſilver Dew.

'Twas then that *Amaryllis,* Heav'nly Fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Deſpair,
Forſook her Myrtle Bow'r and Roſy Bed,
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn *Amyntas* dead.

Who had a Heart ſo hard, that heard her Cries
And did not weep? Who ſuch relentleſs Eyes?
Tigers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego,
And dumb Diſtreſs and new Compaſſion ſhow,
As taught by her to taſte of Human Woe.
Nature herſelf attentive Silence kept,
And Motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing Sun reſtrain'd his fiery Courſe,
And rapid Rivers liſten'd at their Source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Leſt Repetition ſhould her Accents drown;
The very Morning Wind with-held his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiſeleſs Trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the Grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.

No

No Voice, no whiſp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring Groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguiſh could expreſs,
All other Mourning would have made it leſs.
Hear me, ſhe cry'd, ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
Inhabitants of theſe once lov'd Abodes;
Hear my Diſtreſs, and lend a pitying Ear,
Hear my Complaint—you would not hear my Pray'r;
The Loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.
Have I not Cauſe, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another Wretch forlorn?
Tell me, thou Sun that round the World doſt ſhine,
Haſt thou beheld another Loſs like mine?
Ye Winds, who on your Wings ſad Accents bear,
And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Deſpair,
Tell me if e'er your tender Pinions bore
Such Weight of Woe, ſuch deadly Sighs before?
Tell me, thou Earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading Baſe
The wretched Load is laid of Human Race,

Doſt

Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſs'd?
Lie all the Dead ſo heavy on thy Breaſt?
When hoary Winter on thy ſhrinking Head
His icy, cold, depreſſing Hand has laid,
Haſt thou not felt leſs Chilneſs in thy Veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing Pains?
But why to thee do I relate my Woe,
Thou cruel Earth, my moſt remorſeleſs Foe!
Within whoſe darkſome Womb the Grave is made,
Where all my Joys are with *Amyntas* laid?
What is't to me, tho' on thy naked Head
Eternal Winter ſhould his Horror ſhed,
Tho' all thy Nerves were numb'd with endleſs Froſt,
And all thy Hopes of future Spring were loſt?
To me what Comfort can the Spring afford?
Can my *Amyntas* be with Spring reſtor'd?
Can all the Rains that fall from weeping Skies,
Unlock the Tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
No, never! never!—Say then, rigid Earth,
What is to me thy everlaſting Dearth?
Tho' never Flow'r again its Head ſhould rear,
Tho' never Tree again ſhould Bloſſom bear;
Tho' never Graſs ſhould clothe the naked Ground,
Nor ever healing Plant or wholeſome Herb be found. None,

None, none were found when I bewail'd their Want;
Nor wholeſome Herb was found, nor healing Plant,
To eaſe *Amyntas* of his cruel Pains;
In vain I ſearch'd the Vallies, Hills and Plains;
But wither'd Leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous Weeds diſtilling deadly Dew.
And if ſome naked Stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a freſh and friendly Bud eſſay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender Shoot,
A ſhrieking Mandrake kill'd it at the Root.
Witneſs to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry Wood,
Who at the Prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
Well I remember what ſad Signs ye made,
What Show'rs of unavailing Tears ye ſhed;
How each ran fearful to his moſſy Cave,
When the laſt Gaſp the dear *Amyntas* gave.
For then the Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,
And ſudden Night o'erſpread the darken'd Skies;
Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires appear'd,
And Screams of ill-preſaging Birds were heard.
The Foreſt ſhook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,
And frighted Streams their wonted Channels left,

With

With frantic Grief o'erflowing fruitful Ground,
Where many a Herd and harmleſs Swain was drown'd.
While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft;
To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay,
And to my Griefs a more defenceleſs Prey.
For thee, *Amyntas,* all theſe Pains were born,
For thee theſe Hands were wrung, theſe Hairs were torn;
For thee my Soul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
Theſe Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave.
To mourn thy Fall I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endleſs Night:
For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhows not thee.
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good and Young?
The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue?
Did ever Branch ſo ſweet a Bloſſom bear?
Or ever early Fruit appear ſo fair?
Did ever Youth ſo far his Years tranſcend?
Did ever Life ſo immaturely end?

For thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,
And ev'ry Muſe prepar'd thy future Praiſe.
For thee the buſy Nymphs ſtripp'd ev'ry Grove,
And Myrtle Wreaths and flow'ry Chaplets wove.
But now, ah diſmal Change! the tuneful Throng
To loud Lamentings turn the chearful Song.
Their pleaſing Taſk the weeping Virgins leave,
And with unfiniſh'd Garlands ſtrow thy Grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to Earth, deſpair, and die.
This ſaid, her loud Complaint of Force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of Grief her falt'ring Speech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the Ground her colder Limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the Grave was for *Amyntas* made;
Then from her ſwimming Eyes began to pour,
Of ſoftly falling Rain, a Silver Show'r;
Her looſely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy Graſs like Streams of Light:
As if the Sun had of his Beans been ſhorn,
And caſt to Earth the Glories he had worn.
A Sight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep Diſtreſs
No Tongue can tell, no Pencil can expreſs.

And

And now the Winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling Air with Sighs to fill;
The Water-Nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their Sreams; as when deſcending Rains
Roll the ſteep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.
The prone Creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful Sound.
When all at once an univerſal Pauſe
Of Grief was made, as from ſome ſecret Cauſe.
The balmy Air with fragrant Scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping Tree had Gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich Perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from *Amyntas'* Tomb;
As if th' *Arabian* Bird her Neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy Pile were new expir'd.
And now the Turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively ſpringing Green;

And *Amaryllis* ſaw, with wond'ring Eyes,
A flow'ry Bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly Drops the Fair had ſhed,
The blowing Buds advanc'd their Purple Head;
From ev'ry Tear that fell, a Violet grew,
And thence their Sweetneſs came, and thence their mournful Hue.

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids,
When Solitude ye ſeek in gloomy Shades;
Or walk on Banks where ſilent Waters flow,
For there this lonely Flower will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas,* oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the Stalks and take 'em ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy Necks their Sweets you wear,
Give a ſoft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the Tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful Grave, where firſt they grew.

TO

TO

CYNTHIA,

Weeping and not Speaking.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe Hours, which Heav'n in Pity lent
To longing Love, in fruitleſs Sorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my Fair? Why does that Boſom move
With any Paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing Love?
Can Diſcontent find Place within that Breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft Pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy Woes, and give me my ſad Part.
I am no Stranger to an aching Heart;
Too well I know the Force of inward Grief,
And well can bear it, to give you Relief:
All Love's ſevereſt Pangs I can endure;
I can bear Pain, tho' hopeleſs of a Cure.
I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,
To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;
I know what 'tis to Wiſh, and Hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble Love, unkind Diſdain;

Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, Jealouſy — and I have felt Deſpair.
Theſe Pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to Love,
'Till warm Compaſſion took at length my Part,
And melted to my Wiſh your yielding Heart.
O the dear Hour, in which you did reſign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
And, in a Kiſs, you ſaid your Heart was mine.
Thro' each returning Year, may that Hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;
Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light,
Let him collect the Day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that Hour, and let the reſt be Night.
And ſhall I all this Heav'n of Bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve?
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my Breaſt Deſire,
When your cold Scorn and Frowns forbid the Fire;
Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear Union of our Souls is ſeal'd,
When all my Joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the Sorrows of your Mind?

O

O tell me, tell me All—whence does ariſe
This Flood of Tears? whence are theſe frequent Sighs?
Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r
Oppreſs'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiſs the Root of Woe?
Lean on my Breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe Arms, think all thy Sorrows paſt;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy Plaints, and gently wound my Ears;
Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;
Join to my Cheek, thy Cold and Dewy Face,
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give Place.
O ſpeak—for Woe in Silence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my Fancy magnify my Fears.
Is there a Cauſe, which Words cannot expreſs?
Can I not bear a Part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think—Am I in Fault?
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.

You weep afreſh, and at that Word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—muſt we part?
Curſe on that Word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my Tongue talks, unprompted by my Heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my Diſtraction grows apace,
And racking Fears, and reſtleſs Doubts increaſe;
And Fears and Doubts to *Jealouſy* will turn,
The hotteſt Hell, in which a Heart can burn.

A M O R E T.

I.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, ev'ry Lover;
I'll tell the Signs, by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful Care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III. With

III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

LESBIA.

WHEN *Leſbia* firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly fair,
With Eyes ſo bright, and with that awful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd Celeſtial Fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous Idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her Coral Lips ſuch Folly broke,
Like Balm the trickling Nonſenſe heal'd my Wound,
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a Nymph of riper Age,
Has ev'ry Grace and Art,
A wiſe Obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs Heart.
Of native Bluſh, and roſy Die,
Time has her Cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent Nymph ſupply,
With Paint, th' injurious Theft.
Her ſparkling Eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And Teeth in good Repair;
And her well-furniſh'd Front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd Hair.
Of Size, ſhe is not ſhort, nor tall,
And does to Fat incline
No more, than what the *French* wou'd call
Aimable Embonpoint.
Farther, her Perſon to diſcloſe
I leave—let it ſuffice,
She has few Faults, but what ſhe knows,
And can with Skill diſguiſe.

She

She many Lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her Clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aſide.
She's one, who looks with great Contempt
On each affected Creature,
Whoſe Nicety would ſeem exempt,
From Appetites of Nature.
She thinks they want or Health or Senſe,
Who want an Inclination;
And therefore never takes Offence
At him who pleads his Paſſion.
Whom ſhe refuſes, ſhe treats ſtill
With ſo much ſweet Behaviour,
That her Refuſal, through her Skill,
Looks almoſt like a Favor.
Since ſhe this Softneſs can expreſs
To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you'll gueſs,
Of ſuch whom ſhe affects.
But here our *Doris* far outgoes
All that her Sex have done;
She no Regard for Cuſtom knows,
Which Reaſon bids her ſhun.

By

By *Reaſon,* her own *Reaſon*'s meant,
Or if you pleaſe, her *Will:*
For when this laſt is Diſcontent,
The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.
Peculiar therefore is her Way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by Experience bought.
But who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange Man's Face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.
So well ſhe can the Truth diſguiſe,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or diſtruſts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.
Some, cenſure this as Lewd and Low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow,
Beſpeaks a noble Mind.
Doris, our Thanks nor aſks, nor needs,
For all her Favors done:
From her Love flows, as Light proceeds
Spontaneous from the Sun.

On

On one or other, ſtill her Fires
Diſplay their genial Force;
And ſhe, like *Sol*, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of Courſe.

TO

SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou Flatterer of happy Minds,
How ſoon a troubled Breaſt thy Falſehood finds!
Thou common Friend, officious in thy Aid,
Where no Diſtreſs is ſhown, nor Want betray'd:
But oh! how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The Wretch, by Fortune or by Love undone!
Where are thy gentle Dews, thy ſofter Pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my Midnight Hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hov'ring Wings to ſpread,
With friendly Shade around my reſtleſs Bed?
Can no Complainings thy Compaſſion move?
Is thy Antipathy ſo ſtrong to Love?

O

O no! thou art the proſp'rous Lover's Friend,
And doſt, uncall'd, his pleaſing Toils attend.
With equal Kindneſs, and with rival Charms,
Thy Slumbers lull him in his fair One's Arms;
Or from her Boſom he to thine retires,
Where ſooth'd with Eaſe, the panting Youth reſpires,
'Till ſoft Repoſe reſtore his drooping Senſe,
And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.
But oh! what Fortune does the Lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Deſpair!
From racking Thoughts by no kind Slumber freed,
But painful Nights his joyleſs Days ſucceed.
But why, dull God, do I of thee complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, nor canſt thou eaſe my Pain.
Forgive what my diſtracting Grief has ſaid,
I own, unjuſtly I thy Sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd Aid repell'd,
And my Reluctant Eyes from Reſt with-held;
Implor'd the Muſe to break thy gentle Chains,
And ſung with *Philomel* my nightly Strains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her Song,
For more enduring Woes my Lays prolong.

The

The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
And tunes to my Diſtreſs his warbling Throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing Sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his Abſence and Return.
And all for thee—What had I well nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid!
No—as the wing'd Muſicians of the Grove,
Th' Aſſociates of my Melody and Love,
In moving Sounds alone relate their Pain;
And not with Voice articulate complain;
So ſhall my Muſe my tuneful Sorrows ſing,
And loſe in Air her Name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful Thoughts her Mind moleſt,
Soft be her Slumbers, and ſincere her Reſt:
For her, O Sleep, thy balmy Sweets prepare;
The Peace I loſe for her, to her transfer.
Huſh'd as the falling Dews, whoſe noiſeleſs Show'rs
Impearl the folded Leaves of Ev'ning Flow'rs,
Steal on her Brow: And as thoſe Dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking Day to re-aſcend;
So wait thou for her Morn; then, gently riſe,
And to the World reſtore the Day-break of her Eyes.

TO

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occaſioned

By L——y ——s Picture.

I Yield, O *Kneller,* to ſuperior Skill,
Thy Pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's Quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd Muſe exert her Lays,
It is no more to Rival thee, but Praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing Care,
To trace ſome Image of the much-lov'd Fair;
But ſtill my Numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhow'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring Hands, with matchleſs Art,
Have ſhown my Eyes th' Impreſſion in my Heart;
The bright Idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital Heat thy genial Pencil gives:
Whoſe daring Point, not to the Face confin'd,
Can penetrate the Heart, and paint the Mind.
Others ſome faint Reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by Chance, we find by Gueſs.

Thy

Thy Pictures raiſe no Doubts, when brought to View,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent Artiſt! How complete thy Skill!
Thy Pow'r to act, is equal to thy Will.
Nature and Art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend:
For what thy Fancy has with Fire deſign'd,
Is by thy Skill, both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy Pictures, Light conſents with Shade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made;
Judgment and Genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect Harmony.
But After-days, my Friend, muſt do thee Right,
And ſet thy Virtues in unenvy'd Light.
Fame due to vaſt Deſert, is kept in Store,
Unpay'd, 'till the Deſerver is no more.
Yet, thou, in preſent, the beſt Part haſt gain'd,
And, from the Choſen Few, Applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n He who beſt cou'd judge and beſt cou'd praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathleſs Lays;
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortalis'd thy Name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that, Fame.

Unfit

Unfit I follow, where he led the Way,
And court Applauſe, by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy Praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome Virtue, Virtue to commend:
And, next to Deeds, which our own Honor raiſe,
Is, to diſtinguiſh them who merit Praiſe.

TO A
CANDLE.
ELEGY.

THOU watchful Taper, by whoſe ſilent Light,
I lonely paſs the melancholy Night;
Thou faithful Witneſs of my ſecret Pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeleſs Love to moan;
Commiſerate a Life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my Flames to my Deſtruction turn,
Waſting that Heart, by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my Joy and Suffering they diſplay,
At once, are Signs of Life, and Symptoms of Decay.

And

And as thy fearful Flames the Day decline,
And only during Night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble Rays not daring to aſpire
Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire:
So mine, with conſcious Shame, and equal Awe,
To Shades obſcure and Solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their Light before her Eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright Beams their Being firſt aroſe.

OVID's
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ART OF LOVE.

Tranſlated into *ENGLISH* VERSE.

Wherein he recommends Rules and Inſtructions to the Fair Sex, *in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already compoſed two Books for the Uſe of* Men, *upon the ſame Subject.*

THE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight prepare,
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the Fair.

Both Sexes, well appointed, take the Field,
And mighty Love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal Force againſt a naked Foe:
No Glory from ſuch Conqueſt can be gain'd,
And Odds are always by the Brave diſdain'd.
But, ſome exclaim, what Phrenſy rules your Mind?
Would you increaſe the Craft of Woman-kind?
Teach them new Wiles and Arts? As well you may
Inſtruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.
But, ſure, too hard a Cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all, the Failings of a few.
Examine, firſt, impartially each Fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If [1] *Menelaus,* and the King of Men,
With Juſtice, of their Siſter-Wives complain;
If falſe [2] *Eriphyle* forſook her Faith,
And for Reward procur'd her Huſband's Death;
Penelope [3] was Loyal ſtill, and Chaſte,
Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how [4] *Laodamia*'s Truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,
To ſhare her Huſband's Fate, untimely dy'd.

Think

Think how [5]*Alceſte*'s Piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her Life, to ſave the Man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, *Capaneus,* [6]*Evadne* cry'd;
Nor Death itſelf our Nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy Aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire.
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the Fun'ral Fire.
Virtue [7]herſelf a Goddeſs we confeſs,
Both Female in her Name and in her Dreſs;
No Wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with Care a Female Mind.
But theſe exalted Souls exceed the Reach
Of that ſoft Art, which I pretend to teach.
My tender Bark requires a gentle Gale,
A little Wind will fill a little Sail.
Of ſportful Loves I ſing, and ſhow what Ways
The willing Nymph muſt uſe, her Bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the Man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to return Love's Dart:
Man has a Breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with Care,
You'll find leſs Fraud imputed to the Fair.

The faithleſs [8] *Jaſon* from *Medea* fled,
And made *Creüſa* Partner of his Bed.
Bright [9] *Ariadne,* on an unknown Shore,
Thy Abſence, perjur'd *Theſeus,* did deplore.
If then, the wild Inhabitants of Air
Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,
It was not owing, *Theſeus,* to thy Care.
Enquire the Cauſe, and let *Demophoon* tell,
Why [10] *Phillis* by a Fate untimely fell.
Nine Times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,
She ſought th' appointed Shore, and view'd the Sea:
Her Fall the fading Trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.
The Prince ſo far for Piety renown'd,
To thee, [11] *Eliza,* was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languiſhing with Grief,
His Sword alone he left, thy laſt Relief.
Ye ruin'd Nymphs, ſhall I the Cauſe impart
Of all your Woes? 'Twas want of needful Art.
Love, of itſelf, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful Art perpetuates Deſire.
Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this Art by *Venus* been reveal'd.

Before

Before my Sight the *Cyprian* Goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; *What have poor Women done?*
Why is that weak, defenceleſs Sex expos'd;
On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the Men inſtructed by the Muſe,
Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the Sex refuſe.
The [12] *Bard who injur'd* Helen *in his Song,*
Recanted after, and redreſs'd the Wrong.
And you, if on my Favor you depend,
The Cauſe of Women, while you live, defend.
This ſaid, a Myrtle Sprig, which Berries bore,
She gave me, (for a Myrtle Wreath ſhe wore)
The Gift receiv'd, my Senſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her Preſence Inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my Precepts, while ſhe prompts my Mind.
Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
Beware of coming Age, nor waſte your Time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet Delight:
For rolling Years, like ſtealing Waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing Tide:

Think not, *hereafter* will the Loſs repay;
For ev'ry Morrow will the Taſte decay,
And leave leſs Reliſh than the former Day.
I've ſeen the Time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,
The blooming Roſe vy'd with the bluſhing Morn;
With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my Head,
And ſee, how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the Love-ſick Youth reject,
Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.
None, then, will preſs upon your Midnight Hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrow your Street with Morning Flow'rs.
Then nightly Knockings at your Door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs Hammer, then, may reſt in Peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear Complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled Skin plump Fleſh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the Fair One ſwears
She from her Infancy had ſome Gray Hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more Years,
And then the venerable Truth appears.

The

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may caſt,
And both renew their Youth and Vigor paſt:
But no Receipt can Human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit Age, without Reprieve.
Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent Births, too ſoon will Youth impair:
Continual Harveſt wears the fruitful Field,
And Earth itſelf decays, too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, *Cynthia,* ſcorn the [13] *Latmian* Swain;
Nor thou, *Aurora,* [14] *Cephalus* diſdain;
The *Paphian* Queen, who, for [15] *Adonis'* Fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs [16] *Harmonia,* and the *Dardan* Prince.
Then take Example, Mortals, from above,
And like Immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuſe not thoſe Delights, which Men require,
Nor let your Lovers languiſh with Deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what Loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.

Tho' conſtant Uſe, ev'n Flint and Steel impairs,
What you employ no Diminution fears.
Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?
Still Women loſe, you cry, if Men obtain:
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain[17]?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the Sex,
But undeceive whom needleſs Fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle Breeze ſupplies our Sail,
Now launch'd to Sea, we aſk a briſker Gale.
And, firſt, we treat of Dreſs. The well-dreſs'd Vine
Produces plumpeſt Grapes, and richeſt Wine;
And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.
Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride!
Yet, to how many, is that Gift deny'd!
Art helps a Face; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful Care.
In ancient Days, if Women ſlighted Dreſs,
Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If *Hector*'s[18] Spouſe was clad in ſtubborn Stuff,
A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample Breaſt, provides
Seven luſty Bulls, and tans their ſturdy Hides;

And

And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his Wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude Simplicity *Rome* firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This [19] Capitol with that of Old compare;
Some other *Jove,* you'd think, was worſhipp'd there.
That lofty Pile, where Senates dictate Law,
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with Straw:
And where *Apollo*'s Fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a Tract of Paſture-Lands.
Let ancient Manners other Men delight;
But me the Modern pleaſe, as more Polite.
Not, that Materials now in Gold are wrought,
And diſtant Shores for Orient Pearls are ſought;
Nor for, that Hills exhauſt their Marble Veins,
And Structures riſe whoſe Bulk the Sea reſtrains:
But, that the World is civiliſ'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the Ruſt of former Date.
Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,
Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocade, appear;
Too rich a Dreſs may ſometimes check Deſire;
And Cleanlineſs more animate Love's Fire.

The

The Hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a Grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the Face.
What ſuits your Features, of your Glaſs enquire,
For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-Attire.
A Face too long, ſhou'd part and flat the Hair,
Leſt, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear:
So *Laodamia* dreſs'd. A Face too round,
Shou'd ſhow the Ears, and with a Tower be crown'd.
On either Shoulder, one, her Locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like *Phœbus*, when he ſings his Lays:
Another, all her Treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.
Diſhevell'd Locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding Fillets more become:
Some plait, like Spiral Shells, their braided Hair,
Others, the looſe and waving Curl prefer.
But, to recount the ſeveral Dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſev'ral Face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,
The Beaſts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla*'s Bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all Care,
And with a pleaſing Negligence enſnare;

Whole

Whole Mornings oft, in ſuch a Dreſs are ſpent,
And all is Art, that looks like Accident.
With ſuch Diſorder [20]*Iöle* was grac'd,
When great *Alcides* firſt the Nymph embrac'd.
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus'* Bed,
When with the Conqueror from *Crete* ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays
The Loſſes they ſuſtain, by various Ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe Hairs they ſhed in Age,
Loſt, like Autumnal Leaves, when North Winds rage.
Women, with Juice of Herbs, gray Locks diſguiſe,
And Art gives Color which with Nature vies.
The well-wove Towers they wear, their own are thought:
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy Heads ready dreſs'd,
And chooſe, at public Shops, what ſuits 'em beſt.
Coſtly Apparel let the Fair One fly,
Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian* Die.
What Folly muſt in ſuch Expence appear,
When more becoming Colors are leſs dear!
One, with a Die is ting'd of lovely Blue;
Such as, thro' Air ſerene, the Sky we view.

With

With yellow Luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the Thread.
Some, of the Sea-green Wave the Caſt diſplay;
With this, the *Naiads* their bright Forms array:
And ſome, the Saffron Hue will well adorn;
Such is the Mantle of the bluſhing Morn.
Of Myrtle Berries, one, the Tincture ſhows;
In this, of Amethyſts, the Purple glows,
And, that, more imitates the paler Roſe.
Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whoſe ſilv'ry Plumes
Give Patterns, which employ the mimic Looms.
Nor Almond, nor the Cheſnut Die diſclaim;
Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.
As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'er-
ſpread,
When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Froſt is fled;
So various are the Colors you may try,
Of which, the thirſty Wool imbibes the Die.
Try ev'ry one; what beſt becomes you, wear;
For no Complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the Skin, Black may become it beſt,
In Black the lovely Fair [21] *Briſeis* dreſs'd:
If brown the Nymph, let her be cloth'd in White,
Andromeda [22] ſo charm'd the wond'ring Sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful Smells,
Which, ſometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.
Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care
The caſual Growth of all unſeemly Hair.
Tho' not to Nymphs of [23] *Caucaſus* I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the *Myſian* [24] Spring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,
You let your Teeth diſcloſe the leaſt Defect.
You know the Uſe of *White* to make you fair,
And how, with *Red*, loſt Color to repair;
Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,
And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend.
Nor need the Fair One be aſham'd, who tries,
By Art, to add new Luſtre to her Eyes.
A little Book [25] I've made, but with great Care,
How to preſerve the Face, and how repair.
In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what Pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your Lover's Eye
You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:
Tho' Art aſſiſts, yet muſt that Art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.

Who

Who would not take Offence, to ſee a Face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted Greaſe?
And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,
The Wool's unſav'ry Scent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatums* try,
Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by;
For many Things, when done, afford Delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.
Even *Myro*'s [26] Statues, which for Art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs Maſs;
Rude was that Gold which now in Rings is worn,
As once the Robe you wear was Wool unſhorn.
Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect *Venus* ſhows to View.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your Face,
Lock'd from Obſervers, in ſome ſecret Place.
Add the laſt Hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your Need of Art, why ſhould your Lover know?
For many Things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few, of ſtrict Enquiry, bear the Teſt.
Thoſe Figures which in Theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common Wood within.
But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the Eye.

Yet

Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords Delight,
To have the Fair One comb her Hair in Sight;
To view the flowing Honors of her Head
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with Care avoid
All fretful Humors, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh Haſte,
All that her Woman does; who does her beſt.
I hate a Vixen, that her Maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her Bodkin, or her Nails;
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears muſt mourn,
And her Heart curſes, what her Hands adorn.
Let her who has no Hair, or has but ſome,
Plant Centinels before her Dreſſing-Room:
Or in the Fane of the good Goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a Tale deviſ'd)
A Lady at her Toilet once ſurpris'd;
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in Haſte the Tower ſhe wore,
And in her Hurry, plac'd the hinder Part before.
But on our Foes fall ev'ry ſuch Diſgrace,
Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian* Race.

Un-

Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a Horn,
The lofty Hart, whom Branches beſt adorn;
A leafleſs Tree, or an unverdant Mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs Head.

But think not, theſe Inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate Beauties, of the finiſh'd Kind:
Not to a *Semele,* or [27] *Leda* bright,
Nor an [28] *Europa,* theſe my Rules I write;
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up *Atrides,* and all *Greece,* to Arms:
Thee to regain, well was that War begun,
And *Paris* well defended what he won;
What Lover, or what Huſband, would not fight
In ſuch a Cauſe, where both are in the right?

The Crowd, I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair;
But of the former Sort, the larger Share.
The handſome, leaſt require the Help of Art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part.
When calm the Sea, at eaſe the Pilot lies,
But all his Skill exerts when Storms ariſe.

Faults in your Perſon, or your Face, correct;
And few are ſeen that have not ſome Defect.

The

The Nymph too ſhort, her Seat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her Couch ſhe lies,
Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size.
The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Clothes ſhould chooſe,
And fuller made, than what the Plumper uſe.
If Pale, let her the Crimſon Juice apply;
If Swarthy, to the [29] *Pharian* Varniſh fly.
A Leg too lank, tight Garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd Foot be ever bare.
Round Shoulders, [30] bolſter'd, will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a Breaſt.
Whoſe Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much Geſture in Diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe Breath is touch'd, this Caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another ſpeak.
Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,
Whoſe Teeth are black, uneven, or unſound:
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a Laugh, or ſpoils a Face, or mends.

Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your Gums,
And loſe the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.
Nor let your Sides too ſtrong Concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the Softneſs of the Sex forſake.
In ſome, Diſtortions quite the Face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a Voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.
What cannot Art attain! Many, with Eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, thro' Affectation, liſp, and find,
In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.
Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends;
Now learn what Way of Walking recommends.
Too Maſculine a Motion ſhocks the Sight;
But Female Grace allures with ſtrange Delight.
One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,
Which helps her Coats to catch the ſwelling Wind;
Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they looſely flow,
And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion ſhow.
Another, like an [31] *Umbrian*'s ſturdy Spouſe,
Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.

Between

Between Extremes, in this, a Mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhow too nice a Gait, nor too robuſt.
If ſnowy white your Neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the Shoulder of the left Arm, bare.
Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked Part.
[32] *Sirens*, tho' Monſters of the ſtormy Main,
Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain:
Scarce could *Ulyſſes* by his Friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming Sound.
Singing inſinuates: Learn, all ye Maids;
Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice perſuades:
Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,
Or in *Ruelles* ſome ſoft *Egyptian* Air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my Choice,
And with her Lute accompany her Voice.
The Rocks were ſtirr'd, the Beaſts to liſten ſtay'd,
When on his Lyre melodious [33] *Orpheus* play'd;
Ev'n *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd.
And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raiſe,
O *Thebes*, attracted by [34] *Amphion*'s Lays.
The Dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy Voice admir'd,
And was, [35] *Arion*, by thy Songs inſpir'd.

Of ſweet [36] *Callimachus* the Works rehearſe,
And read [37] *Philetas* and [38] *Anacreon*'s Verſe.
Terentian Plays may much the Mind improve;
But ſofteſt [39] *Sapho* beſt inſtructs to Love.
Propertius, Gallus, and [40] *Tibullus* read,
And let [41] *Varronian* Verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty *Maro*'s Work with Care peruſe;
Of all the *Latian* Bards the nobleſt Muſe.
Ev'n I, 'tis poſſible, in After-days,
May 'ſcape Oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labor'd Lines, ſome Readers may approve,
Since I've inſtructed either Sex in Love.
Whatever Book you read of this ſoft Art,
Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart.

Tender Epiſtles too, by me are fram'd,
A Work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred Will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, *Apollo,* and *Lyæus,* thine!

Still unaccompliſh'd may the Maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active Dancing may to Love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.

Of ſome odd Trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;

To

To raffle prettily, or ſlur a Die,
Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at Chefs to be expert,
For Games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt di-
vert.
Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Uſe;
Parties begun at Play, may Love produce.
But, eaſier 'tis to learn how Bets to lay,
Than how to keep your Temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each Breaſt is open laid,
And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.
Then, baſe Deſire of Gain, then, Rage appears,
Quarrels and Brawls ariſe, and anxious Fears;
Then, Clamors and Revilings reach the Sky,
While loſing Gameſters all the Gods defy.
Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay weep at laſt.
Good *Jove* avert ſuch ſhameful Faults as theſe,
From ev'ry Nymph whoſe Heart's inclin'd to
pleaſe.
Soft Recreations fit the Female-kind;
Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports deſign'd:
To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear;
To ſtop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.

Tho' martial Fields ill ſuit your tender Frames,
Nor may you ſwim in *Tiber*'s rapid Streams;
Yet when *Sol*'s burning Wheels from *Leo* drive,
And at the glowing [42] Virgin's Sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit, you ſhou'd repair
To pleaſant Walks, and breathe refreſhing Air.
To *Pompey*'s [43] Gardens, or the ſhady Groves
Which *Cæſar* honors, and which *Phœbus* loves:
Phœbus [44], who ſunk the proud *Egyptian* Fleet,
And made *Auguſtus*' Victory complete.
Or ſeek thoſe Shades, where Monuments of Fame
Are rais'd, to *Livia*'s and [45] *Octavia*'s Name;
Or, where [46] *Agrippa* firſt adorn'd the Ground,
When he with Naval Victory was crown'd.
To *Iſis* [47] Fane, to Theatres reſort;
And in the *Circus* ſee the noble Sport.
In ev'ry public Place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you're Fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, [48] *Thamyras* tranſcend;
Your Voice unheard, who could your Skill commend?
Had not [49] *Apelles* drawn the Sea-born Queen,
Her Beauties, ſtill, beneath the Waves had been.

Poets

Poets inſpir'd, write only for a Name,
And think their Labors well repaid with Fame.
In former Days, I own, the Poets were
Of Gods and Kings the moſt peculiar Care;
Majeſtic Awe was in the Name allow'd,
And, they, with rich Poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius [50] with Honors was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Eſteem,
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream.
Still there's a Pleaſure, that proceeds from Praiſe:
What could the high Renown of *Homer* raiſe,
But that he ſung his *Iliad*'s deathleſs Lays?
Who could have been of [51] *Danae*'s Charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd?
This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph purſue,
That 'tis her Int'reſt oft to come in View.
A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,
In Hopes, thro' many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the Fair, the gazing Crowd aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.

In ev'ry Place, to pleaſe, be all her Thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the Fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,
Anon, the Stag himſelf ſhall ſeek the Toil.

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,
Whoſe Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by Grief?

The widow'd Fair, who ſees her Lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new Deſire,
And *Hymen*'s Torch re-light with fun'ral Fire.

Beware of Men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd:
And look, you fly with Speed a Fop profeſs'd.
Such Tools, to you and to a Thouſand more
Will tell the ſame dull Story o'er and o'er.
This Way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.
Such flutt'ring Things all Women ſure ſhould hate,
Light, as themſelves, and more Effeminate.
Believe me; all I ſay is for your Good;
Had [52] *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* ſtill had ſtood.

Many, with baſe Deſigns, will Paſſion feign,
Who know no Love, but fordid Love of Gain.
But let not powder'd Heads, nor eſſenc'd Hair,
Your well-believing, eaſy Hearts enſnare.

Rich

Rich Clothes are oft by common Sharpers worn,
And Diamond Rings felonious Hands adorn.
So, may your Lover burn with fierce Deſire,
Your Jewels to enjoy, and beſt Attire.
Poor *Cloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the Streets;
And as ſhe runs, *Give me my own,* repeats.
How often, [53] *Venus,* haſt thou heard ſuch Cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy *Appian* Votaries?
Some ſo notorious are, their very Name
Muſt ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by Ills, which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs Men with conſtant Care avoid.
Truſt not a *Theſeus,* fair *Athenian* Maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting Gods betray'd.
And thou, *Demophoon,* Heir to *Theſeus'* Crimes,
Haſt loſt thy Credit to all future Times.
Promiſe for Promiſe, equally afford,
But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.
For, ſhe for any Act of Hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may Sacrilege commit;
With impious Hands cou'd quench the veſtal Fire,
Poiſon her Huſband, in her Arms, for Hire,
Who, firſt, to take a Lover's Gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his Claim denies.

But

But hold, my Muſe, check thy unruly Horſe,
And more in Sight purſue th' intended Courſe.
If Love Epiſtles, tender Lines impart,
And *Billet-doux* are ſent, to ſound your Heart,
Let all ſuch Letters, by a faithful Maid,
Or Confident, be ſecretly convey'd.
Soon from the Words you'll judge, if read with Care,
When feign'd a Paſſion is, and when ſincere.
Ere in return you write, ſome Time require;
Delays, if not too long, increaſe Deſire:
Nor let the preſſing Youth with Eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude Diſdain.
Now, let his Hopes, now, let his Fears increaſe,
But by Degrees, let Fear to Hope give Place.
Be ſure avoid ſet Phraſes, when you write,
The uſual Way of Speech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled Lover vex'd,
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!
A Stile too coarſe, takes from a handſome Face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its Place.
But ſince (tho' Chaſtity be not your Care)
You from your Huſband ſtill wou'd hide th' Affair,

Write

Write to no Stranger 'till his Truth be try'd;
Nor in a fooliſh Meſſenger confide.
What Agonies that Woman undergoes,
Whoſe Hand the Traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that Dread enſlav'd!
Such Treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe Diſcov'ries, ſure as Lightning, blaſt.
Might I adviſe, Fraud ſhou'd with Fraud be paid;
Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade.
But ſince your Letters may be brought to Light,
What, if in ſeveral Hands, you learn'd to write?
My Curſe on him who firſt the Sex betray'd,
And this Advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your Pocket-Book two Hands contain,
Firſt, rub your Lover's out, then write again.
Still one Contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient Blind;
As if to Women writ, your Letters frame,
And let your Friend to you ſubſcribe a Female Name.
Now, greater Things to tell, my Muſe prepare,
And clap on all the Sail the Bark can bear.

Let

Let no rude Paſſions in your Looks find Place;
For Fury will deform the fineſt Face:
It ſwells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins,
While in the Eye a *Gorgon* Horror reigns.

When on her Flute divine [54] *Minerva* play'd,
And in a Fountain ſaw the Change it made,
Swelling her Cheek: She flung it quick aſide;
Nor is thy Muſic ſo much worth, ſhe cry'd.
Look in your Glaſs, when you with Anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know:
Nor with exceſſive Pride inſult the Sight,
For gentle Looks, alone, to Love invite.
Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd,
There's Nothing more deteſtable than Pride.
How have I ſeen ſome *Airs* Diſguſt create,
"*Like Things which by Antipathy we hate!*"
Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be paid,
And when your Lover bows, incline your Head.
So, Love preluding, plays at firſt with Hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing Darts.
Nor me a melancholy Miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad [55] *Tecmeſſa* weep in *Ajax*' Arms.

Let

Let mourning Beauties, ſullen Heroes move;
We chearful Men, like Gaiety in Love.
Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
Who, in bewailing *Troy*, waſtes all the Night.
Had they not both born Children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their Huſbands lain.
I no Idea in my Mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful Dame,
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their Lords
My Life, my Soul; or ſpeak endearing Words.
Why, from Compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or, fear ſmall Things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what Conduct prudent Gen'rals uſe,
And how their ſev'ral Officers they chooſe;
To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,
Another, for the Horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral Lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy Lover, Store of Gold ſhould ſend;
The Lawyer ſhould, in Courts, your Cauſe defend.
We, who write Verſe, with Verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to Love is all the tuneful Tribe.

By

By us, your Fame ſhall thro' the World be blaz'd;
So [56]*Nemeſis*, ſo *Cynthia*'s Name was rais'd.
From Eaſt to Weſt, *Lycoris*' Praiſes ring;
Nor are *Corinna*'s ſilent, whom we ſing.
No Fraud, the Poet's ſacred Breaſt can bear;
Mild are his Manners, and his Heart ſincere.
Nor Wealth he ſeeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
But ſhuns the Bar; and Books and Shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With Eaſe we fix, but we with Pain remove;
Our ſofter Studies with our Souls combine,
And both to Tenderneſs our Hearts incline.
Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,
The God that fills him, and the Muſe revere;
Something Divine is in us, and from Heav'n
Th' inſpiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact;
But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your Avarice from Sight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new Admirer fright.

As ſkilful Riders rein, with diff'rent Force,
A new-back'd Courſer, and a well-train'd Horſe;
Do you, by diff'rent Management, engage
The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age.

This,

This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind Careſſes oft indulge the Boy,
And all the Harveſt of his Heart enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of Rivals moſt beware;
Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many Things, which Youth diſdains, endure;
No Windows break, nor Houſes ſet on Fire,
Nor tear their own, or Miſtreſſes Attire.
In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury vent,
But, Men in Years, more calmly Wrongs reſent:
As Wood when green, or as a Torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their Heat.
More bright is youthful Flame, but ſooner dies;
Then, ſwiftly ſeize the Joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus, all betraying to the beauteous Foe,
How, ſurely to enſlave ourſelves, we ſhow.
To truſt a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,
Who is a Traitor only for your Sake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her Lover loſe;
Wou'd you retain him long, then long refuſe.

Oft,

Oft, at your Door, make him for Entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair Winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the Coldneſs of a marry'd Life,
The Huſband, when he pleaſes, has his Wife.
Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry
Here's no Admittance, Sir; I muſt deny:
The very Huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing Inclination to be kind.
Thus far, with Foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I, now, ſharp Weapons for the Sex provide;
Nor doubt, againſt myſelf, to ſee 'em try'd.
When firſt a Lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt Jealouſy his Soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy Man.
Anon, by due Degrees, ſmall Doubts create,
And let him fear ſome Rival's better Fate.
Such little Arts make Love its Vigor hold,
Which elſe wou'd languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.

Then,

Then ſtrains the Courſer to outſtrip the Wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears
behind.
Love, when extinct, Suſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our Wrongs.
Sometimes, your Lover to incite the more,
Pretend, your Huſband's Spies beſet the Door:
Tho' free as [57] *Thais*, ſtill affect a Fright;
For, ſeeming Danger heightens the Delight.
Oft let the Youth in thro' your Window ſteal,
Tho' he might enter at the Door as well;
And, ſometimes, let your Maid Surpriſe pretend,
And beg you, in ſome Hole to hide your Friend.
Yet, ever and anon, diſpel his Fear,
And let him taſte of Happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much Fatigue,
He ſhou'd grow weary of the dull Intrigue.
But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the Huſband, and the Spy.
That Wives ſhou'd of their Huſbands ſtand
in Awe,
Agrees with Juſtice, Modeſty, and Law:

But, that a Miſtreſs may be lawful Prize,
None, but her Keeper, I am ſure, denies.
For ſuch fair Nymphs, theſe Precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.
Tho' ſtuck with [58]*Argus*' Eyes your Keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you ſhall elude his Care.

When you to waſh or bathe retire from Sight,
Can he obſerve what Letters then you write?
Or, can his Caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her Breaſt, your Confident may hide?
Can he the Note beneath her Garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?
Yet theſe perceiv'd, you may her Back undreſs,
And, writing on her Skin, your Mind expreſs.
New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax when green,
Will Ink ſupply, and Letters mark unſeen.
Fair will the Paper ſhow, nor can be read,
'Till all the Writing's with warm Aſhes ſpread.

Acriſius was, with all his Care, betray'd;
And in his Tow'r of Braſs, a Grandſire made.

Can Spies avail, when you to Plays reſort,
Or in the *Circus* view the noble Sport?
Or, can you be to *Iſis*' Fane purſu'd,
Or *Cybele*'s, whoſe Rites all Men exclude?

Tho'

Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing-room.
Or, when ſome ſudden Sickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?
Falſe Keys a private Paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more Ways beſides the Door.
Sometimes, with Wine, your watchful Follow'r treat;
When drunk, you may with Eaſe his Care defeat:
Or, to prevent too ſudden a Surpriſe,
Prepare a ſleeping Draught, to ſeal his Eyes:
Or let your Maid, ſtill longer Time to gain,
An Inclination for his Perſon feign;
With faint Reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And, after competent Delays, be won.
But, what need all theſe various doubtful Wiles,
Since Gold the greateſt Vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is appeas'd.
With Preſents, Fools and Wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the Huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,
That you for ever his Connivance buy;

Pay him his Price at once, for with ſuch Men
You'll know no End of giving now and then.
Once, I remember, I with Cauſe complain'd,
Of Jealouſy occaſion'd by a Friend.
Believe me, Apprehenſions of that Kind,
Are not alone to our falſe Sex confin'd.
Truſt not too far, your She-Companion's Truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhou'd intercept the Youth:
The very Confident that lends the Bed,
May entertain your Lover, in your Stead.
Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her Lady's Place.
But, whither do I run with heedleſs Rage,
Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?
Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare?
Was ever Hound inſtructed by the Hare?
But all Self-ends and Int'reſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my Art.
Defenceleſs and unarm'd expoſe my Life,
And for the [59]*Lemnian* Ladies, whet the Knife.
Perpetual Fondneſs of your Lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your Deſign will aid:
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſy to perſuade.

With

With dying Eyes, his Face and Form ſurvey,
Then, ſigh, and wonder he ſo long cou'd ſtay:
Now, drop a Tear, your Sorrows to aſſuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such Proofs as theſe, will all Diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive Love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond Creature die?
But chiefly, one, ſuch fond Behaviour fires,
Who courts his Glaſs, and his own Charms admires.
Proud of the Homage to his Merit done,
He'll think a Goddeſs might with Eaſe be won.
Light Wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with Mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtraight fly out, when you a Rival fear.
Let not your Paſſions o'er your Senſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle Tale.
Let *Procris'* Fate, a ſad Example be
Of what Effects attend Credulity.
Near where his purple Head *Hymettus* ſhows
And flow'ring Hills, a ſacred Fountain flows;

With ſoft and verdant Turf the Soil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling Shrubs the Ground o'er-ſhade.
There, Roſemary and Bays their Odors join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine.
There, Tamariſks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
And Cytiſſus, and Garden Pines, abound.
While thro' the Boughs, ſoft Winds of *Zephyr* paſs,
Tremble the Leaves and tender Tops of Graſs.
Hither wou'd *Cephalus* retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppreſs'd:
And thus, to *Air*, the panting Youth wou'd pray,
Come, gentle Aura, *come, this Heat allay.*
But ſome Tale-bearing too officious Friend,
By Chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating Word for Word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,
With Jealouſy ſurpris'd, and fainting Fears,
Her roſy Color fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies, like Death, ſupply'd the Place;

Pale

Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling Leaves,
When firſt the Vine the Winter's Blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd Quinces, ſuch the yellow Hue,
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-Berries view.
Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs Face to wound, forbore.
Now, all diſhevell'd, to the Wood ſhe flies,
With [60] *Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves, below, her Friends;
And, all alone, the ſhady Hill aſcends.
What Folly, *Procris,* o'er thy Mind prevail'd?
What Rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this *Aura* be (ſuch was thy Thought)
She now ſhall in the very Fact be caught.
Anon, thy Heart repents its raſh Deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus, Love, with Doubts perplexes ſtill thy Mind,
And makes thee ſeek, what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the Place appears:
But more than all, exceſſive Love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too eaſily believes.

And, now, a Chilneſs run thro' ev'ry Vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where *Cephalus* had lain.
'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching Ardor of the Mid-day Sun;
With Water, firſt, he ſprinkled o'er his Face,
Which glow'd with Heat; then ſought his uſual Place.
Procris, with anxious but with ſilent Care,
View'd him extended, with his Boſom bare;
And heard him, ſoon, th' accuſtom'd Words repeat,
Come, Zephyr, Aura *come, allay this Heat:*
Soon as ſhe found her Error, from the Word,
Her Color and her Temper were reſtor'd.
With Joy ſhe roſe, to claſp him in her Arms:
But, *Cephalus,* the ruſtling Noiſe alarms;
Some Beaſt, he thinks, he in the Buſhes hears,
And ſtraight, his Arrows and his Bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy Youth!—I call in vain,
With thy own Hand thou haſt thy *Procris* ſlain.
Me, me, (ſhe cries) *thou'ſt wounded with thy Dart!*
But Cephalus *was wont to wound this Heart.*
Yet, lighter on my Aſhes, Earth will lie,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die:

Come,

Come, cloſe with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,
Jealous of Air, *to* Air *I yield my Breath.*
Cloſe to his heavy Heart, her Cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming Tears, the Wound he made;
At length, the Springs of Life their Currents leave,
And her laſt Gaſp, her Huſband's Lips receive.
Now, to purſue our Voyage we muſt provide,
'Till, ſafe to Port our weary Bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What Rules, to Treats and Entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a Feaſt;
Rather, come laſt, as a more grateful Gueſt.
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt Welcome, when arriv'd.
Beſides, Complexions of a coarſer Kind,
From Candle-light, no ſmall Advantage find.
During the Time you eat, obſerve ſome Grace,
Nor let your unwip'd Hands beſmear your Face;
Nor, yet, too ſqueamiſhly your Meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all Extremes in either Kind beware,
And ſtill, before your Belly's full, forbear.

No

No Glutton Nymph, however Fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Helen* ſhe in Charms abound.
I own, I think, of Wine the moderate Uſe,
More ſuits the Sex, and ſooner finds Excuſe;
It warms the Blood, adds Luſtre to the Eyes,
And Wine and Love have always been Allies.
But, carefully from all Intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch Sleeps, Brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loathe, you have no Pow'r to ſhun.

And now th'inſtructed Nymph from Table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in Bed.
But Modeſty forbids: Nor more, my Muſe,
With weary Wings, the labor'd Flight purſues;
Her purple [61] Swans unyok'd, the Chariot leave,
And needful Reſt (their Journey done) receive.
Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I ſhow,
And equal Arms, on either Sex beſtow:
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,
Ovid, muſt own, their Maſter is in Love.

NOTES

NOTES upon the foregoing Tranſlation.

1 AGAMEMNON *and* Menelaus, *two Brothers, married two Siſters,* Clytemneſtra *and* Helena; *both of them preferred Gallants to their Huſbands Beds.*

2 Eriphyle, *Daughter of* Talaon, *King of* Argos, *for the Sake of a Golden Chain, perſuaded her Huſband* Amphiaraus *to go to the* Theban *War, in which ſhe knew he muſt be ſlain.*

3 Penelope, *Daughter of* Icarus *and* Polycaſta, *was married to* Ulyſſes, *and much celebrated by the Ancients for her invincible Chaſtity.*

4 *When* Laodamia *heard her Huſband* Proteſilaus *was killed in the* Trojan *War, ſhe paſſionately deſired to ſee his Ghoſt, which being granted her by the Gods, ſhe embraced it ſo cloſely that ſhe periſhed in the Embrace.*

5 *She offered to die to lengthen her Huſband* Admetus's *Life.*

6 Evadne *the Daughter of* Iphias, *married* Capaneus, *who ſignaliſed himſelf in the* Theban *War.*

7 *Virtue was repreſented at* Rome *in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and Altars dedicated to her.*

8 Jaſon, *the ſon of* AEſon, *married* Medea *the King of* Colchos's *Daughter, who had aſſiſted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards for-*

ſook

ſook her, and married Creüſa *Daughter to the King of* Corinth.

9 Ariadne, *the Daughter of* Minos *King of* Crete, *being in Love with* Theſeus, *conducted him out of the Labyrinth, by the Means of a Clew of Thread. She fled from* Crete *with* Theſeus, *who left her on a barren Shore, and ſhe was afterwards married to* Bacchus.

10 Phyllis, *Daughter of* Lycurgus *King of* Thrace, *deſpairing of the Return of* Demophoon, *Son of* Theſeus, *to whom ſhe had granted her laſt Favors, was transformed into an Almond-Tree as ſhe was going to hang herſelf.*

11 AEneas *and* Dido. *The pious Hero excuſed his Falſehood by the Injunction of the Gods.*

12 *The Poet* Steſichorus *wrote a bitter Satire againſt* Helen, *for which her Brothers* Caſtor *and* Pollux *plucked out his Eyes; but having recanted ſome Time after in his* Palinodia, *a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was reſtored to his Sight.*

13 Endymion, *with whom the Moon fell in Love, and deſcended to converſe with him on Mount* Latmos *in* Caria.

14 Aurora *being in Love with* Cephalus, *who had married* Procris *the King of* Athens *his Daughter, found him ſo invincibly conſtant to his Wife, that, it is ſaid, ſhe was forced to raviſh him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.*

15 Adonis,

15 Adonis, *the Son of* Cynaras *King of* Cyprus, *was ſlain by a Boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpreſſible Grief of the Goddeſs* Venus.

16 Harmonia, *or* Hermione, *was the Daughter of* Venus *by the God* Mars, *as was the* Dardan *Prince* AEneas *her Son by* Anchiſes.

17 Still Women loſe, you cry, *&c.*

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit:
Quid, niſi quam ſumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

Theſe Verſes are not barely tranſlated to the literal Senſe which is conceived to be in them; but paraphraſed according to the Interpretation of Heinſius, *who ſeems truly to underſtand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from* Scaliger *and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to conſult the Commentary of* Heinſius *on this Place, he will find by other Inſtances cited from* Ovid, *that* aquam ſumere *was a Phraſe appropriated to a particular Time and Cuſtom among Women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only Paſſage in this Book which all other Commentators but* Heinſius *have rendered unintelligible; for otherwiſe the Verſes are not very conſiderable: And the moſt which* Ovid *ſays in this Place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid,* Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe their Hands, when it can coſt them Nothing but a little Water to waſh them afterwards, which is not worth ſaving?

18 Andro-

18 Andromache, *the Wife of* Hector, *is always repreſented as a plain Sort of Woman.*

19 *The Capitol was a Hill in* Rome, *ſo called from a Man's Head, which was found there as the* Romans *were digging the Foundation of the Temple of* Jupiter.

20 Iöle, *Daughter of* Eurytus, *King of* Oechalia, *and Wife to* Hercules. *He took her from her Father by Force, becauſe the King would not conſent to it when he returned from* Etolia, *where he had married* Deianira.

21 Hippodamia *the Daughter of* Briſes, *from thence called* Briſeis, *fell by Lot to* Achilles *at the Sack of* Lyrneſſus.

22 Andromeda, *the Daughter of* Cepheus *King of* Ethiopia, *was for her Mother's Pride expoſed to be devoured by an horrible Sea Monſter, but being reſcued by* Perſeus, *ſhe was afterwards married to him.*

23 Caucaſus *is a Mountain which ſtretches itſelf from the* Eaſt-Indies *to Mount* Taurus, *but goes by ſeveral Names, according as it is inhabited by ſeveral Nations.*

24 Myſia *is a Country in* Aſia Minor *bordering upon* Troas, *remarkable for Nothing more than the Worthleſneſs of its Inhabitants.* Ovid *ſaith he is addreſſing himſelf to the polite* Roman *Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of* Caucaſus *and* Myſia.

25 *He means his Book* De Medicamine Faciei, *of which we have ſome Fragments remaining.*

26 *There*

26 *There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a* Lycian, *and the other of* Eleuthera.

27 Semele, *the Daughter of* Cadmus, *and Mother of* Bacchus *by* Jupiter, *having the Curioſity to enjoy the God in his Celeſtial Majeſty, was burnt by Lightning.* Leda *was the Daughter of* Theſtius, *and the Wife of* Tyndarus *King of* Oebalia: Jupiter *in the Shape of a Swan enjoyed her as ſhe was bathing in the River* Eurotus.

28 Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor *King of* Phœnicia, *was raviſhed by* Jupiter *in the Shape of a Bull.*

29 Pharos *was a little Iſland at the Mouth of the* Nile, *abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.*

30 Analectides, *little Bolſters of Flocks. The ſame Invention is uſed in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calved Stockings for the Men. And it is ſatisfactory to the Curious to know the Faſhion is* 1800 *Years old.*

31 *The* Umbrians *inhabited a Country joining to the* Appenine *Hills, which run from* Savona, *on the Coaſt of* Genoa, *to the* Sicilian *Straits. This Nation were reckoned as ruſtic in their Manners, as ſtrong in Bodies, and ſtout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an* Umbrian *Woman, a juſt Idea of a Modern Peaſant's Wife.*

32 *The* Sirens *were three in Number,* Parthenope, Leucoſia *and* Ligia, *half Women, and half Fiſh. One made uſe of her Voice, the Second of her Lyre, and the Third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coaſt of* Sicily, *where they charmed Voyagers, but* Ulyſſes *eſcaped them.*

33 Orpheus *was ſo ſkilful in playing on the Lyre, that it is ſaid he drew after him Trees and wild Beaſts, and charmed Hell with his Muſic, whither he went to recover his Wife* Eurydice.

34 Amphion, *the Son of* Jupiter *and* Antiope, *is ſaid to have built the Walls of* Thebes *by the Sound of his Lyre.*

35 Arion *was a Muſician of* Leſbos. *Having got a great Deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robbed him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charmed with his Muſic, conveyed him on his Back ſafe to* Peloponneſus, *where he procured* Periander *to put the Sailors to Death.*

36 Callimachus, *the Son of* Battus, *was looked upon to be one of the wittieſt and politeſt Men of his Age.*

37 Philetas *was a Native of* Coos, *an Iſland in the* AEgean *Sea; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and floriſhed under* Philip, *and his Son* Alexander *the Great.*

38 Anacreon *was a Lyric Poet of* Teios; *being a great Lover of Wine, he choked himſelf with a Grape-ſtone as he was drinking.*

39 Sapho

39 Sapho *was born at* Mitylene *in the Iſle of* Leſbos: *She writ nine Books of Elegies, and ſeveral Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verſes, for which Reaſon* Ovid *recommends them. According to ſome Authors, ſhe flung herſelf into the Sea, becauſe* Phaon *neglected her.*

40 *Theſe three were celebrated Poets of the* Auguſtan *Age.* Propertius *was a Native of* Umbria, *and very much eſteemed by* Mecænas. Gallus *commanded under* Auguſtus *in* Egypt; *and* Tibullus *was no leſs remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profuſion.*

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, *of the Province of* Gallia Narbonenſis, *was in Love with a Lady called* Leucadia, *whom he celebrated in his Poetry.*

42 *The Poet means the Summer Seaſon, when the Sun paſſes through* Cancer, Leo, *and* Virgo.

43 *Theſe were the moſt noted Gardens in* Rome, *and in the Field of* Mars.

44 *It is ſaid* Phœbus *deſcended at the Battle of* Actium, *and was preſent on the* Romans *Side when* Auguſtus *beat* Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's *Portico built near* Marcellus's *Theatre.*

46 Agrippa *married* Julia, Auguſtus's *Daughter by* Scribonia, *and his Father-in-Law honored him with a Naval Crown after he beat* Pompey *in* Sicily.

One of the Porticos in Rome *was built or named by* Agrippa.

47 Ovid *gives us to underſtand, in his Firſt Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of* Iſis, *on Purpoſe to carry on their amorous Intrigues.*

48 Thamyras, *the Son of* Philammon, *was a Poet, and one of the greateſt Muſicians of his Time: Having gained the Prize of Singing at the* Pythic *Games, he met the Muſes in his Return homewards, and had the Inſolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he could outdo them in that Art; at which the Daughters of* Jupiter *were ſo enraged, that they deprived him of his Reaſon, or, as* Diodorus *ſays, they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.*

49 Apelles *was, for his great Skill, called the Prince of Painters; his Maſter-piece was reckoned the* Venus *riſing out of the Sea, of which* Ovid *ſpeaks in this Place.*

50 Ennius *was the firſt* Roman *that wrote Annals in Heroic Verſe; his Subject was the Wars of* Italy, *and particularly the Second* Punic *War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron* Scipio, *in whoſe Tomb he was buried, and who placed the Poet's Statue near his own, which ſhows how highly he honored him.*

51 Danae, *Daughter of* Acriſius, *King of* Argos; *who having conſulted the Oracle, and being told he ſhould*

ſhould be killed by her Son, ſhut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But Jupiter *transforming himſelf into a Golden Shower, bribed her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renowned* Perſeus. *Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately caſt aſhore on one of the Iſlands called* Cyclades, *the King of the Iſland married the Mother; and* Perſeus, *when he was grown up, unwittingly killed his Grandfather.*

52 Priam, *King of* Troy, *and Father of* Paris, *who ſtole* Helen, *was for reſtoring her to the* Greeks *when they demanded her by their Ambaſſadors; but other Councils prevailing, the War enſued, which ended in the Deſtruction of* Troy, *and the Death of* Priam, *who was killed by* Pyrrhus, *Son of* Achilles, *after forty Years Reign.*

53 *The Temple of* Venus *ſtood in the* Appian *Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing* Roman *Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.*

54 Minerva *playing on her Flute by a River Side, and obſerving in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Inſtrument in a Paſſion.*

55 Tecmeſſa, *the Daughter of* Teuthrantes, *a* Phrygian *Prince, was taken Priſoner by the* Grecians, *and fell to* Ajax *his Lot, upon the Diviſion of the Spoil.*

56 *Theſe are the Names the* Roman *Poets of thoſe Times gave their Miſtreſſes in their Verſes.*

57 Thais *was a Name given to all Sort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Diſcretion.*

58 Argus *had an hundred Eyes, and kept* Iö *from* Jupiter *by* Juno's *Order, for which* Mercury *killed him by Command of his Father* Jove; *to make him Amends,* Juno *turned him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.*

59 *The Poet alludes here to thoſe wicked Women who roſe againſt the Men, and did not ſpare their own Huſbands.*

60 *The Prieſteſſes and Prieſts of* Bacchus, *who celebrated the Feſtival of that God, did it with the Noiſe of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels and Cymbals, were crowned with Ivy, Vine,* &c. *and carried a* Thyrſus *or Staff wreathed with it in their Hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.*

61 *By this* Ovid *ſhows he is both a Poet and a Lover; for the Swans are dedicated to* Apollo, *and are ſaid to draw* Venus's *Car ſometimes, tho' the Doves are oftener uſed upon that Occaſion.*

OF

PLEASING,

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Sir *RICHARD TEMPLE.*

'TIS ſtrange, dear *Temple,* how it comes to paſs,
That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has.
So *Horace* ſings—and ſure, as ſtrange is *this:*
That no one Man's diſpleas'd with what he *is.*
The Fooliſh, Ugly, Dull, Impertinent,
Are with their Perſons and their Parts content.
Nor is that all; ſo odd a Thing is Man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely Faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd Fops affect the niceſt Mien;
Cowards extol true Courage to the Skies,
And Fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted Wretch, to Secrecy pretends,
Whiſp'ring his *Nothing* round to *All* as Friends.

Dull Rogues affect the Politician's Part;
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with Art;
Who Nothing has to loſe, the War bewails;
And he who Nothing pays, at Taxes rails.
Thus, Man, perverſe, againſt plain Nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd, contrives.
Plautus will dance, *Luſcus* at Ogling aims,
Old *Tritus* keeps, and undone *Probus* games.
Noiſome *Curculio*, whoſe envenom'd Breath,
Tho' at a Diſtance utter'd, threatens Death,
Full in your Teeth his ſtinking Whiſper throws;
Nor mends his Manners, tho' you hold your Noſe.
Therſites, who ſeems born to give Offence,
From uncouth Form and frontleſs Impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft *Airs*, and with a Slur comes in,
Attempts a Smile, and ſhocks you with a Grin.
Raucus harangues with a diffuſive Grace,
And *Helluo* invites with a forbidding Face.
Nature, to each allots his proper Sphere,
But, that forſaken, we like Comets err:
Toſs'd thro' the Void, by ſome rude Shock we're broke,
And all our boaſted Fire is loſt in Smoke.

Next

Next to obtaining Wealth, or Pow'r, or Eaſe,
Men moſt affect, in general to pleaſe:
Of this Affection, Vanity's the Source,
And Vanity alone obſtructs its Courſe;
That Teleſcope of Fools, thro' which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the Object nigh.
The Glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt Scales his Strength and Weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the Path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper Force adapt his Mind;
Scarce one, but, to ſome Merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no *Bavius*, but a *Bickerſtaffe*.
If *Garth*, or *Blackmore*, friendly Potions give,
We bid the dying Patient drink and live:
When *Murus* comes, we cry, beware the Pill,
And wiſh the Tradeſman were a Tradeſman ſtill.
If *Addiſon*, or *Rowe*, or *Prior* write,
We ſtudy 'em with Profit and Delight:
But when vile *Macer* and *Mundungus* rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the Time.

All Rules of Pleaſing in this one unite,
Affect not any Thing in Nature's Spite.
Baboons and Apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill reſembling Human-kind.
None are, for being what they are, in Fault,
But for not being what they wou'd be thought.
Thus, I, dear Friend, to you my Thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the Pleaſing Art;
If Art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem,
By Nature, form'd for Love, and for Eſteem.
Affecting none, all Virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loathe to flatter, tho' I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early Worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the Fame which waits on Years;
I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it, in the Man I love.
Tho' now I aim not at that known Applauſe
You've won in Arms, and in your Country's Cauſe;
Nor Patriot now, nor Hero I commend,
But the Companion praiſe, and boaſt the Friend.

But

But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay,
That I preſume too much in this Eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? How explain
A Rule, to which I never could attain?
To this Objection, I'll make no Reply,
But tell a Tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned Perſon, once,
Concern'd to find his only Son a Dunce;
Compos'd a Book in Favor of the Lad,
Whoſe Memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This Work contain'd a World of wholeſome Rules,
To help the Frailty of forgetful Fools.
The careful Parent laid the Treatiſe by,
'Till Time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for Age attains,
To read and profit by his Father's Pains;
And now the Sire prepares the Book t'impart,
Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art.*
But ah! how oft is human Care in vain!
For now, he could not find his Book again.
The Place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the Story that I tell,
Which if not true, is yet invented well.

Such

Such is my Caſe: Like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe, what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the Line and meaſure out the Ways.
The *Mulcibers,* who in the *Minories* ſweat,
And maſſive Bars on ſtubborn Anvils beat,
Deform'd them ſelves, yet forge thoſe Stays of Steel,
Which arm *Aurelia* with a Shape to kill.
So *Macer* and *Mundungus* ſchool the Times,
And write in rugged Proſe the Rules of ſofter Rhymes.
Well do they play the careful Critic's Part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs Art:
Rules for good Verſe they firſt with Pains indite,
Then ſhow us what are bad, what they write.

A

PINDARIC ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progress of

Her MAJESTY's Arms,

Under the Conduct of the

DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH.*

To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIC ODE.

——*Operosa parvus*
Carmina fingo. Hor. Od. 2. L. 4.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an Attempt towards reſtoring the Regularity of the ancient Lyric Poetry, which ſeems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our Engliſh *Writers.*

There is Nothing more frequent among us, than a Sort of Poems entitled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in Imitation of the Manner and Style of Pindar; *and yet I do not know that there is to this Day extant in our Language, one Ode contrived after his Model. What* Idea *can an* Engliſh *Reader have of* Pindar, *(to whoſe Mouth, when a Child, the Bees* brought their Honey, in Omen of the future Sweetneſs and Melody of his Songs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating Papers of Verſes, pretending to be Copies of his Works?*

The Character of theſe late Pindarics, is, a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts, expreſſed in a like Parcel of irregular Stanzas, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another

* Pauſan. Bœotic.

another Complication of diſproportioned, uncertain and perplexed Verſes and Rhymes. And I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the Condition in which theſe titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is Nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, *both as to the exact Obſervation of the Meaſures and Numbers of his Stanzas and Verſes, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts. For tho' his Digreſſions are frequent, and his Tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret Connexion, which, tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to the Underſtanding of the Reader.*

*The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been ſo * miſunderſtood and miſapplied by his pretended Imitators, was only in varying the Stanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correſpondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Odes.*

All the Odes of Pindar *which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory or Succeſs, in the* Grecian *Games:*

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* For certainly they have utterly miſunderſtood *Horace*, L. 4. *Ode* 2. who have applied *numeriſque fertur lege ſolutis*, to all the Odes of *Pindar;* which, there, expreſly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely loſt. Nothing is plainer, than the Senſe of *Horace* in that Place. He ſays, *Pindar* deſerves the Laurel, let him write of what, or in what manner ſoever, *viz.* Firſt, whether he writes *Dithyrambics*, which *break through the Bounds preſcribed to other Odes:* Or, ſecondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their Warlike Achievements, &c. Or, thirdly, whether he ſings of the Victors in the *Grecian* Games: Or, laſtly, whether he ſings in Honor of the Dead, and writes Elegies, &c.

Games: They were ſung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, *and ſometimes to the* Lyre *and* * Pipe; *they conſiſted oftenеſt of Three Stanzas, the firſt was called the* Strophé, *from the Verſion or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right Hand to the Left.* † *The ſecond Stanza was called the* Antiſtrophé, *from the Contraverſion of the* Chorus; *the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left Hand to the Right, contrary always to their Motion in the* Strophé. *The Third Stanza was called the* Epode, *(it may be as being the After-ſong) which they ſung in the Middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.*

What the Origin was of theſe different Motions and Stations in ſinging their Odes, is not our preſent Buſineſs to enquire. Some have thought, that by the Contrariety of the Strophé *and* Antiſtrophé, *they intended to repreſent the Contrarotation of the* Primum Mobile; *in reſpect of the* Secunda Mobilia; *and that by their ſtanding ſtill at the* Epode, *they meant to ſignify the Stability of the Earth.* ‡ *Others aſcribe the Inſtitution to* Theſeus, *who thereby expreſſed the Wind-*

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* *Pind. Olym.* 10. and *Hor. L.* 3. 4. *Ode* 1. *miſtis Carminibus non ſine fiſtula.* And *L.* 3. *Ode* 19. *cur pendet tacita fiſtula cum Lyra?*

† Or from the Left to the Right, for the *Scholiaſts* differ in that, as may be ſeen in *Pind. Schol. Introd. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexand,* L. 4. c. 17. ſpeaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, ſays, *Curſum auſpicati a Laeva dextrorſum– mox a dextra Laevorſum.* But the Learned *Schmidius* takes Part with the firſt Opinion, as more conſiſtent with the Notions of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to *Homer* there cited by him. See *Eraſ. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de Carmin. Lyric.*

‡ *Pind. Schol. et Schmid.* ibid.

Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth in celebrating his Return from thence.

The Method obſerved in the Compoſition of theſe Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet having made Choice of a certain Number of Verſes to conſtitute his Strophé *or firſt* Stanza, *was obliged to obſerve the ſame in his* Antiſtrophé, *or ſecond* Stanza; *and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in Number of Verſes and Quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty, to make a new Choice for his third* Stanza, *or* Epode; *where, accordingly, he diverſified his Numbers as his Ear or Fancy led him; compoſing that* Stanza *of more or fewer Verſes than the former, and thoſe Verſes of different Meaſures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony, and Entertainment of the Ear.*

But then this Epode *being thus formed, he was ſtrictly obliged to the ſame* * *Meaſure, as often as he ſhould repeat it in the Order of his Ode, ſo that every* Epode *in the ſame Ode is eternally the ſame in Meaſure and Quantity, in reſpect to itſelf; as is alſo every* Strophé *and* Antiſtrophé, *in reſpect to each other.*

The Lyric *Poet* Steſichorus *(whom* † Longinus *reckons amongſt the ableſt Imitators of* Homer, *and of whom* ‡ Quintilian *ſays, that if he could have kept*

* *Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap.* 97. *l.* 3. † *Longin. de Sub. c.* 13. ‡ *Quint. Inſt. l.* 10. *c.* 1.

kept within Bounds, he would have been neareſt of any Body, in Merit, to Homer) *was, if not the Inventor of this Order in the Ode, yet ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of it in his Compoſitions, that the Three* Stanzas *of* Steſichorus *became a common Proverb to expreſs a Thing univerſally known,* * ne tria quidem Steſichori noſti; *ſo that when any one had a Mind to reproach another with exceſſive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him,* he did not ſo much as know the Three Stanzas of *Steſichorus; that is, did not know that an Ode ought to conſiſt of a* Strophé, *an* Antiſtrophé, *and an* Epode. *If this was ſuch a Mark of Ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame Reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our Imitations of the Odes of* Pindar.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a ſhort Ode, nor to enter upon a Diſſertation of Lyric Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to ſay, for the Information of thoſe Readers whoſe Courſe of Study has not led them into ſuch Enquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of Pindar *in this enſuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future: Far from ſuch Thoughts, I have only given an Inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the*

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* ὅτε τὰ τριὰ Στησιχόρου γινώσκεις, *de vehementer indocto et imperito dici ſolitum.* Eraſm. Adag.

Force and Elevation of Pindar, *as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.*

Again, we having no Chorus *to ſing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Uſe, of* Strophé, Antiſtrophé, *and* Epode, *are obſolete and impertinent: And certainly there may be very good* Engliſh *Odes, without the Diſtinction of* Greek *Appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and obſerved the Order of them in the enſuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary Regularity of the Compoſition of thoſe Odes, which have been repreſented to us hitherto, as the moſt confuſed Structures in Nature.*

However, though there be no Neceſſity that our Triumphal Odes ſhould conſiſt of the Three afore-mentioned Stanzas; yet if the Reader can obſerve, that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (call it Epode, *or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the Firſt or Second Stanzas, with more Appetite, than he could do if always cloyed with the ſame Quantities and Meaſures, I cannot ſee why ſome Uſe may not be made of* Pindar's *Example, to the great Improvement of the* Engliſh *Ode. There is certainly a Pleaſure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; eſpecially, if it appears ſo carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not ſhow itſelf, 'till it is ſought for; and that the ſeeming Eaſineſs of the Work, firſt ſets us upon the Enquiry.*

quiry. Nothing can be called Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleaſed. Therefore certainly Poetry, *which includes Painting and Muſic, ſhould not be deſtitute of them; and of all* Poetry, *eſpecially the* Ode, *whoſe End and Eſſence is Harmony.*

Mr. Cowley, *in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, ſpeaking of the Muſic of the Numbers, ſays,* which ſometimes (eſpecially in Songs and Odes) almoſt without any Thing elſe, makes an Excellent Poet.

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, *it may very well be expected, that Something ſhould be ſaid of him, at a Time when the Imitation of* Pindar *is the Theme of our Diſcourſe. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think Nothing ſhould be objected to the Latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The Beauty of his Verſes, are an Atonement for the Irregularity of his Stanzas; and though he did not imitate* Pindar *in the Strictneſs of his Numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Style and Sentiments.*

Yet I muſt beg Leave to add, that I believe thoſe irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, *may have been the principal, though innocent Occaſion, of ſo many deformed Poems ſince, which inſtead of being true Pictures of* Pindar, *have (to uſe the* Italian *Painters Terms) been only* Caricaturas *of him, Reſemblances that for the moſt Part have been either Horrid or Ridiculous.*

For my own Part, I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore miſcalled a few irregular Stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and poſſibly, if others, who have been under the ſame Miſtake, would ingenuouſly confeſs the Truth, they might own, that never having conſulted Pindar *himſelf, they took all his Irregularity upon Truſt; and finding their Account in the great Eaſe with which they could produce Odes without being obliged either to Meaſure or Deſign, remained ſatisfied; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.*

Though there be little (if any Thing) left of Orpheus, *but his Name, yet if* * Pauſanias *was well informed, we may be aſſured that* Brevity *was a Beauty which he moſt induſtriouſly labored to preſerve in his* Hymns, *notwithſtanding, as the ſame Author reports, that they were but few in Number.*

The Shortneſs of the following Ode, will, I hope, atone for the Length of the Preface, and in ſome Meaſure for the Defects which may be found in it. It conſiſts of the ſame Number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, *which is the firſt of his* Pythics; *and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty, I reſolved to endeavour to copy his Brevity, and take the Advantage of a Remark he has made in the laſt* Strophé *of the ſame Ode, which take in the Paraphraſe of* Sudorius.

Qui

* Bœotic. *pag.* 588.

Qui multa paucis ſtringere commodè
Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, et auris menſque pura
Omne ſupervacuum rejectat.

ODE.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, Immortal Muſe,
Calliope; what Poet wilt thou chooſe
Of *ANNA*'s Name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy Fire impart,
Thy Lyre, thy Voice, and tuneful Art;
Whom raiſe Sublime on thy Ethereal Wing,
And conſecrate with Dews of thy *Caſtalian* Spring?

II.

Without thy Aid, the moſt aſpiring Mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow Flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal Lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's Praiſe.
Thy Aid obtain'd, even I, the humbleſt Swain,
May climb *Pierian* Heights, and quit the lowly Plain.

III.

High in the Starry Orb is hung,
And next *Alcides*' Guardian Arm,
That [1] Harp to which thy *Orpheus* ſung,
Who Woods, and Rocks, and Winds, cou'd charm;
That

That Harp which on *Cyllene*'s ſhady Hill,
When firſt the Vocal Shell was found,
With more than mortal Skill
Inventor *Hermes* taught to ſound.
Hermes, on bright *Latona*'s Son,
By ſweet Perſuaſion won,
The wond'rous Work beſtow'd;
Latona's Son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the Gift Divine:
A God the Gift, a God th' Invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding Lyre I tune my Strains;
A lower Note his lofty Song diſdains
Who ſings of *ANNA*'s Name.
The Lyre is ſtruck! the Sounds I hear!
O Muſe, propitious to my Pray'r!
O well known Sounds! O Melody, the ſame
That kindled *Mantuan* Fire, and rais'd *Mæonian*
Flame!

II.

Nor are theſe Sounds to *Britiſh* Bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone:

Witneſs ſweet *Spenſer*'s Lays:
And witneſs that Immortal Song,
As *Spenſer* ſweet, as *Milton* ſtrong,
Which humble *Boyn* o'er *Tiber*'s Flood cou'd raiſe,
And mighty *William* ſing, with well proportion'd Praiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair *Auguſta*, lift thy Head,
With golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from *Tithon*'s Bed,
With chearful Ray, the ruddy Morn.
Thy lovely Form, and freſh reviving State,
In cryſtal Flood of *Thames* ſurvey;
Then bleſs thy better Fate,
Bleſs *ANNA*'s moſt auſpicious Sway.
While diſtant Realms and neighb'ring Lands,
Arm'd Troops and hoſtile Bands
On ev'ry Side moleſt,
Thy happier Clime is Free,
Fair CAPITAL of Liberty!
And Plenty knows, and Days of Halcyon Reſt.

I. As

I.

As *Britain*'s Iſle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees, againſt her Silver Shores,
His foaming Billows beat;
So *Britain*'s QUEEN, amidſt the Jars
And Tumults of a World of Wars,
Fix'd on the Baſe of her well-founded State,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the
Shocks of Fate.

II.

But Greateſt Souls, tho' bleſt with ſweet Repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with Senſe of others Woes.
Thus *ANNA*'s mighty Mind,
To Mercy and ſoft Pity prone,
And mov'd with Sorrows not her own,
Has all her Peace and downy Reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common Good, and ſuccor Hu-
man-kind.

III.

Fly, Tyranny, no more be known
Within *Europa*'s bliſsful Bound;
Far as th' unhabitable Zone
Fly ev'ry hoſpitable Ground.

To

To horrid [2] *Zembla*'s frozen Realms repair,
There, with the baleful Beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopled Empire ſhare,
And rob *thoſe* Lands of Legal Right.
For now is come the promis'd Hour,
When Juſtice ſhall have Pow'r;
Juſtice to Earth reſtor'd!
Again *Aſtræa* reigns!
ANNA Her equal Scale maintains,
And MARLBRO' wields Her ſure deciding Sword.

I.

Now, cou'dſt thou ſoar, my Muſe, to ſing the
MAN
In Heights ſublime, as when the *Mantuan* Swan
Her tow'ring Pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhould'ſt of MARLBRO' ſing, whoſe
Hand
Unerring from his QUEEN's Command,
Far as the [3] Seven-mouth'd *Iſter*'s ſecret Head,
To ſave th'Imperial State, Her hardy *Britons* led.

II.

Nor there thy Song ſhould end; tho' all the Nine
Might well their Harps and heav'nly Voices join

To

To ſing that Glorious Day,
When Bold *Bavaria* fled the Field,
And Veteran *Gauls,* unus'd to yield,
On *Blenheim*'s Plain, imploring Mercy, lay;
And Spoils and Trophies won, perplex'd the
Victor's Way.

III.

But cou'd thy Voice of *Blenheim* ſing,
And with Succeſs that Song purſue;
What Art cou'd aid thy wearied Wing
To keep the Victor ſtill in view?
For as the Sun ne'er ſtops his radiant Flight,
Nor ſets, but with impartial Ray,
To all who want his Light,
Alternately transfers the Day:
So in the Glorious Round of Fame,
Great MARLBRO', ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his Courſe;
To Climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring Arms by Turns appear,
And univerſal is his Aid and Force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muſe,
For O! what Notes, what Numbers cou'dſt
thou chooſe, Tho'

Tho' in all Numbers ſkill'd;
To ſing the Hero's matchleſs Deed,
Which [4] *Belgia* ſav'd, and *Brabant* freed;
To ſing *Ramilia*'s Day! to which muſt yield
Cannæ's [5] Illuſtrious Fight, and Fam'd [6] *Pharſalia*'s Field.

II.

In the ſhort Courſe of a Diurnal Sun,
Behold the Work of many Ages done!
What Verſe ſuch Worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and Life, the Poet's Art
To middle Virtue may impart;
But Deeds ſublime, exalted high like Theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt Flight; and mock his diſtant Praiſe.

III.

Still wou'd the willing Muſe aſpire,
With Tranſport ſtill her Strains prolong;
But Fear unſtrings the trembling Lyre,
And Admiration ſtops her Song.
Go on, Great Chief, in *ANNA*'s Cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the Terrors of thy Sword,

'Till

Till *Europe* thou hast freed,
And Universal Peace restor'd.
This mighty Work when thou shalt end,
Equal Rewards attend,
Of Value far above
Thy Trophies and thy Spoils;
Rewards even Worthy of thy Toils,
Thy QUEEN's just Favor, and thy COUNTRY's Love.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 ORPHEUS *was said to be the Son of the Muse* Calliope. *The Poetical Fiction of the Harp of* Orpheus *is this.* Mercury, *the same Day that he was born of* Maia *in* Cyllene, *a Mountain of* Arcadia, *found a living Tortoise, which he carried home with him to his Cradle, and immediately composed a Harp of the Shell. A little after he stole the Oxen of* Apollo; *this caused some Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referred to* Jupiter, *he ordered* Mercury *to return the Oxen to the right Owner; on this there followed not only a Reconciliation but Friendship, and* Apollo *expressing an extreme Plea-*

sure

ſure at the Invention of the Harp, Mercury *beſtowed it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendſhip. Of this,* Homer, *in his* Hymn *to* Mercury, *ſpeaks at large. Afterwards* Apollo *inventing another Inſtrument called the* Cithara, *gave the* Lyra *to* Orpheus. *The* Muſes, *after the Death of* Orpheus, *tranſlated his Harp into Heaven, where it became a Conſtellation, and is placed between the Knee and Left Arm of* Engonaſis *or* Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, *a miſerable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb, but perpetual Froſt and Snow, and where, for one half of the Year, it is continual Night.*

3 Lucan *in his Third Book,* V. 202. *gives it the indefinite Epithet of* Multifidi Iſtri. *But* Ovid, *Triſt.* 2. Solus ad ingreſſus miſſus Septemplicis Iſtri. *And* Sidonius Apollinaris *gives it the ſame Epithet, on the like Occaſion with this* Ode, *when, in his Panegyric to* Majorianus Cæſar, *he tells him,*

Illicet aggrederis, quod nullus tempore noſtro
Auguſtus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Iſtri
Agmen in arma rapis——

The ancient Geographers differed very much in their Account of the Riſe of this River; ſo that on a double Account the ſame Epithets may be appropriated to it which are uſual to the Nile.

4 Belgia *need not only be ſtrictly underſtood of the Seven Provinces, called* Belgium Fœderatum, *by the Diſtinction made in the Time of* Phil. 2. *but may alſo be*

be interpreted with reſpect to that which was anciently called Belgium, *comprehending the lower* Germany, *in regard of the great Conſequences attending ſuch a Victory.*

5 Cannæ, *as inconſiderable a Village as* Blenheim, *'till in like Manner made memorable and illuſtrious by the great and entire Victory which* Hannibal *obtained there over the* Romans.

6 Pharſalia, *famous for the Overthrow of* Pompey *by* Julius Cæſar; *a wonderful Victory, but may juſtly be ſaid to yield to that of* Ramilies. *For the Deſign and End of the firſt was to enſlave Mankind, the manifeſt Aim and Event of the latter has been to ſet them at Liberty.*

To

To the Right Honorable the

EARL of *GODOLPHIN*,

Lord HIGH TREASURER of *Great-Britain.*

PINDARIC ODE.

——Quemvis media erue turba:
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti ſplendor——
Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole, ad eum quo
Veſpertina tepet regio: quin per mala praeceps
Fertur——
Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas.

Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

ODE.

I.

TO hazardous Attempts and hardy Toils,
Ambition ſome excites;
And ſome, Deſire of martial Spoils
To bloody Fields invites;
Others, inſatiate Thirſt of Gain,
Provokes to tempt the dangerous Main,

To

To paſs the burning Line, and bear
Th' Inclemency of Winds, and Seas, and Air;
Preſſing the doubtful Voy'ge 'till INDIA's Shore
Her ſpicy Boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining Ore.

II.

Nor Widows Tears, nor tender Orphans Cries,
Can ſtop th' Invader's Force;
Nor ſwelling Seas, nor threat'ning Skies,
Prevent the Pirate's Courſe:
Their Lives to ſelfiſh Ends decreed,
Thro' Blood or Rapine they proceed;
No anxious Thoughts of ill Repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt Purſuit:
But Pow'r and Wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their Fellow-Creatures Fears they raiſe, or urge their Hate.

III.

But not for theſe, his Iv'ry Lyre
Will tuneful *Phœbus* ſtring,
Nor *Polyhymnia,* crown'd amid the Choir,
Th' immortal Epode ſing.

Thy Springs, [1] *Caſtalia,* turn their Streams aſide
From Rapine, Avarice, and Pride;
Nor do thy Greens, ſhady [2] *Aönia,* grow,
To bind with Wreaths a *Tyrant*'s Brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty *Jove,* yet how ſevere
Is thy ſupreme Decree,
[3] That impious Men ſhall joyleſs hear
The Muſes Harmony!
Their ſacred Songs, (the Recompenſe
Of Virtue, and of Innocence)
Which pious Minds to Rapture raiſe,
And worthy Deeds at once excite and praiſe,
To guilty Hearts afford no kind Relief;
But add inflaming Rage, and more afflicting Grief.

II.

Monſtrous [4] *Typhœus,* thus, new Terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the Skies,
And now, beneath the burning Hill
Of dreadful *Etna* lies,
Hearing the Lyre's celeſtial Sound,
He bellows in th' Abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his Roar,
Tremble the Seas, and far *Campania*'s Shore;
While

While all his hundred Mouths at once expire
Volumes of curling Smoke, and Floods of liquid Fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone, all Good proceeds;
To heav'nly Minds belong
All Pow'r and Love, GODOLPHIN, of good Deeds,
And Senſe of Sacred Song!
And thus, moſt pleaſing are the Muſe's Lays
To them who merit moſt her Praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee, her Iv'ry Lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with Rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether, Affairs of moſt important Weight
Require thy aiding Hand,
And *ANNA*'s Cauſe and *Europe*'s Fate
Thy ſerious Thoughts demand;
Whether, thy Days and Nights are ſpent
In Cares, on Public Good intent;
Or, whether leiſure Hours invite
To manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight;
In Courts reſiding, or to Plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous Steeds conteſt, with Emulation fir'd;

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy Name,
As once ſhe [5] *Theron* ſung,
While with the deathleſs Worthy's Fame
Olympian [6] *Piſa* rung:
Nor leſs Sublime, is now, her Choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee, her Voice.
And now, ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The Man for more than Mortal Deeds renown'd;
Vary'ing anon her Theme, ſhe takes Delight
The ſwift-heel'd [7] Horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid Flight.

III.

And ſee! the [8] Air-born Racers ſtart,
Impatient of the Rein;
Faſter they run, than flies the *Scythian* Dart,
Nor paſſing, print the Plain!
The Winds themſelves, who with their Swiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy Pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs Speed thy Courſers paſs
Th' Ethereal Authors of their Race.

I. And

I.

And now, awhile, the well-ſtrain'd Courſers breathe;
And now, my Muſe, prepare
Of [9] Olive Leaves a twiſted Wreath
To bind the Victor's Hair.
[10] *Pallas,* in Care of Human-kind,
The fruitful Olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the Glebe her Spear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once, the laden Boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with Wonder view'd the teeming Earth,
And all, with one Conſent, approv'd the beauteous Birth.

II.

This done, Earth-ſhaking *Neptune* next eſſay'd,
In Bounty to the World,
To emulate the blue-ey'd Maid;
And his huge Trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding Beach; the Stroke
Transfix'd the Globe, and open broke
The Central Earth, whence, ſwift as Light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born Horſe, Stupendous Sight!

Neptune, for human Good the Beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to Uſe, and taught to *hear the* " *Reins.*

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble Strife!
Worthy the heav'nly Mind)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious Life,
And moſt endear Mankind.
Thus thou, GODOLPHIN, doſt with MARLBRO' ſtrive,
From whoſe joint Toils we Reſt derive:
Triumph in Wars abroad his Arm aſſures,
Sweet Peace at home thy Care ſecures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 *COMMONLY* Caſtalius, *but by* Virg. Geor. 3. *called* Caſtalia, *a Fountain at the Foot of* Parnaſſus, *ſacred to the Muſes.*

2 Aönia, *the hilly and woody Part of* Bœotia, *believed to have been much frequented by the Muſes.*

3 That impious Men ſhall joyleſs hear, *&c. This Thought or Opinion is borrowed from* Pindar, Pyth. 1. *where he ſays*—— But ſuch Men whom *Jupiter*

Jupiter hates, are confounded with Terror when they hear the ſweet Harmony of the Muſes. *This Paſſage is often cited by* Plutarch, *and others, in Favor of Muſic and Poetry. Mr.* Cowley, *in his Notes on his* Davideis, Book 1. *on* David's *diſpoſſeſſing* Saul *of the Evil Spirit, collects a great Number of ſurpriſing Citations on this Subject.*

4 Typhœus, *one of the Giants who attempted to ſtorm Heaven; but* Jupiter *ſtruck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Iſland of* Sicily, *with* Etna *on his Breaſt. This Stanza is alſo copied from the ſame Ode of* Pindar, *where this Monſter is ſaid to have an hundred Heads, as alſo in* Olymp. 4.

5 Theron, *a Prince of* Agrigentum, *to whom* Pindar *addreſſes his ſecond and third Olympic.*

6 Piſa, *a Town in* Peloponneſus, *near to which the Olympic Games were celebrated.*

7 *So* Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. *ſpeaks of* Pindar— *as ſinging ſometimes the Hero, ſometimes the Horſe;*

———Pugilemve Equumve dicit, *&c.*

8 Air-born. *Alluding to the Notion that Mares have conceived by the Weſtern Wind, without the Aſſiſtance of a Horſe: See* Virg. Georg. 3. ver. 273. *from whence* Taſſo *has borrowed the Birth of* Raymond's *Horſe.* Gieruſalem. Cant. 7.

Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora
Raccoglie i ſemi del fecondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) *&c.*

Virg. ——————illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque Leves auras: et ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) *&c.*

9 Olive Leaves. *An Olive Garland was the Reward of Victory in the Olympic Games.*

10 Pallas, *&c. The Fable on which this Digreſſion is founded, is, that* Neptune *and* Pallas *had a Contention who ſhould give the Name to* Athens; *and it was agreed, that which of them ſhould confer the greateſt Benefit on Mankind, ſhould obtain the Victory. The Gods were aſſembled in Judgment, and* Pallas *ſtruck the Earth with her Spear, whence up ſprung the fruitful Olive-Tree; then* Neptune *in his Turn darted his Trident againſt the Earth, which opening, was delivered of a Horſe; but the Victory was adjudged to* Pallas.

11 To hear the Reins—*They who do not remember* Virgil, *may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ventured to apply it even to the Chariot rather than the Horſes.* Georg. 1.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

AN

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

TO thee, Dear *Dick,* this Tale I ſend,
Both as a Critic and a Friend.
I tell it with ſome Variation
(Not altogether a Tranſlation)
From *La Fontaine;* an Author, *Dick,*
Whoſe Muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The Subject is of that ſame Kind
To which thy Heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How Verſe may alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in Proſe.
So, without Preface, or Pretence,
To hold thee longer in Suſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the Recital of my Fable.

A *Goblin* of the merry Kind,
More black of Hue, than curs'd of Mind,
To help a Lover in Diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a Charm with ſuch Succeſs,

That

That in ſhort Space the cruel Dame
Relented, and return'd his Flame.
The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by Honor and by Oath:
The Lover laid down his Salvation,
And *Satan* ſtak'd his Reputation.
The latter promis'd on his Part
(To ſerve his Friend and ſhow his Art)
That Madam ſhou'd, by twelve o' Clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,
Become as gentle as a Glove,
And kiſs and coo like any Dove.
In ſhort, the Woman ſhould be his,
That is, upon Condition——*Viz.*
That He, the Lover, after taſting
What one wou'd wiſh were everlaſting;
Should, in Return for ſuch Enjoyment,
Supply the Fiend with freſh Employment:
That's all, quoth *Pug;* my poor Requeſt
Is, only never to have Reſt;
You thought, 'tis like, with Reaſon too,
That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not You:
But what; upon my Friend impoſe!
No ——tho' a Devil, none of thoſe.

Your

Your Buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
Is Nothing more but to Command me.
Of one Thing only let me warn ye,
Which Somewhat nearly may concern ye:
As ſoon as e'er one Work is done,
Straight name a new one; and ſo on;
Let each to other quick ſucceed,
Or elſe—you know how 'tis agreed—
For if, thro' any Hums or Haws,
There haps an intervening Pauſe,
In which, for Want of freſh Commands,
Your Slave obſequious idle ſtands,
Nor Soul nor Body ever more
Shall ſerve the Nymph whom you adore;
But both be laid at *Satan*'s Feet,
To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet.
At once the Lover all approves:
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his Thought:
Why, after all, I venture nought;
What Myſtery is in Commanding?
Does that require much Underſtanding?
Indeed, wer't my Part to Obey,
He'd go the better of the Lay:

But he muſt do what I think fit—
Pſhaw, pſhaw, young *Beelzebub* is bit.
Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,
Adjuſts and combs, and courts the Fair:
The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the Night
In ſweet Embraces, balmy Kiſſes;
And riots in the Bliſs of Bliſſes.
O Joy, cry'd he, that haſt no Equal!
But hold—no Raptures—mark the Sequel.
For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,
The Youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His Eyes a ſilky Slumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd:
But that officious *Dæmon,* near,
Now buzz'd for Buſineſs in his *Ear;*
In Haſte, he names a thouſand Things:
The *Goblin* plies his Wicker Wings,
And in a Trice returns to aſk
Another and another Taſk.
Now, Palaces are built and Tow'rs,
The Work of Ages in few Hours.
Then, Storms are in an Inſtant rais'd,
Which the next Moment are appeas'd.

Now

Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd View,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.
Theſe Things, and ſtranger Things than theſe,
Were done with equal Speed and Eaſe.
And now to *Rome* poor *Pug* he'll ſend:
And *Pug* ſoon reach'd his Journey's End.
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a Pack
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
That now, the Squire (who had ſome Hope
In holy Water and the Pope)
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
And black Deſpair ſucceeds brown Study.
In this Diſtreſs the woful Youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
Begging her Counſel, for whoſe Sake
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
And is this all? replies the Fair:
Let me alone to cure this Care.
When next your *Dæmon* ſhall appear,
Pray give him—look, what I hold here,

And

And bid him labor, ſoon or late,
To lay theſe Ringlets lank and ſtraight.
Then, Something ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her Finger and her Thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
Your *Goblin*'s Skill ſhall now be try'd.

She ſaid; and gave—what ſhall I call
That Thing ſo ſhining, criſp and ſmall,
Which round his Finger ſtrove to twine?
A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine?
Or Sprig from *Cytherea*'s Grove;
Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
With Awe, he now takes from her Hand
That Fleece-like Flow'r of fairy Land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the Fleece
Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
Or that, which modern Ages ſee
The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
Whoſe Curls of kindred Texture grace
Heroes and Kings of *Spaniſh* Race.

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
He iſſues thus his ſtrict Command.
This Line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
Render direct and perpendicular;

But

But ſo direct, that in no Sort
It ever may in Rings retort.
See me no more 'till this be done:
Hence, to thy Taſk—avaunt, be gone.
Away the Fiend like Lightning flies,
And all his Wit to Work applies:
Anvils and Preſſes he employs,
And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noiſe.
In vain: He to no Terms can bring
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing;
Th' elaſtic Fibre mocks his Pains,
And its firſt ſpiral Form retains.
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
And down the Depths of Sea he dives:
This Sprunt its Pertneſs ſure will loſe
When laid (ſaid he) to ſoke in Ooze.
Poor fooliſh Fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
Old *Ocean*, with paternal Waves
The Child of his own Bed receives,
Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
So, when to Earth, *Alcides* flung
The huge *Antæus*, whence he ſprung,

From

From ev'ry Fall freſh Strength he gain'd,
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what Sleight to practiſe next;
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails,
But all concur his Shame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the Foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phænomenon.*
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No End he ſees of his Surpriſe,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never yet was Wool or Feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all Weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, reſiſt
Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Miſt.
What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What Spinſter Witch could ſpin ſuch Thread,
He Nothing knew; but, to his Coſt,
Knew all his Fame and Labor loſt.

Subdu'd

Subdu'd, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure he ſwore
Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch
Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the Man the *Dæmon* went:
I grant, quoth he, our Contract null,
And give you a Diſcharge in full.
But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,
(Since I ſo candidly knock under,)
What is this Thing? Where could it grow?
Pray take it—'tis *in Statu quo.*
Much good may't do you; for my Part,
I waſh my Hands of't from my Heart.
In Truth, Sir *Goblin* or Sir *Fairy,*
Replies the Lad, you're too ſoon weary.
What, leave this trifling Taſk undone!
And think'ſt thou this the only one?
Alas! were this ſubdu'd, thou'dſt find
Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind,
Which might employ, ev'n to Eternity,
Both you and all your whole Fraternity.

The PEASANT *in Search of his* HEIFER.

A TALE after M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT ſo befell: A ſilly Swain
Had ſought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the Lawn to ſeek the Shade.
Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,
Then, to the Wood, in Haſte he hies;
Where ſingling out the faireſt Tree,
He climbs, in Hopes to hear or ſee.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to paſs
A jolly Lad and buxom Laſs:
The Place was apt, the Paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her Forelock preſent:
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my Lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain Charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch Wonder ſtruck his Sight,
(With Wonder, much; more, with Delight)
That loud he cry'd in Rapture, What!
What ſee I, Gods! What ſee I not!

But

But Nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Straight ſtopt him ſhort in mid Career:
And louder cry'd, Ho, honeſt Friend,
That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no End;
Doſt ſee the Heifer that I ſeek?
If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak.

HOMER's
HYMN to *VENUS:*

Tranſlated into ENGLISH Verſe.

To the READER of the enſuing HYMN.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. *one to* Apollo, *one to* Mercury, *and one to* Venus, *this to* Venus *is the ſhorteſt; it is alſo the moſt ſimple in its Deſign, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digreſſions both Geographical and Mythological, and contain many Alluſions to ancient Cuſtoms and Hiſtory, which without a Commentary could not well be underſtood by the generality of Readers. Theſe Conſiderations determined me to acquieſce in the Tranſlation of this Hymn; though I had once entertained Thoughts of turning them all three into* Engliſh *Verſe.*

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleaſure; I could not avoid ſometimes reflecting on the Cenſures of ſome Grammarians, who have denied, or at leaſt doubted, them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in itſelf, cannot really loſe any Thing of its Value, though it ſhould appear, upon a ſtrict Enquiry, not to be the Work of ſo eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was firſt imputed. But all

all Truth is ſo amiable in itſelf, that even where it is of leaſt Importance, there is a Pleaſure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Tho' the Beauties of this enſuing Poem, in the Original, want not even the Name of Homer *to recommend them, and much leſs does that mighty Name ſtand in Need of their Reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an Injuſtice to him to aſcribe them to any other; and it is a Hardſhip to them to deprive them of the Authority due to them, and to leave them to make their Way thro' bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.*

I will not trouble the Reader with the Enquiry my Curioſity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reaſon, of many, why theſe Hymns may be received for genuine. The moſt ſuſpected of them all, is that to Apollo. *(As for this to* Venus, *it were almoſt enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to obſerve that* Lucretius *thought it not below him to copy, from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)*

The Hymn to Apollo *has been ſuppoſed to have been written by one* Cynæthus *of* Chios, *who was a famous* Repeater of* Homer's *Verſes. To obviate*

*After the Deceaſe of *Homer*, there were ſuch Perſons who made a Profeſſion of repeating his Verſes; from the Repetitions of whom, and of their Deſcendants or Succeſſors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of *Homer* in After-times were collected and put in Order. Theſe were called *Homeriſtæ*, or *Homeridæ:* Of whom ſee *AElian. Var. Hiſt. L.* 13. *C.* 14. *Athenae. L.* 1. 5. 14. *Strabo L.* 14. *Pindar Nem. Ode* 2. *Cœlius Rodig. L.* 7. *C.* 29.

which Suppoſition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo *is quoted twice by* Thucydides *in the third Book of his Hiſtory, and expreſly quoted as the Work of* Homer.

After his ſecond Quotation, which conſiſts of about half a Score Verſes, Thucydides *obſerves, that in thoſe Verſes* Homer *has made Mention of himſelf: Hence, 'tis beyond Queſtion* Thucydides *believed, or rather was aſſured, it was the Work of* Homer. *He might be very well morally aſſured of it, for he lived within* **four Hundred Years of* Homer, *and that is no Diſtance of Time to render the Knowledge of ſuch Things either uncertain or obſcure in ſuch a Country as* Greece, *and to a Man of ſuch Learning, Power and Wiſdom as our Author. The learned* Caſaubon, *in his Comment on a Paſſage in the firſt Book of* † Strabo, *takes the Liberty to diſſent from* Strabo, *and cites, as Authority againſt him, Part of the Quotation made by* Thucydides *from the aforementioned Hymn of* Homer. Strabo *ſays,* Homer *has made no Mention of what Country he was: In one of the Verſes cited by* Thucydides, Homer *calls himſelf the* ‡ blind Man of rocky *Chios.* Caſaubon's *Note is as follows:*

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* *Herodotus* ſays of himſelf, in *Euterpe*, he was but four Hundred Years after *Homer*. *Thucydides* was Contemporary with *Herodotus*.

† *Strab. L.* 1. *Pag.* 30.

‡ The Original ſays —— *The blind Man who lives in rocky or ſandy* Chios, *and whoſe Poems ſhall be in the higheſt Eſteem to all Poſterity:* Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

lows: In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra autoritatem Thucydidis, cauſam nullam ſatis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de ſe Homerus, *&c.*

Now whether it be more reaſonable, by the Example of ſo learned a Man as Caſaubon, *to give Credit to the Authority of* Thucydides, *the moſt grave, wiſe, faithful and conſummate Hiſtorian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggeſtions of Scholiaſts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Reader.*

HOMER's

HYMN to *VENUS.*

SING, Muſe, the Force and all-informing Fire
Of *Cyprian Venus,* Goddeſs of Deſire:
Her Charms th' Immortal Minds of Gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn Race of Men to Love.
The wilder Herds and ravenous Beaſts of Prey,
Her Influence feel, and own her kindly Sway.
Thro' pathleſs Air, and boundleſs Ocean's Space,
She rules the feather'd Kind and finny Race;
Whole Nature on her ſole Support depends,
And far as Life exiſts her Care extends.

Of all the num'rous Hoſt of Gods above,
But three are found inflexible to Love.
Blue-ey'd *Minerva* free preſerves her Heart,
A Virgin unbeguil'd by *Cupid*'s Art;
In ſhining Arms the martial Maid delights,
O'er War preſides, and well-diſputed Fights:
With Thirſt of Fame ſhe firſt the Hero fir'd,
And firſt the Skill of uſeful Arts inſpir'd;

Taught

Taught Artiſts firſt the carving Tool to wield,
Chariots with Braſs to arm, and form the fenceful Shield;
She firſt taught modeſt Maids in early Bloom
To ſhun the lazy Life, and ſpin, or ply the Loom.
Diana next, the *Paphian* Queen defies,
Her ſmiling Arts and proffer'd Friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and chearful Horn,
Or Silver-ſounding Voice, to wake the Morn,
To draw the Bow, or dart the pointed Spear,
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rouſe the Woodland Deer:
Sometimes of gloomy Groves ſhe likes the Shades,
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads;
And ſometimes, ſeeks the Town, and leaves the Plains,
And loves Society where Virtue reigns.
The third Celeſtial Pow'r averſe to Love
Is Virgin *Veſta*, dear to mighty *Jove;*
Whom *Neptune* ſought to wed, and *Phœbus* woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs Labor long purſu'd;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her Purpoſe with a ſolemn Oath,

A Virgin Life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and *Jove* aſſenting bow'd his Head.
But ſince her rigid Choice the Joys deny'd
Of Nuptial Rites, and Bleſſings of a Bride,
The bounteous *Jove* with Gifts that Want ſupply'd.
High on the Throne ſhe ſits amidſt the Skies,
And firſt is fed with Fumes of Sacrifice:
For Holy Rites to *Veſta* firſt are paid,
And on her Altar Firſt-fruit Off'rings laid;
So *Jove* ordain'd in Honor of the Maid.
Theſe are the Pow'rs above, and only theſe,
Whom Love and *Cytherea*'s Art diſpleaſe:
Of other Beings, none in Earth or Skies
Her Force reſiſts, or Influence denies.
With Eaſe, her Charms the Thunderer can bind,
And captivate with Love th' Almighty Mind:
Ev'n He, whoſe dread Commands the Gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior Sway;
Enſlav'd to mortal Beauties by her Pow'r,
He oft deſcends, his Creatures to adore;
While, to conceal the Theft from *Juno*'s Eyes,
Some well-diſſembled Shape the God belies.

Juno,

Juno, his Wife and Siſter, both in Place
And Beauty, firſt among th' Ethereal Race;
Whom, all tranſcending in ſuperior Worth,
Wife *Saturn* got, and *Cybele* brought forth;
And *Jove,* by never-erring Counſel ſway'd,
The Partner of his Bed and Empire made.

But *Jove* at length, with juſt Reſentment fir'd,
The laughing Queen herſelf with Love inſpir'd.
Swift thro' her Veins the ſweet Contagion ran,
And kindled in her Breaſt Deſire of mortal Man;
That ſhe, like other Deities, might prove
The Pains and Pleaſures of inferior Love;
And not inſultingly the Gods deride,
Whoſe Sons were human by the Mother's Side:
Thus, *Jove* ordain'd ſhe now for Man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal Offspring in her Turn.

Amongſt the Springs which flow from *Ida's* Head,
His lowing Herds the young *Anchiſes* fed:
Whoſe godlike Form and Face the ſmiling Queen
Beheld, and lov'd to Madneſs ſoon as ſeen.

To

To *Cyprus* ſtraight the wounded Goddeſs flies,
Where *Paphian* Temples in her Honor riſe,
And Altars ſmoke with daily Sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her Shrine repair'd,
Where entring quick, the ſhining Gates ſhe barr'd.
The ready Graces wait, her Baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant Oils her flowing Hair;
Her flowing Hair around her Shoulders ſpreads,
And all adown Ambroſial Odor ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent Robes her Limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with Ornaments of pureſt Gold.
And thus attir'd, her Chariot ſhe aſcends,
And *Cyprus* left, her Flight to *Troy* ſhe bends,
On *Ida* ſhe alights, then ſeeks the Seat
Which lov'd *Anchiſes* choſe for his Retreat:
And ever as ſhe walk'd thro' Lawn or Wood,
Promiſcuous Herds of Beaſts admiring ſtood.
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the Ground, and crouch beneath her Feet.
Dogs, Lions, Wolves and Bears their Eyes unite,
And the ſwift Panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd Delight.

For,

For, ev'ry Glance ſhe gives ſoft Fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet Deſire in Savage Hearts.
Inflam'd with Love, all ſingle out their Mates,
And to their ſhady Dens each Pair retreats.
Mean time the Tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her *Anchiſes* was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his Friends, and Fellow-Swains,
Who fed their Flocks beneath, and ſought the Plains:
In pleaſing Solitude the Youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his Lyre's harmonious Sound.
Before his Eyes *Jove*'s beauteous Daughter ſtood,
In Form and Dreſs a Huntreſs of the Wood;
For had he ſeen the Goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The Youth with Awe and Fear had been ſurpris'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd
To ſee a Nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd.
For from her flowing Robe a Luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant Flame ſhe were array'd;
Her Hair in Part diſclos'd, in Part conceal'd,
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held;

With

With various Gold and Gems her Neck was grac'd,
And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breaſt:
Bright as the Moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent Light,
And charm'd his Senſe with Wonder and Delight.
Thus while *Anchiſes* gaz'd, thro' ev'ry Vein
A thrilling Joy he felt, and pleaſing Pain.
At length he ſpake—All hail, Celeſtial Fair!
Who humbly doſt to viſit Earth repair.
Whoe'er thou art, deſcended from above,
Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
All hail! all Honor ſhall to thee be paid;
Or art thou * *Themis?* or the † blue-ey'd Maid?
Or, art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
Who with the Gods ſhare Immortality?
Or elſe, ſome Nymph, the Guardian of theſe Woods,
Theſe Caves, theſe fruitful Hills, or Cryſtal Floods?
Whoe'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous Field,
I, to thy Honor, will an Altar build,
Where

* Themis, *the Goddeſs of Equity and Right.*
† *Blue-ey'd Maid,* Pallas.

Where holy Off'rings I'll each Hour prepare;
O prove but thou propitious to my Pray'r.
Grant me, among the *Trojan* Race, to prove
A Patriot worthy of my Country's Love;
Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg, I next may be
Bleſs'd in my Children and Poſterity:
Happy in Health, long let me ſee the Sun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my Days be done.
He ſaid.—*Jove*'s beauteous Daughter thus reply'd.
Delight of Human-kind, thy Sex's Pride!
Honor'd *Anchiſes,* you behold in me
No Goddeſs bleſs'd with Immortality;
But Mortal I, of mortal Mother came,
Otreus my Father, (you have heard the Name)
Who rules the fair Extent of *Phrygia*'s Lands,
And all her Towns and Fortreſſes commands.
When yet an Infant, I to *Troy* was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there your Language taught;
Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
I, like my own, can ſpeak the *Trojan* Tongue.
In me, one of *Diana*'s Nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the Cauſe unfold.

As

As late our Sports we practis'd on the Plain,
I, and my Fellow Nymphs of *Cynthia*'s Train,
Dancing in Chorus, and with Garlands crown'd,
And by admiring Crowds encompaſs'd round,
Lo! hov'ring o'er my Head I ſaw the God
Who *Argus* ſlew, and bears the golden Rod:
Sudden he ſeiz'd, then, bore me from their Sight,
Cutting thro' liquid Air his rapid Flight.
O'er many States and peopled Towns we paſs'd,
O'er Hills and Vallies, and o'er Deſerts waſte;
O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholeſome Fens,
And Woods where Beaſts inhabit dreadful Dens.
Thro' all which pathleſs Way our Speed was ſuch,
We ſtopt not once the Face of Earth to touch.
Mean time he told me, while thro' Air we fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I ſhould *Anchiſes* wed,
And with illuſtrious Offspring bleſs his Bed.
This ſaid, and pointing to me your Abode,
To Heav'n again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd God.
Thus, of Neceſſity, to you I come,
Unknown, and loſt, far from my native Home.
But I conjure you, by the Throne of *Jove*,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,

By

By your good Parents, (for no bad, could e'er
Produce a Son ſo graceful, good, and fair:)
That you no Wiles employ to win my Heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd Maid depart;
Inviolate and guiltleſs of your Bed,
Let me be to your Houſe and Mother led.
Me to your Father and your Brothers ſhow,
And our Alliance firſt let them allow:
Let me be known, and my Condition own'd,
And no unequal Match I may be found.
Equality to them my Birth may claim,
Worthy a Daughter's or a Siſter's Name,
Tho' for your Wife of too inferior Fame.
Next, let Ambaſſadors to *Phrygia* haſte
To tell my Father of my Fortunes paſt,
And eaſe my Mother in that anxious State,
Of Doubts and Fears, which Cares for me create.
They in return ſhall Preſents bring from thence
Of rich Attire, and Sums of Gold immenſe:
You in peculiar ſhall with Gifts be grac'd,
In Price and Beauty far above the Reſt.
This done, perform the Rites of Nuptial Love,
Grateful to Men below, and Gods above.

She ſaid, and from her Eyes ſhot ſubtle Fires,
Which to his Heart inſinuate Deſires.
Reſiſtleſs Love invading thus his Breaſt,
The panting Youth the ſmiling Queen addreſs'd.
Since Mortal you, of mortal Mother came,
And *Otreus* you report your Father's Name,
And ſince th' Immortal *Hermes*, from above,
To execute the dread Commands of *Jove*,
Your wondrous Beauties hither has convey'd,
A Nuptial Life with me henceforth to lead:
Know, now, that neither Gods nor Men have Pow'r
One Minute to defer the happy Hour,
This Inſtant will I ſeize upon thy Charms,
Mix with thy Soul, and melt within thy Arms:
Tho' *Phœbus*, arm'd with his unerring Dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting Heart;
Tho' Death, tho' Hell, in Conſequence attend,
Thou ſhalt with me the genial Bed aſcend.
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous Hand;
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' Attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her Eyes upon the Hero's Bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken Coverlets were ſpread,

And

And over all, a Counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with Furs of many a Savage Beaſt,
Of Bears and Lions, heretofore his Spoil;
And ſtill remain'd the Trophies of his Toil.
Now to aſcend the Bed they both prepare,
And he with eager Haſte diſrobes the Fair.

Her ſparkling Necklace, firſt, he laid aſide;
Her Bracelets next, and braided Hair unty'd:
And now, his buſy Hand her Zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant Robe around her Waſte;
Her radiant Robe at laſt aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy Hue with dazzling Luſtre ſhone.

The Queen of Love, the Youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a Chair of Gold her Veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now, (ſo *Jove* and Fate ordain'd)
The ſweet Extreme of Ecſtaſy attain'd;
And Mortal he, was like th' Immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the Goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.

But, when the Swains their Flocks and Herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry Field returning, led
Their Sheep to fold, and Oxen to the Shed;
In ſoft and pleaſing Chains of Sleep profound,
The wary Goddeſs her *Anchiſes* bound:

Then gently riſing from his Side and Bed,
In all her bright Attire her Limbs array'd.
And now her fair-crown'd Head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a Mortal, but herſelf appears:
Her Face refulgent, and majeſtic Mien,
Confeſs'd the Goddeſs, Love's and Beauty's Queen.
Then, thus, aloud ſhe calls. *Anchiſes,* wake;
Thy fond Repoſe and Lethargy forſake:
Look on the Nymph who late from *Phrygia* came,
Behold me well——ſay, if I ſeem the ſame.
At her firſt Call the Chains of Sleep were broke,
And ſtarting from his Bed, *Anchiſes* woke:
But when he *Venus* view'd without Diſguiſe,
Her ſhining Neck beheld, and radiant Eyes;
Aw'd, and abaſh'd, he turn'd his Head aſide,
Attempting with his Robe his Face to hide.
Confus'd with Wonder, and with Fear oppreſs'd,
In winged Words, he thus the Queen addreſs'd.
When firſt, O Goddeſs, I thy Form beheld,
Whoſe Charms ſo far Humanity excell'd;
To thy Celeſtial Pow'r my Vows I paid,
And with Humility implor'd thy Aid:

But

But thou, for ſecret Cauſe to me unknown,
Didſt thy Divine Immortal State diſown.
But now, I beg thee, by the Filial Love
Due to thy Father, *AEgis*-bearing *Jove,*
Compaſſion on my human State to ſhow;
Nor let me lead a Life infirm below:
Defend me from the Woes which Mortals wait,
Nor let me ſhare of Men the common Fate:
Since never Man with Length of Days was bleſt,
Who in Delights of Love a Deity poſſeſs'd.
To him, *Jove*'s beauteous Daughter thus reply'd:
Be bold, *Anchiſes;* in my Love confide;
Nor me, nor other God, thou needſt to fear,
For thou to all the heav'nly Race art dear.
Know, from our Loves thou ſhalt a Son obtain,
Who over all the Realm of *Troy* ſhall reign;
From whom a Race of Monarchs ſhall deſcend,
And whoſe Poſterity ſhall know no End.
To him thou ſhalt the Name * *AEneas* give,
As one for whoſe Conception I muſt grieve,

* AEneas, *ſignifying* one who cauſeth Grief. *By this Paſſage, it ſhould ſeem as if the Etymologiſts had*

Oft as I think he to exiſt began
From my Conjunction with a mortal Man.
But *Troy*, of all the habitable Earth,
To a ſuperior Race of Men gives Birth;
Producing Heroes of th' Ethereal Kind,
And next reſembling Gods in Form and Mind.
From thence, great *Jove* to azure Skies convey'd,
To live with Gods, the lovely *Ganymede*.
Where, by th' Immortals honor'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The Youth enjoys a bleſs'd Eternity.
In Bowls of Gold, he ruddy Nectar pours,
And *Jove* regales in his unbended Hours.
Long did the King, his Sire, his Abſence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where, the Boy was born:
'Till *Jove* at length, in Pity of his Grief,
Diſpatch'd * *Argicides* to his Relief;

And

---

had erred, who, as he was the Hero of Virgil's *Epic Poem, have derived his Name from* αἰνέω, to extol, *or* praiſe; *it appearing expreſly here to be derived from* ἀνία, Grief, *or* ἀνάω, to affect with Grief.

*The Slayer of *Argus*. *Mercury* ſo called from having ſlain *Argus*.

And more with Gifts to pacify his Mind,
He ſent him Horſes of a deathleſs Kind,
Whoſe Feet outſtript in Speed the rapid Wind.
Charging withal ſwift *Hermes* to relate
The Youth's Advancement to a heav'nly State;
Where all his Hours are paſt in circling Joy,
Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death deſtroy.
Now, when this Embaſſy the King receives,
No more for abſent *Ganymede* he grieves;
The pleaſing News his aged Heart revives,
And with Delight his Swift-heel'd Steeds he drives.

But when the Golden-thron'd *Aurora* made
Tithonus Partner of her roſy Bed,
(*Tithonus* too was of the *Trojan* Line,
Reſembling Gods in Face and Form Divine)
For him ſhe ſtraight the Thunderer addreſs'd,
That with perpetual Life he might be bleſs'd;
Jove heard her Pray'r, and granted her Requeſt:
But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
The moſt material Bleſſing to omit;
Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide,
That Length of Days might be with Strength ſupply'd;

And to her Lover's endleſs Life, engage
An endleſs Youth, incapable of Age.
But hear what Fate befel this heav'nly Fair,
In Gold enthron'd, the brighteſt Child of Air.
Tithonus, while of pleaſing Youth poſſeſs'd,
Is by *Aurora* with Delight careſs'd;
Dear to her Arms, he in her Court reſides,
Beyond the Verge of Earth, and Ocean's utmoſt Tides.
But when ſhe ſaw gray Hairs begin to ſpread,
Deform his Beard, and diſadorn his Head,
The Goddeſs cold in her Embraces grew,
His Arms declin'd, and from his Bed withdrew;
Yet ſtill a Kind of nurſing Care ſhe ſhow'd,
And Food ambroſial, and rich Clothes beſtow'd:
But when of Age he felt the ſad Extreme,
And ev'ry Nerve was ſhrunk, and Limb was lame,
Lock'd in a Room her uſeleſs Spouſe ſhe left,
Of Youth, of Vigor, and of Voice bereft.*
On Terms like theſe, I never can deſire
Thou ſhouldſt to Immortality aſpire.

Couldſt

* *Tithonus* was feigned, at length, to have been turned into a Graſhopper.

Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy Strength, thy Beauty, and thy Youth retain,
Couldſt thou for ever *thus* my Huſband prove,
I might live happy in thy endleſs Love;
Nor ſhou'd I e'er have Cauſe to dread the Day,
When I muſt mourn thy Loſs and Life's Decay.
But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
Beneath the Woes which painful Age attend;
Inexorable Age! whoſe wretched State
All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate.

Now, know, I alſo muſt my Portion ſhare,
And for thy Sake Reproach and Shame muſt bear.
For I, who heretofore in Chains of Love,
Could captivate the Minds of Gods above,
And force 'em, by my all-ſubduing Charms,
To ſigh and languiſh in a Woman's Arms:
Muſt now no more that Pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
Nor tax with Weakneſs the Celeſtial Hoſt;
Since I myſelf, this dear Amends have made,
And am at laſt by my own Arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with Appetite deprav'd,
This Hour, by thee, I have a Son conceiv'd;
Whom hid beneath my Zone, I muſt conceal,
'Till Time his Being and my Shame reveal.

Him

Him ſhall the Nymphs who theſe fair Woods adorn
In their deep Boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born:
They nor of Mortal nor Immortal Seed
Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on *Ambroſia* feed,
And * long they live; and oft in Chorus join
With Gods and Goddeſſes in Dance divine.

Theſe

* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades;* the *Dryades* preſided over Woods and Groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted Immortal, but extremely long lived. *Auſonius,* from *Heſiod,* computes the complete Life of a Man at 96 Years; a Crow, he ſays, lives nine Times as long; a Deer four Times as long as a Crow; a Raven three Times as long as a Deer; the Phenix ten Times as long as a Raven; and theſe *Hamadryades* live ten times as long as the Phenix. But the moſt received Opinion was, that they lived juſt as long as their Trees. Therefore this from *Auſonius* ſeems rather to relate to the *Dryades,* and the Duration of a whole Wood; for there are frequent Inſtances where they were indifferently called *Dryades* and *Hamadryades,* by the ancient Poets. They were very ſenſible of good Offices, and grateful to them who at any Time preſerved their Trees. The Scholiaſt, upon a Paſſage mentioning theſe Nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut. l.* 2. relates the following Story cited from *Charon Lampſacenus.* A young Man called *Rœcus,* obſerving a fair Oak almoſt fallen to the Earth, ordered it to be ſupported, and took ſuch effectual Care that he re-eſtabliſhed it again to floriſh in its Place. The Nymph of the Tree appeared to him, and in Return bid him aſk what he pleaſed. The Youth readily demanded of her the laſt Favor, which ſhe as readily promiſed; and according to Agreement, ſent a Bee to ſummon him at the Time when he might be happy: But the young Man happening to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was ſo offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill Words, and chid it from him; this Reception of her Ambaſſador ſo enraged the Nymph, that in Revenge ſhe

Theſe the † *Sileni* court; theſe *Hermes* loves,
And their Embraces ſeeks in ſhady Groves.
Their Origin and Birth theſe Nymphs deduce
From common Parent Earth's prolific Juice:
With lofty Firs which grace the Mountain's Brow,
Or ample-ſpreading Oaks, at once they grow;
All have their Trees allotted to their Care,
Whoſe Growth, Duration and Decreaſe they ſhare.
But holy are theſe Groves by Mortals held,
And therefore, by the Axe are never fell'd.
But when the Fate of ſome fair Tree draws nigh,
It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
The Bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
And laſt the Boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
And thus the Nymphs expire by like Degrees,
And live and die coeval with their Trees.
Theſe gentle Nymphs, by my Perſuaſion won,
Shall in their ſweet Receſſes nurſe my Son;
And

ſhe rendered him impotent. This Story is alſo cited in Part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid Metam. l.* 8. of the Fate of *Eriſichthon*, for cutting down one of theſe animated Trees.

† The *Satyrs*, when they were in Years, were called *Sileni*, as *Pauſanias* reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

And when his Cheeks with Youth's firſt Bluſhes glow,
To thee the Sacred Maids the Boy ſhall ſhow.
More to inſtruct thee, when five Years ſhall end,
I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
Bringing thy beauteous Son to charm thy Sight,
Whoſe Godlike Form ſhall fill thee with Delight;
Him will I leave thenceforward to thy Care,
And will that with him thou to *Troy* repair:
There, if Enquiry ſhall be made, to know
To whom thou doſt ſo bright an Offspring owe;
Be ſure thou Nothing of the Truth detect,
But ready Anſwer make as I direct.
Say of a Sylvan Nymph the fair Youth came,
And *Calycopis* call his Mother's Name.
For ſhouldſt thou boaſt the Truth, and madly own
That thou in Bliſs hadſt *Cytherea* known,
Jove would his Anger pour upon thy Head,
And with avenging Thunder ſtrike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and juſt Caution giv'n,
Be ſecret thou, and dread the Wrath of Heav'n.
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his Sight,
Cutting thro' liquid Air her Heav'nward Flight.
All hail, bright *Cyprian* Queen! thee firſt I praiſe;
Then, to ſome other Pow'r transfer my Lays.

A

LETTER

TO

Mr. DENNIS,

CONCERNING

HUMOR in COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

A

LETTER to Mr. *DENNIS*,

CONCERNING

HUMOR in COMEDY.

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertained yourſelf two or three Days, with reading ſeveral Comedies, of ſeveral Authors; and your Obſervation is, that there is more of *Humor* in our *Engliſh* Writers, than in any of the other Comic Poets, ancient or modern. You deſire to know my Opinion, and at the ſame Time my Thoughts, of that which is generally called *Humor* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an Impartial Preference of our *Engliſh* Writers, in that Particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humor*, I muſt at the ſame Time confeſs, that what I take for true *Humor*, has not been ſo often written, even by

by them, as is generally believed: And ſome who have valued themſelves, and have been eſteemed by others, for that Kind of Writing, have ſeldom touched upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labored Diſcourſe, and ſuch as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But ſuch little Remarks, as may be contained within the Compaſs of a Letter, and ſuch unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Cenſure of the World, or ſetting up for a *Dictator*, you ſhall have from me, ſince you have enjoined it.

To define *Humor*, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define *Wit;* for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the ſeveral *Humors* of Men, were a Work as endleſs, as to ſum up their ſeveral Opinions. And in my Mind, the *Quot Homines tot Sententiæ*, might have been more properly interpreted of *Humor;* ſince there are many Men, of the ſame Opinion in many Things, who are yet quite different in Humors. But though we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is,

is, or what *Humor* is, yet we may go near to ſhow Something, which is not *Wit* or not *Humor,* and yet often miſtaken for both. And ſince I have mentioned *Wit* and *Humor* together, let me make the firſt Diſtinction between them, and obſerve to you, that *Wit is often miſtaken for Humor.*

I have obſerved, that when a few Things have been wittily and pleaſantly ſpoken by any Character in a Comedy; it has been very uſual for thoſe, who make their Remarks on a Play while it is acting, to ſay, *Such a Thing is very Humorouſly ſpoken: There is a great Deal of Humor in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Perſon ſpeaking, may be ſurpriſingly and pleaſantly, is miſtaken for a Character of *Humor;* which indeed is a Character of *Wit:* But there is a great Difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many Things *humorouſly,* as they call it, which is *pleaſantly* ſpoken; and one, where there are ſeveral Characters of *Humor,* diſtinguiſhed by the particular and different Humors, appropriated to the ſeveral Perſons repreſented, and which naturally ariſe from the

different Conſtitutions, Complexions, and Diſpoſitions of Men. The ſaying of Humorous Things, does not diſtinguiſh Characters; for every Perſon in a Comedy may be allowed to ſpeak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a *Fool* may be permitted to ſtumble on them by Chance. Though I make a Difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humor*; yet I do not think that Humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the Manner of *Wit* ſhould be adapted to the *Humor*. As for Inſtance; a Character of a Splenetic and Peeviſh *Humor*, ſhould have a Satirical Wit: A Jolly and Sanguine *Humor*, ſhould have a Facetious Wit. The former ſhould ſpeak poſitively; the latter careleſly: For the former obſerves, and ſhows Things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and ſpeaks Things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humor* have both of them a leſs Alloy of Judgment than the other's.

As *Wit*, ſo its oppoſite, *Folly, is ſometimes miſtaken for Humor*.

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thouſand Abſurdities, and talking

ing Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no Occaſion; this is a Character of Humor.

Is any Thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, ſtuffed with ſuch Groteſque Figures, and Farce Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monſters, and Births of Miſchance; and conſequently, as ſuch, ſhould be ſtifled, and huddled out of the Way, like *Sooterkins;* that Mankind may not be ſhocked with an appearing Poſſibility of the Degeneration of a God-like *Species.* For my Part, I am as willing to laugh as any Body, and as eaſily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: But at the ſame Time, I can never care for ſeeing Things that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I do not know how it is with others, but I confeſs freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections; though I never heard any Thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not originally of a diſtinct *Species.* As I do not think *Humor* excluſive of *Wit,* neither do I think it in-

conſiſtent with *Folly;* but I think the Follies ſhould be only ſuch as Men's Humors may incline them to; and not Follies entirely abſtracted from both Humor and Nature.

Sometimes, *Perſonal Defects are miſrepreſented for Humors.*

I mean, ſometimes Characters are barbarouſly expoſed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, caſual Defects in the Senſes, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet muſt both be very ill-natured himſelf, and think his Audience ſo, when he propoſes, by ſhowing a Man deformed, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raiſe their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compaſſion. But much need not be ſaid upon this Head to any Body, eſpecially to you, who, in one of your Letters to me concerning *Johnſon*'s *Fox*, have juſtly excepted againſt this immoral Part of *Ridicule* in *Corbaccio*'s Character; and there I muſt agree with you to blame him, whom otherwiſe I cannot enough admire, for his great Maſtery of true Humor in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often miſtaken for Humor. By

By *External Habit,* I do not mean the ridiculous Dreſs or Clothing of a Character, though that goes a good Way in ſome received Characters. (But undoubtedly a Man's Humor may incline him to dreſs differently from other People.) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all or moſt of the ſame Country, Trade, Profeſſion, or Education. I cannot think that a *Humor,* which is only a Habit, or Diſpoſition contracted by Uſe or Cuſtom; for by a Diſuſe, or Compliance with other Cuſtoms, it may be worn off, or diverſified.

Affectation is generally miſtaken for Humor.

Theſe are indeed ſo much alike, that at a Diſtance they may be miſtaken one for the other. For what is *Humor* in one, may be *Affectation* in another; and Nothing is more common, than for ſome to affect particular Ways of ſaying and doing Things, peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. *Humor* is the Life, *Affectation* the Picture. He that draws a Character of *Affectation*, ſhows *Humor* at the Second Hand;

he at beſt but publiſhes a Tranſlation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as theſe two laſt Diſtinctions are the niceſt, ſo it may be moſt proper to explain them, by particular Inſtances from ſome Author of Reputation. *Humor,* I take, either to be born with us, and ſo of a natural Growth; or elſe to be grafted into us, by ſome accidental Change in the Conſtitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may ſo call it, Naturaliſed.

Humor is from Nature, *Habit* from Cuſtom, and *Affectation* from Induſtry.

Humor ſhows us as we *are*.

Habit ſhows us as we appear under a forcible Impreſſion.

Affectation ſhows what we would be, under a voluntary Diſguiſe.

Though here I would obſerve by the Way, that a continued Affectation may in Time become a Habit.

The Character of *Moroſe* in the *Silent Woman,* I take to be a Character of Humor. And I chooſe to inſtance this Character to you, from many

many others of the ſame Author, becauſe I know it has been condemned by many as unnatural and Farce: And you have yourſelf hinted ſome Diſlike of it, for the ſame Reaſon, in a Letter to me, concerning ſome of *Johnſon*'s Plays.

Let us ſuppoſe *Moroſe* to be a Man naturally ſplenetic and melancholy; is there any Thing more offenſive to one of ſuch a Diſpoſition, than Noiſe and Clamor? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England)* be Judge. We ſee common Examples of this Humor in little every Day. It is ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are diſcompoſed and ſtartled at the cutting of a Cork, or ſcratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the ſame Humor, that makes ſuch or any other Noiſe offenſive to the Perſon that hears it; for there are others who will not be diſturbed at all by it. Well; but *Moroſe,* you will ſay, is ſo extravagant, he cannot bear any Diſcourſe or Converſation above a Whiſper. Why, it is his Exceſs of this Humor, that makes him be-

come ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that Humor, it is Odds but half the Audience would have ſided with the Character, and have condemned the Author, for expoſing a Humor which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Beſides, the Diſtance of the Stage requires the Figure repreſented to be ſomething larger than the Life; and ſure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactneſs of Quantity were to be obſerved in Wit, as ſome would have it in Humor, what would become of thoſe Characters that are deſigned for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet ſhould ſteal a Dialogue of any Length, from the *Extempore* Diſcourſe of the two Wittieſt Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly received by the Town. But to the Purpoſe.

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the ſame Play, is a Character of Affectation. He every where diſcovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conſcious to himſelf, but the

the Audience alſo plainly perceives, that he is ignorant. Of this Kind are the Characters of *Thraſo* in the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Glorioſus* of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought valiant, when both themſelves and the Audience know they are not. Now ſuch a Boaſting of Valor in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a *Humor;* for a fiery Diſpoſition might naturally throw a Man into the ſame Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humor*, and moſt of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, diſcover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the ſeveral Educations and Profeſſions of the Perſons repreſented. They are not Humors, but Habits contracted by Cuſtom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradeſmen, Jockeys, Gameſters and ſuch like, who make uſe of *Cants* or peculiar *Dialects* in their ſeveral Arts and Vocations. One may almoſt give a Receipt for the Compoſition of ſuch a Character: For the Poet has Nothing to do,

but

but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this Kind have been very successful; but in my Mind they may be painted without much Art or Labor; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true *Humor* cannot be shown, without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search, to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: And I hope by this Time you are of my Opinion, that Humor is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor personal Defect; nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humor.

I ſhould be unwilling to venture even on a bare Deſcription of Humor, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my Hand is in, I will tell you what ſerves me inſtead of either. I take it to be, *A ſingular and unavoidable Manner of doing or ſaying any Thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of other Men.*

Our *Humor* has Relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Subſtance; it is a Color, Taſte, and Smell, diffuſed through all; though our Actions are never ſo many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the ſame Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which, though it may be diſguiſed by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colors, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Inſtrument will be diſtinguiſhed, though the Notes expreſſed by it are never ſo various, and the Diviſions never ſo many. Diſſimulation may, by Degrees, become more eaſy to our Practice; but it can never

never abſolutely tranſubſtantiate us into what we would ſeem: It will always be in ſome Proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his *Humor;* and there is Nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that Difficulty. Sometimes one ſhall meet with thoſe, who, perhaps innocently enough, but at the ſame Time impertinently, will aſk the Queſtion, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleaſant, and chearful?* Then, inſtead of anſwering, could I aſk ſuch one, *Why are you not handſome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philoſophers of *Epheſus* and *Abdera,* have their different Sects at this Day. Some weep, and others laugh, at one and the ſame Thing.

I do not doubt, but you have obſerved ſeveral Men laugh when they are angry; others who are ſilent; ſome that are loud: Yet I cannot ſuppoſe that it is the Paſſion of *Anger* which is in itſelf different, or more or leſs in one than the

the other; but that it is the *Humor* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to expreſs it in that Manner. Demonſtrations of Pleaſure are as various: One Man has a Humor of retiring from all Company, when any Thing has happened to pleaſe him beyond Expectation; he hugs himſelf alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleaſure to keep it ſecret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and muſt make other People ſenſible of his Happineſs, before he can be ſo himſelf. So it is in Grief, and other Paſſions. Demonſtrations of Love, and the Effects of that Paſſion upon ſeveral Humors, are infinitely different; but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the beſt Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks Something ſhould be obſerved of the Humor of the Fair Sex; ſince they are ſometimes ſo kind as to furniſh out a Character for Comedy. But I muſt confeſs I have never made any Obſervation of what I apprehend to be true Humor in Women. Perhaps Paſſions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humor have its Courſe; or may be, by Reaſon

ſon of their Natural Coldneſs, Humor cannot exert itſelf to that extravagant Degree which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any Thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquired Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true Reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diverſity of Humor, which muſt be allowed to be diffuſed throughout Mankind, might afford endleſs Matter for the Support of Comedies. But when we come cloſely to conſider that Point, and nicely to diſtinguiſh the Difference of Humors, I believe we ſhall find the contrary. For though we allow every Man Something of his own, and a peculiar Humor; yet every Man has it not in Quantity to become remarkable by it: Or if many do become remarkable by their Humors, yet all thoſe Humors may not be diverting. Nor is it only requiſite to diſtinguiſh what Humor will be diverting, but alſo how much of it; what Part of it to ſhow in Light,

Light, and what to caſt in Shades; how to ſet it off by preparatory Scenes, and by oppoſing other Humors to it in the ſame Scene. Through a wrong Judgment, ſometimes, Men's Humors may be oppoſed, when there is really no ſpecific Difference between them; only a greater Proportion of the ſame in one than the other; occaſioned by his having more Phlegm, or Choler, or whatever the Conſtitution is, from whence their Humors derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be ſaid on this Subject, though perhaps I have already ſaid too much; but I have ſaid it to a Friend, who I am ſure will not expoſe it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is entirely new, and was never touched upon before; and if I would have any one to ſee this private Eſſay, it ſhould be ſome one, who might be provoked, by my Errors in it, to publiſh a more judicious Treatiſe on the Subject. Indeed I wiſh it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humor, and the Difficulty of finding and ſhowing it, might look a little more favorably on the Labors

bors of them, who endeavour to ſearch into Nature for it, and lay it open to the Public View.

I do not ſay but that very entertaining and uſeful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectation, and thoſe other Qualities, which I have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh from Humor: But I would not have ſuch impoſed on the World for Humor, nor eſteemed of equal Value with it. It were, perhaps, the Work of a long Life, to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and diſtinct Humor. Therefore every Poet muſt be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think ſuch a one deſerves to be broke, who makes all falſe Muſters; who does not ſhow one true Humor in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the End of the Play with every Thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Obſervation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Obſervation of your own, and which I mentioned at the Beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humor in our *Engliſh*

gliſh Comic Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it; for I look upon Humor to be almoſt of *Engliſh* Growth; at leaſt, it does not ſeem to have found ſuch Increaſe on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the Reaſon of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege and Liberty which the Common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humor, is under no Reſtraint, or Fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will ſhow the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Diſcourſe: *He that will have a May-pole, ſhall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe Something conſiderable too may be aſcribed to their feeding ſo much on Fleſh, and the Groſſneſs of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Phyſicians agree that.

Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humor,* to my Power of expreſſing them in ſo little Time and Compaſs. You will be kind to ſhow me wherein I have erred; and as you are very

capable of giving me Inſtruction, ſo I think I have a very juſt Title to demand it from you; being, without Reſerve,

Your real Friend,

And humble Servant,

July 10, 1695.

W. CONGREVE.

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F I N I S.

Treated with:
Potassium Lactate
and
Lanolin & Neats foot Oil
Dated:
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